THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Collier's

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FEBRUARY 21, 1942 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

HIGHER, FASTER, FART

THE STORY OF OUR SECRET AIRPLANE FUEL By F K

Feb 21 '42

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IN ACTIVE SERVICE

for America's Two Great Armies!

There's a job to be done, and America's two great armies, military and civilian, are going to see it through. To speed that job, Greyhound Super-Coach travel now lends itself wholeheartedly to the needs of a nation at war.

Too young to serve in '17, the motor bus industry is now a powerful and willing defense force. With its immense carrying power and great flexibility, it is putting America's highways to work for America –smoothing out bottlenecks, rounding out the entire transportation picture. It is saving materials vital to national war effort by carrying far more people *per gallon of fuel, per pound of rubber or metal,* than do private automobiles.

What's more, motor buses are actively *in the war,* carrying thousands of selectees to military centers –other thousands of soldiers engaged in vital military movements.

To the men in the fighting forces—Greyhound's nation-wide service makes possible reunions with relatives, sweethearts and friends, whenever leaves and furloughs can be granted. It means precious moments saved by the most direct highway routes between military centers and homes.

To that other army—the rest of America's millions, all-out to back their fighting men—motor bus travel has become a vital necessity. It gets defense workers to jobs at decentralized projects—farmers to markets—teachers and students to school. It takes people of every occupation to their jobs and homes in thousands of communities *served by no other public transportation.* It brings bright interludes of scenic enjoyment and recreation, so important in days of national stress . . . and all at travel cost within reach of every purse.

To both of these armies, Greyhound and the entire bus industry offer the extra edge of effort that America has every right to expect. Now every one of America's 55,000 motor buses has a new destination sign . . . ***Victory for the U. S. A.!***

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This brings full-color Defense Map of America

Just off the press, lithographed in full colors—fit for framing. A Defense Map of America, showing hundreds of principal Army, Navy, Marine camps and bases . . . also information on military insignia, rank of officers and men. Just mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound Information Office, listed above.

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How Little Mistakes in Eating Can Keep You Half-Sick

WHICH DO YOU SUFFER FROM?

Common Rheumatism and Arthritis

He suffers from rheumatic pains largely because of simple mistakes in his diet. If he follows the suggestions on page eight of Victor H. Lindlahr's remarkable book, *"You Are What You Eat,"* he should get quick relief.

Dietary Indigestion—Heartburn

He is one of the countless people who suffers needlessly from dietary stomach disorders. Chapter 7 of Victor H. Lindlahr's great book shows a way to quick relief and prevention for thousands.

Excess Weight

She could reduce in no time, yet actually eat more food than she does now . . . if she only ate properly. *"You Are What You Eat"* would tell her how.

Frequent Colds

She is an easy victim of coughs and colds. Something vital is lacking in her diet. What? Read the first chapter of *"You Are What You Eat"* to see how easy it should be to put her on the road to strength and health.

Sinus Trouble

Sinus trouble (catarrhal) is robbing this man of strength. He is tortured constantly. Yet Victor H. Lindlahr knows how a simple change in the food he eats might help him end his ailment.

Poor Eyesight

She suffers from eye-strain and resulting frequent headaches due to a lack of one vitamin. If she followed Victor H. Lindlahr's suggestions she might prevent these annoying eye troubles.

Learn How to Eat Your Way to Better Health

HERE, AT LAST, is Victor H. Lindlahr's remarkable method of health through diet brought to you in a big fascinating book—at a price so low everyone can own it! In just one evening, you can learn how to *correct* mistakes in eating that may have been keeping you below par . . . you may learn how to be healthier, *happier* by following the *proven* principles of health through diet in Victor H. Lindlahr's remarkable book, "*You Are What You Eat.*"

It is a book that reads like a detective novel! A book that gives you the thrilling revelations of recent nutritional discoveries . . . a book that condenses and *explains* these facts and tells you, in simple, understandable language, just how to *apply* them.

Do you suffer needlessly because of simple mistakes you are making in your eating? Let Victor H. Lindlahr help you and your family gain better health through diet. It has been done in thousands of cases. It *is* being done every day!

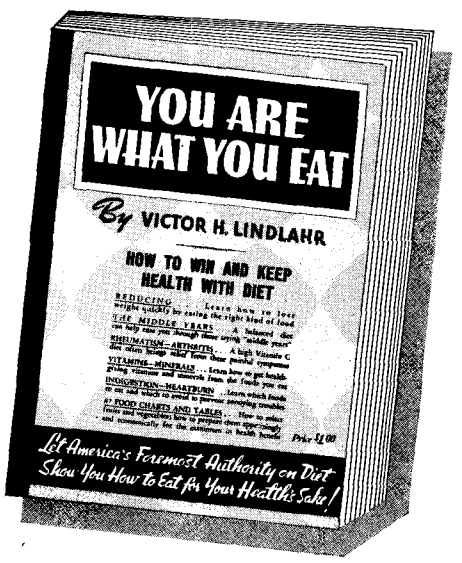
Don't Let Little Mistakes in Eating Rob You of Good Health

Foods are medicine . . . and Victor H. Lindlahr knows that foods have the power that may give you freedom from many common symptoms. Out of the kitchen can come meals to help put an end to many of your distressing troubles. Yes, foods often possess a remarkable power for improving health—and now Victor H. Lindlahr shows you how *to use this power!*

Formerly $2.50
NOW ONLY 98¢

—send no money!

So sure are we that you will be thrilled and delighted with *"You Are What You Eat"* that we gladly make this special offer: Just mail the coupon. You will receive Victor H. Lindlahr's fascinating book by return mail. When it comes pay the postman 98c, plus a few cents postage. Keep the book for 5 days. If at the end of 5 days you aren't convinced that *"You Are What You Eat"* will repay you in health many times its small price—return the book and your money will be refunded without question. Clip and mail the coupon NOW.


YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT
By VICTOR H. LINDLAHR
HOW TO WIN AND KEEP HEALTH WITH DIET
Let America's Foremost Authority on Diet Show You How to Eat for Your Health's Sake!

DO YOU KNOW?

How you may improve your complexion by a simple change in diet?

What foods help you ward off colds?

What low-calory foods are very high in mineral and vitamin value?

What are the familiar foods that often correct constipation?

What methods of cooking destroy the chief values of certain foods?

What foods often help promote sound, restful sleep?

Are there any foods of special value to older people?

Which vegetables can help in building better blood?

What high-vitamin fruits and vegetables will help build you up when you are run-down?

How do your eating habits affect your nerves?

—These and hundreds of other fascinating facts about food are revealed in "YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT."

ACT NOW! Send this coupon —5-day free trial

JOURNAL OF LIVING PUBLISHING CORP.
Dept. A-4, 1819 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Send me Victor H. Lindlahr's Book, *"You Are What You Eat,"* for only 98c, plus a few cents postage. I understand that if not delighted I may return the book within 5 days and my money will be refunded.

Name.....

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NOTE: If apt to be out when postman calls, send $1.00 with coupon and save C.O.D. postage.

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M.G.M.'s
Picture
OF THE MONTH

SPENCER TRACY
KATHARINE HEPBURN
"WOMAN OF THE YEAR"

SUPPORTING PLAYERS:
Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen.

SCREEN PLAY BY:
Ring Lardner, Jr., and Michael Kanin.

DIRECTOR:.....*George Stevens*

PRODUCER:....*Joseph L. Mankiewicz*

PRESENTED BY: *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

NOTE: *This is the brilliant original story which Miss Hepburn discovered, as revealed in The Saturday Evening Post biography.*

CAPSULE COMMENTARY:

Two of the screen's most vivid personalities flashing through a love story both tender and torrid, slap-happy and serious. Spencer Tracy as a newspaper man who tries to teach Kate a little about sports and a lot about love. Miss Hepburn in a part that fits like a pair of silk hose—as a girl who knows everything and tells it all in a nationally syndicated column. They meet—make merry—and mate. Then Spencer discovers he's married an encyclopedia, a deluxe edition, perhaps, but nevertheless an encyclopedia. Since he can't get romance from a reference book, he sets out to make Kate over—and the things he does make "Woman of the Year" one of the fastest and most surprising comedies in screen history!

MERRIEST MOMENT: When the highbrows and the mugs rub elbows at the party.

DRAMATIC-EST MOMENT: When Spencer decides that a "Woman of the Year" should know more about people than geography.

ATMOSPHERIC REPORT: Details absolutely correct. Newspaper stuff the best yet.

FRIPPERY NOTE: Clothes make the man. And also the woman. Be dazzled by Kate's gowns in "Woman of the Year."

CAPRICIOUS COUPLET:

No loves and quarrels are intenser
Than those revealed by Kate and Spencer.

FINALE: When M-G-M hits its stride, across the screen there strides a hit.

WALTER DAVENPORT — Politics
AIMEE LARKIN — Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS — England
KYLE CRICHTON — Screen and Theater
KENNETH LITTAUER — Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG — Fiction
MAX WILKINSON — Fiction
WM. O. CHESSMAN — Art
HENRY L. JACKSON — Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS — Humor

DENVER LINDLEY — Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS — Articles
CLARENCE H. ROY — Syntax
W. B. COURTNEY — Germany
FRANK GERVASI — The Orient
MARTHA GELLHORN — Articles
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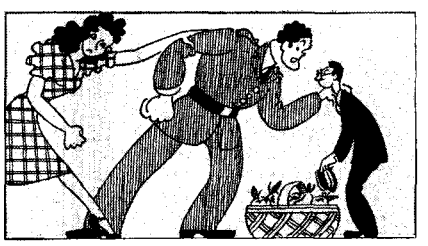
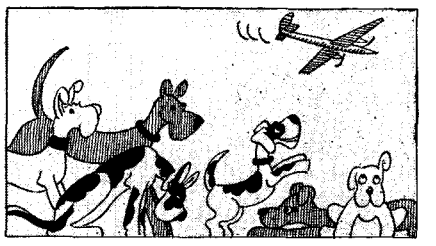
ANY WEEK

WE MIGHT begin with the information that we got uncanny for a moment last March. In this column in the issue for March 1st, we not only predicted war with Japan but gave you an accurate prophecy of just how it would start—Pearl Harbor, Luzon and all. Mr. Robert N. Bogen of Bridgeport, Connecticut, reminds us of it. And now he has us rereading our own stuff looking for further miracles of foresight. Thus far we've gone back as far as January, 1941, and have about decided to let the whole subject drop. In other words we've discovered several forecasts which we'd rather hear no more about. Therefore, we shall stick to the minor side of current events—things that our small objective mind can digest. For example, we've just heard from Mrs. Charles Roach of Pocatello, Idaho, that "None of us girls have to wash windows any more. We are getting ready out here for the blackouts to come. My windows have reached the stage where I have to go outside to see if it's cloudy or clear." And yet all problems arising from the war aren't so simple. For example, Mrs. Flora Binyan of Los Angeles, California, has been buying fruit and vegetables from a Nippy named Yosumine for years. When the Nippies attacked Pearl Harbor she quit. Immediately afterward Mrs. Binyan's son enlisted in the United States Marines. Nippy Yosumine, a Nisei or second generation Jap, came softly to the back door bearing a large hamper of fruit for the lad. "We didn't know just what to do," writes she. "Throw the fruit at him or make him sit down and eat it or thank him and forget it. My son solved it. He invited Yosumine in, gave him a drink and, putting his arm around his shoulders, said: 'Yosu, I'm off to the wars. Behave yourself while I'm away. Mind



you, no funny business, no spying. When I come back and if you haven't been a good boy I'm going to hang you from one of your own pear trees. See?' Yosu didn't grin. He replied: 'If I am bad American while you away, you no hang me when you come back. I no be here. I hang myself quick yes.' "

NOW about dogs. It is now definite that you may not take your dog to war with you. If you go and don't know what to do with your dog, Mr. My Peterson of East Lake, Minnesota, the owner of a fine farm of 120 acres, may have the answer to your problem. He will take your dog for the duration, hunting dogs preferred but "no Pomeranians, Pekes or poodles." He says that he has no neighbors to protest and that the woods are full of rabbits. If the fighting gets hot around East Lake, Mr. Peterson will go to war himself and Mrs. Peterson will take care of the dogs. It all started like this. As the radio commentators have it, we quote: "I received a letter from a friend," writes Mr. Peterson, "which started me thinking and made me mad. He has joined the Army Air Corps. He has a dog which is just a mutt but a very good hunting dog. It seems he can't keep this dog with him while in the Service. Now that is all right on the surface but he is a nice guy willing to fight and die but must do so without his dog. He asks me if I will keep this



dog for the duration so I am driving three hundred miles to get this pooch but the government is the loser. You see, like all hunting dogs this dog has a fault. He will not ignore skunks but will gleefully mingle with a skunk, killing it with one shake. There is one trouble—we have to ride home with the dog. Such dogs should be permitted to stay with their owners when their owners go to war against the Japs. All this fellow whose dog I am going to keep for him asks of life is a chance to live in peace, fish some and hunt some and he has gone to fight for the right to these simple pleasures. . . . If there are any more guys in this fix, tell them to write to me."

PERHAPS no one knows less about building air-raid shelters than we do. Yet our mail fetches increasing numbers of requests for plans and specifications. It is perfectly true that in this business, and particularly in these days of militant military censorship, a bombproof shelter would be a handy dodge-in to have around. We are thinking however of writing to Farmer Zeke Potlatch of Wichita, Kansas. Mr. Potlatch whose stationery describes him as Ye Original Cyclone Cellar Wizard, whose motto is When The Big Blow Comes It's Too Late For Potlatch So Do It Now, advises us that he has built cyclone cellars for

(Continued on page 46)

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COVER VERNON GRAN

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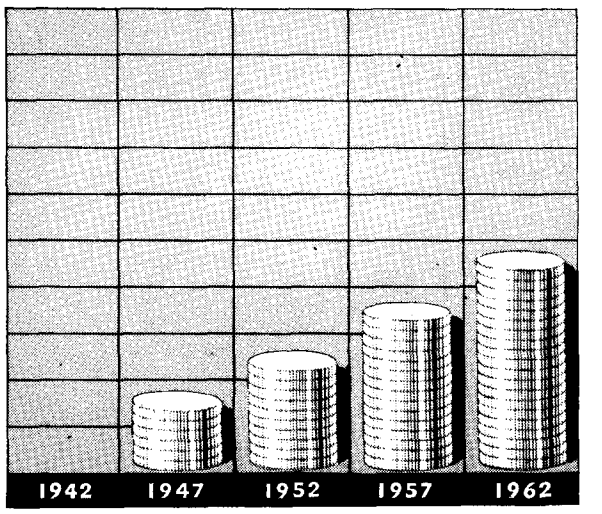
Only Life Insurance

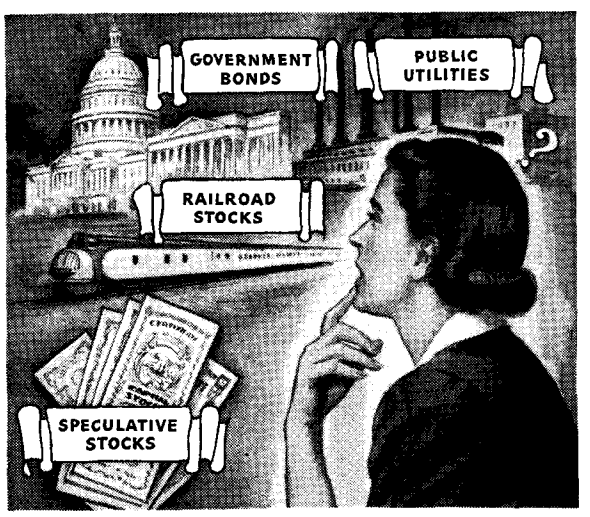
OFFERS YOU ALL THESE 5 UNUSUAL ADVANTAGES

WHEN A MAN TAKES OUT LIFE INSURANCE, he usually is thinking of the protection it gives his family, or the future funds it can provide for himself. But few men realize that only life insurance gives them all 5 of the unusual advantages described here . . . 5 important advantages that have given life insurance its widespread popularity.

1. YOU CREATE AN ESTATE IMMEDIATELY. Through savings you can accumulate an estate for the future support of your family—slowly, year by year. Life insurance makes it possible to create an estate the moment you pay your first premium —and continue that estate in full by paying a relatively small amount of money each year.



2. A DUAL INCENTIVE FOR PUTTING ASIDE money regularly. You know that only through systematic payments can you maintain the protection you want for your family. And, after the first few years, most policies provide an increasing fund which you can draw upon in an emergency, or in old age if need for protection has ceased.



3. YOU LEAVE THEM NO INVESTMENT problems. Through the various "settlement options," written in all larger life insurance policies, you can have your insurance money held by the company at interest or paid to your beneficiary as income. Your beneficiary need never face the risks and difficulties of handling a large sum of money.

4. TAX EXEMPTIONS FOR YOUR BENEFICIARY. Your life insurance dollars up to a certain specified amount are exempt from the present Federal Estate tax—if left to a named beneficiary. In addition, you'll find there are certain exemptions from State Inheritance taxes—the exact amount depending upon the state in which you live.

5. YOU DON'T NEED A WILL to leave your life insurance money exactly as you desire. The proceeds of your policies will be paid quickly, and without legal fuss or bother. And if you have directed your insurance company to pay your beneficiary in a definite way, you can be sure that your wishes will be carried out right to the letter.

The PRUDENTIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

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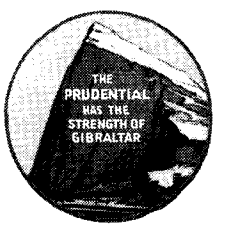

Tune In! Hear the

PRUDENTIAL FAMILY HOUR

Sunday Afternoon, CBS Network

The world's greatest music—old and new—brought to you in a glorious, all-request radio program starring lovely Gladys Swarthout, Deems Taylor, Al Goodman's famous orchestra and chorus, and others.

SEE YOUR LOCAL PAPER FOR TIME AND STATION

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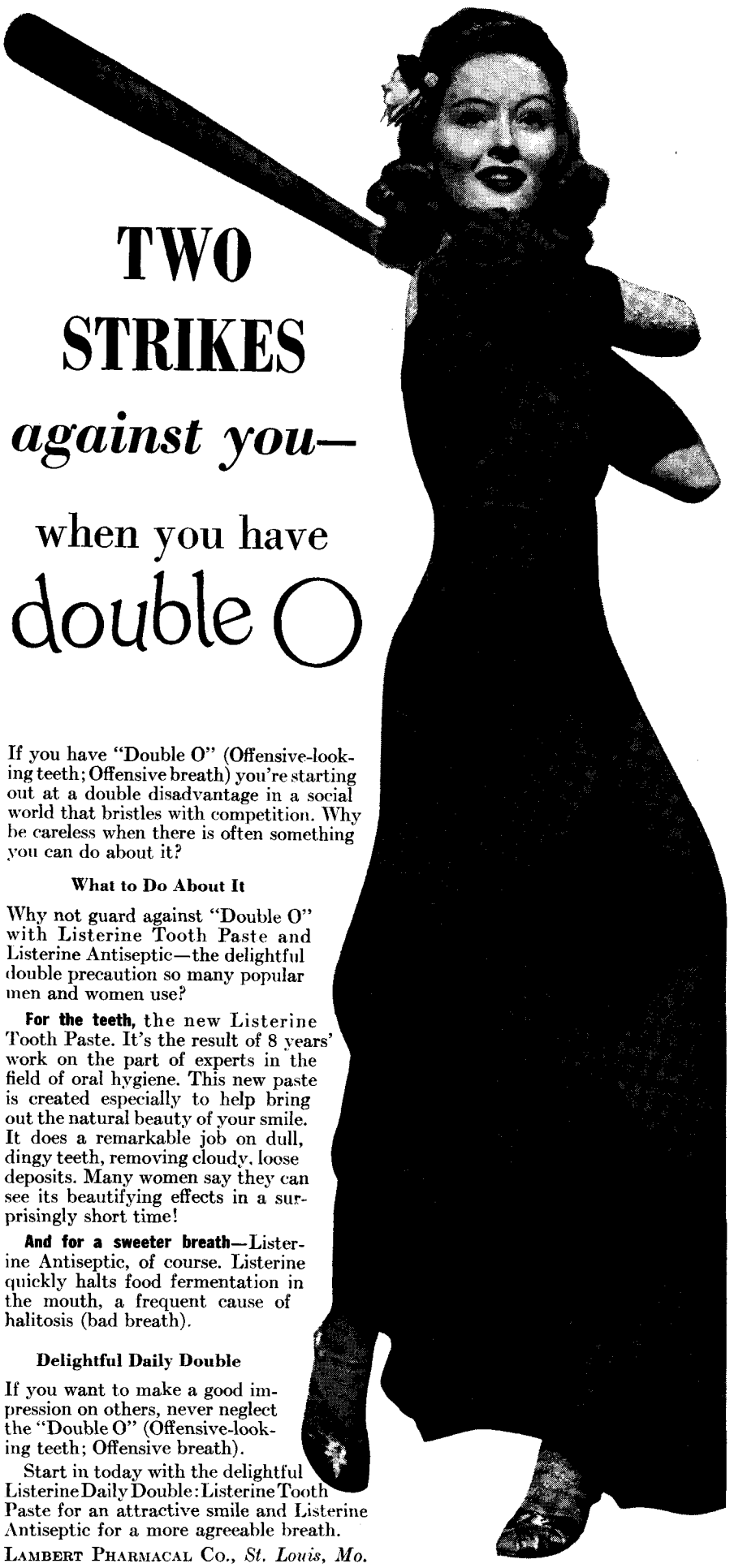


TWO STRIKES *against you—*

when you have double O

If you have "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath) you're starting out at a double disadvantage in a social world that bristles with competition. Why be careless when there is often something you can do about it?

What to Do About It

Why not guard against "Double O" with Listerine Tooth Paste and Listerine Antiseptic—the delightful double precaution so many popular men and women use?

For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. It's the result of 8 years' work on the part of experts in the field of oral hygiene. This new paste is created especially to help bring out the natural beauty of your smile. It does a remarkable job on dull, dingy teeth, removing cloudy, loose deposits. Many women say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time!

And for a sweeter breath—Listerine Antiseptic, of course. Listerine quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis (bad breath).

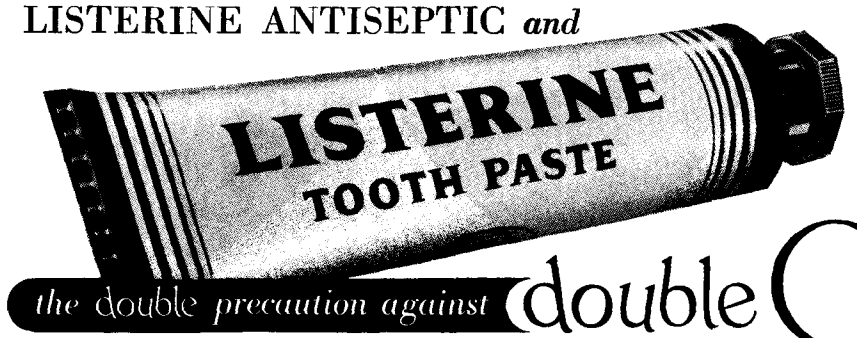
Delightful Daily Double

If you want to make a good impression on others, never neglect the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

Start in today with the delightful Listerine Daily Double: Listerine Tooth Paste for an attractive smile and Listerine Antiseptic for a more agreeable breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *and*



the double precaution against double O

Offensive breath
Offensive-looking teeth

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Probably the only white man who ever killed a leopard with his bare hands was Carl Akeley, famous American explorer. In British Somaliland in 1896, he shot and slightly wounded one and, before he could fire again, it leaped upon him. During the ensuing struggle, Akeley, although badly mauled, finally strangled the big cat.—*By Mary L. Jobe Akeley, New York, New York.*

The largest harems in history were maintained in Africa during the middle of the past century. Mtesa, king of Uganda from 1857 to 1884, had one of these establishments that contained more than seven thousand women.—*By Peggy Vance, Reno, Nevada.*

Eighty-five per cent of the materials that Japan has used to wage war on China and those it is using today against the United States were purchased from the United States, Canada, Netherlands Indies, British Indies and British Malaya. Less than six per cent have come from Germany and Italy.

In a recent case in Texas in which a motorist had been convicted of manslaughter for killing a pedestrian, the state's Court of Criminal Appeals held that it was a violation of the constitutional privilege against self-incrimination to compel the accused to submit to tests for alcoholic intoxication.

The monks of Cambodia still cover their faces in the presence of women, many men in Italy still raise their hats to passing ambulances and most people in Sweden still shake hands with one another after meals at home or in a restaurant.—*By Dorothy Kinsey, Oberlin, Ohio.*

Despite the fact that a blood grouping test may prove that the accused man in a paternity case could not be guilty, only five states, Maine, New Jersey, New York, Ohio and Wisconsin, have legislation which permits the use of this scientific evidence in their courts of law.

Spring wild flowers bloom with such amazing regularity, often on the same date each year despite weather conditions, that botanists usually attribute this constant performance to the only other constant factor in plant environment—the angle at which the sun's rays strike the earth.

Up to a century ago in Europe, many single men and women indicated their desire to marry by wearing a ring on the first finger of the left hand. Those who wished to avoid proposals indicated the fact by wearing a ring on the little finger.—*By Barbara Willets, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

The water ouzel, a thrushlike bird found in both America and Europe, dives into swift mountain streams and walks on the bottom in search of food.—*By Martha A. Mullan, Odebolt, Iowa.*

Yellow is typical of the wide range of meanings attached to most colors. To some people, yellow is the symbol of constancy, faith, love and wisdom, while to others, it represents cowardice, hatred, jealousy and treason.—*By Jean Runnels, Maplewood, New Jersey.*

In countries having Spanish customs, a man's surname is frequently followed by that of his mother's family. This occurs in the case of Mexico's President Manuel Avila Camacho, whose father was an Avila and whose mother was a Camacho. Hence he is always referred to as Mr. Avila or Mr. Avila Camacho, and not Camacho alone.

The world's smallest fish, *pandaka pygmaea,* found in Lake Buhi on the island of Luzon in the Philippines, is only six-sixteenths of an inch in length, or no longer than a six-letter word in this column. Sixteen thousand are needed to make a meal for one person.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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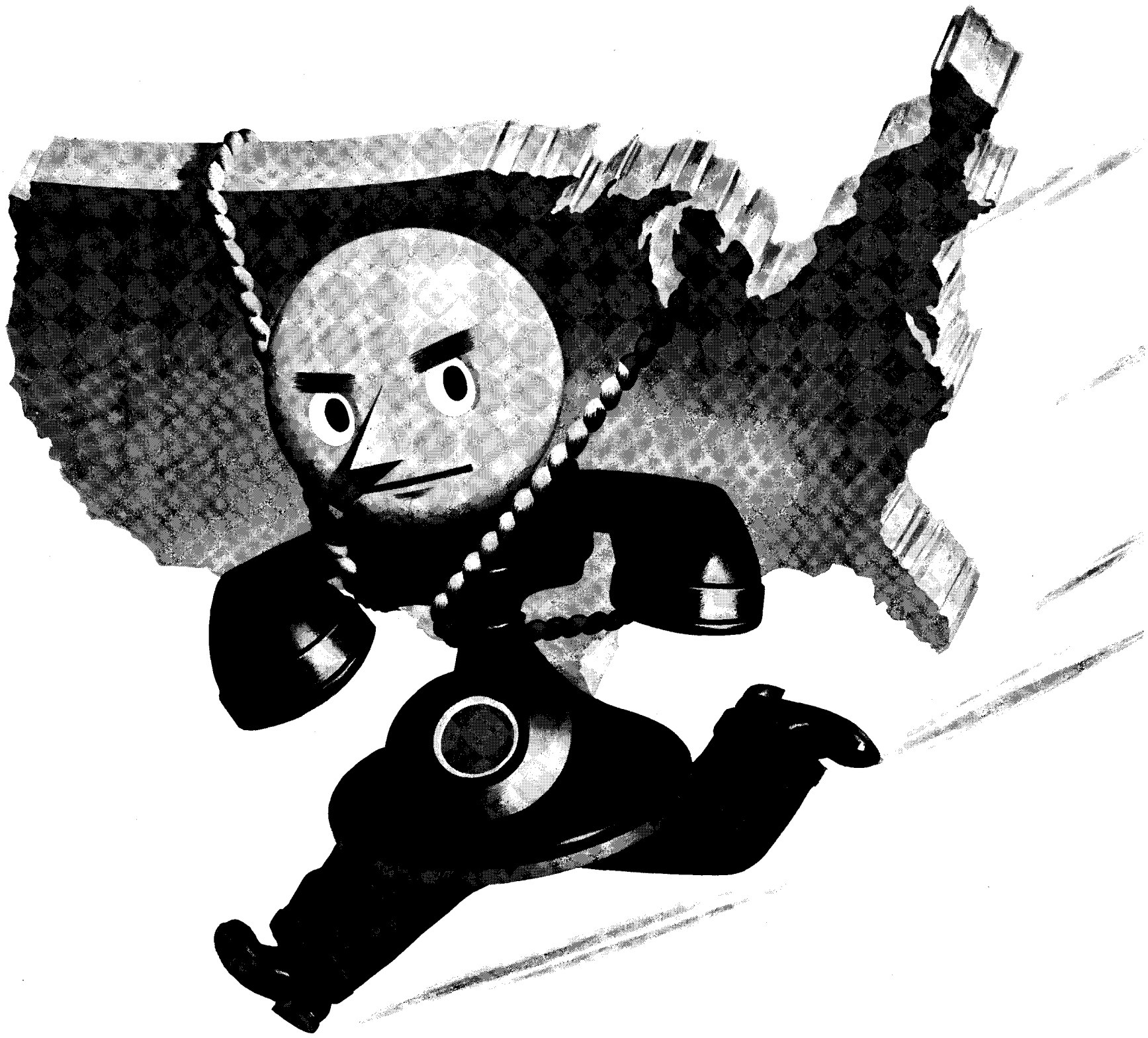

When the Nation hurries, it turns to the telephone

THE country is making over 85,000,000 calls a day right now — local and Long Distance — and that keeps us stepping fast.

We've added hundreds of thousands of miles in wire and cable and tens of thousands of people to the Bell System. We are doing everything possible to keep things going smoothly.

But, if once in a while your calls don't go through as promptly as they did in peace times, please remember that business is not as usual with us. The telephone is tied tight into the war.

P.S. *This is a good time to make just a little more certain to give the correct number and to answer promptly. The best time to make Long Distance calls is in the off-peak periods — before 10 in the morning, between noon and 2 P. M. or after 8 in the evening.*

Now—more than ever before—LONG DISTANCE *helps unite the Nation*

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HOW TO TAKE IT EASY WITH AN Admiral Slide-A-Way

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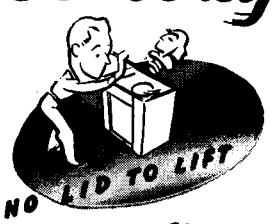

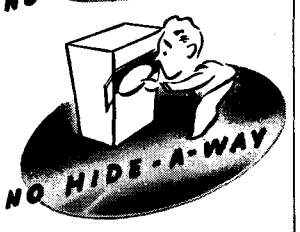

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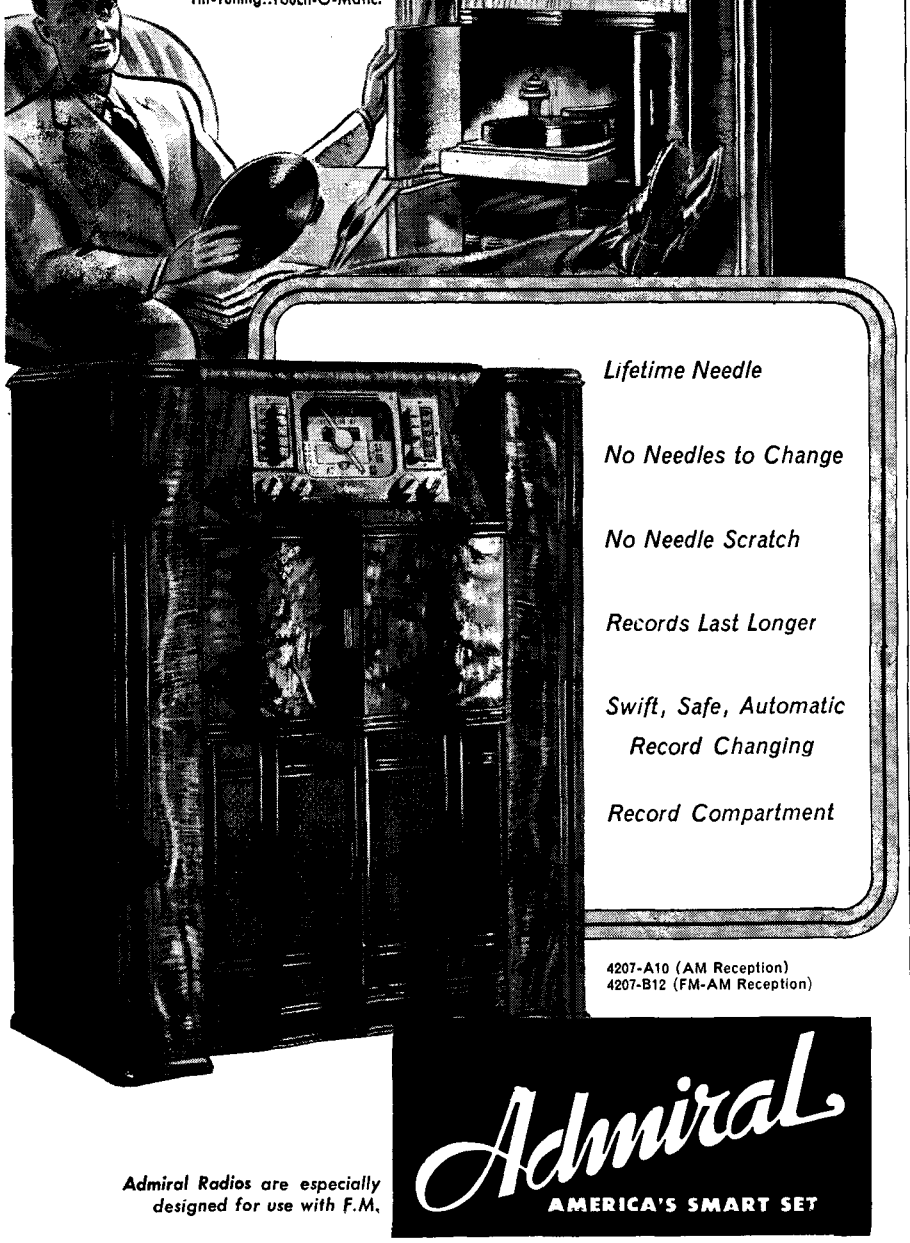

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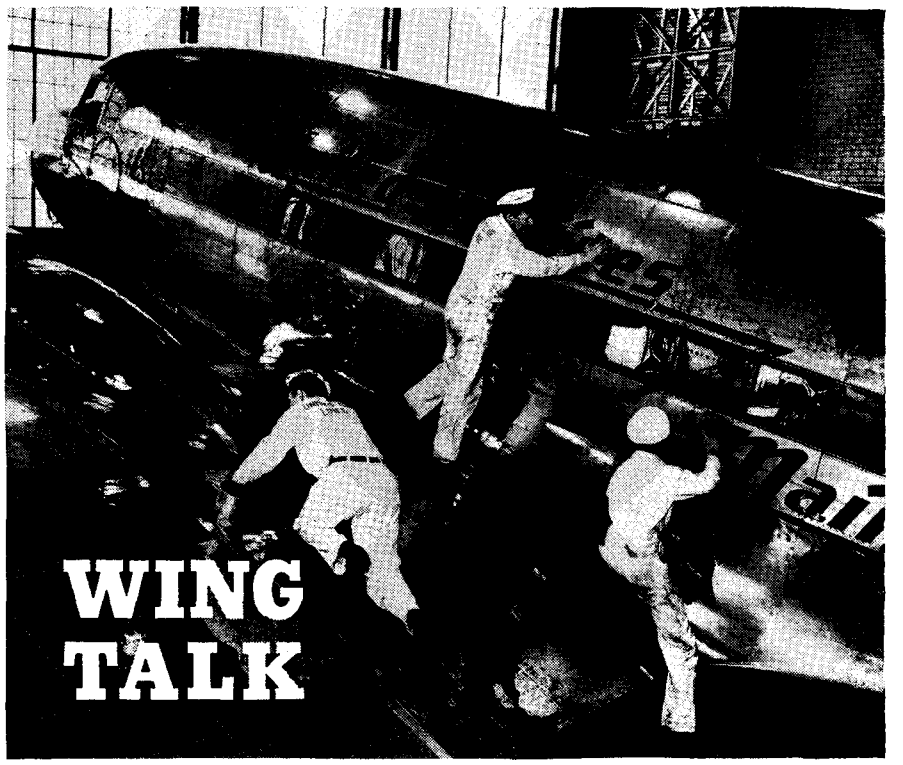

HOFF

A "big" job with the airlines—keeping the planes shined up

REMEMBER the old vaudeville gag of the guy who said he had a big job with the circus, washing elephants? There are some big jobs with the airlines, too—the boys who keep the airliners so nice and shiny. Each company has its own practice for washing, cleaning and polishing the aluminum exteriors of the ships. It might be a mild surprise to know that one big airline washes each of its planes at least once every three days. A cleansing solution, mixed with water, is applied to the entire surface of the airplane and allowed to dry. Then it is mopped clean with a dry mop. Every two months or so the planes are *hand polished;* and that refers, in the case of DC-3's, to a wing area of 987 square feet, and a length over all of 64½ feet. Big as these airplanes are, think of the washing and polishing jobs to come when the four-engined Boeings, Douglases and Lockheed transports get on the airlines in great numbers.

THERE are almost as many miles of airlines in Latin America as there are miles of railroads, and in only six of the republics does railroad mileage exceed airline mileage. This record of achievement for air transportation is only the beginning, and it is extremely doubtful if the railroads down there will ever be a serious threat to air-passenger transportation.

In great undeveloped areas such as are found in Latin America, the airway is much easier to establish than the railway. Compelling evidence on this point was brought to the United States several years ago by a group of progressive Chinese. This was shortly before Japan moved in, and plans were drawn up to draft a group of American aviation experts to go to China and lay out a system of airways somewhat similar to our own 30,000 miles of lighted and radio-equipped routes. These, of course, would not be as detailed because of the absence of electric power in many remote sections of China. The Chinese mission commanded great respect when it announced that China's system of railways and highways had been so neglected and was so inadequate that it was much wiser to lay down a system of airways, and that was what they intended to do. The entire plan collapsed when the Japs began to act up, and some adventurous jobs held out to qualified Americans folded at the same time. However, more of this airway development work will be under way in China and Latin America when the current task is thoroughly washed up.

STANDARD equipment on the airliners in China includes two parachute flares. They are designed to light up the ground below in case a forced landing becomes necessary. One of the largest airlines in the country, with a very good safety record, too, has pulled only one flare in eight years, and in that instance the airplane was too low to take advantage of the light it gave. Nevertheless, there are other lines which operate over remote sections and though they have had little occasion to use the flares, they are perfectly willing to continue to carry them, just in case.

REMEMBER the DH Moth, that sweet-flying little biplane with an engine of around 100 horsepower which, with a similar type known as the Avro Avian, was responsible for giving wings to England and the empire in the first post-war aviation boom?

A lot of Moths and Avians were made in those ocean-flying days and sold throughout the world. A batch of Moths went to Chile 14 years ago and were used as primary training equipment for the Chilean Air Force. Then they were handed down to the Aero Club for civilian training. Now they have at last worn out and are through.

Of course, during this long period they were kept in good condition by replacement of worn parts. But it is a tribute to the de Havilland people and it is an historical note on the life of trainers.

For military pilot training in Chile today, American-made primary and advanced trainers outnumber the foreign makes two to one—36 to 18. This is emphasized not from the commercial angle, but as further proof that American aviation is on the ascendancy in Latin America—something essential for the security of the Western Hemisphere.

TAKING a tip from New York's La-Guardia Airport on how to pick up some loose change over and above the income assured from concessions, the federal government installed turnstiles at the entrances to the observation terrace at Washington National Airport and in the last six months collected nearly a half million dimes. F. R. N.

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YOU CAN'T HELP INHALING—BUT

YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!

SURE—all smokers sometimes inhale. But—*worry about throat irritation doesn't go with inhaling—not for PHILIP MORRIS smokers!* Here's the big difference—the vital difference . . . reported by doctors who *measured irritation from the five leading cigarettes:*

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FINER PLEASURE *PLUS* REAL PROTECTION—

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**Fully reported in authoritative medical journals*

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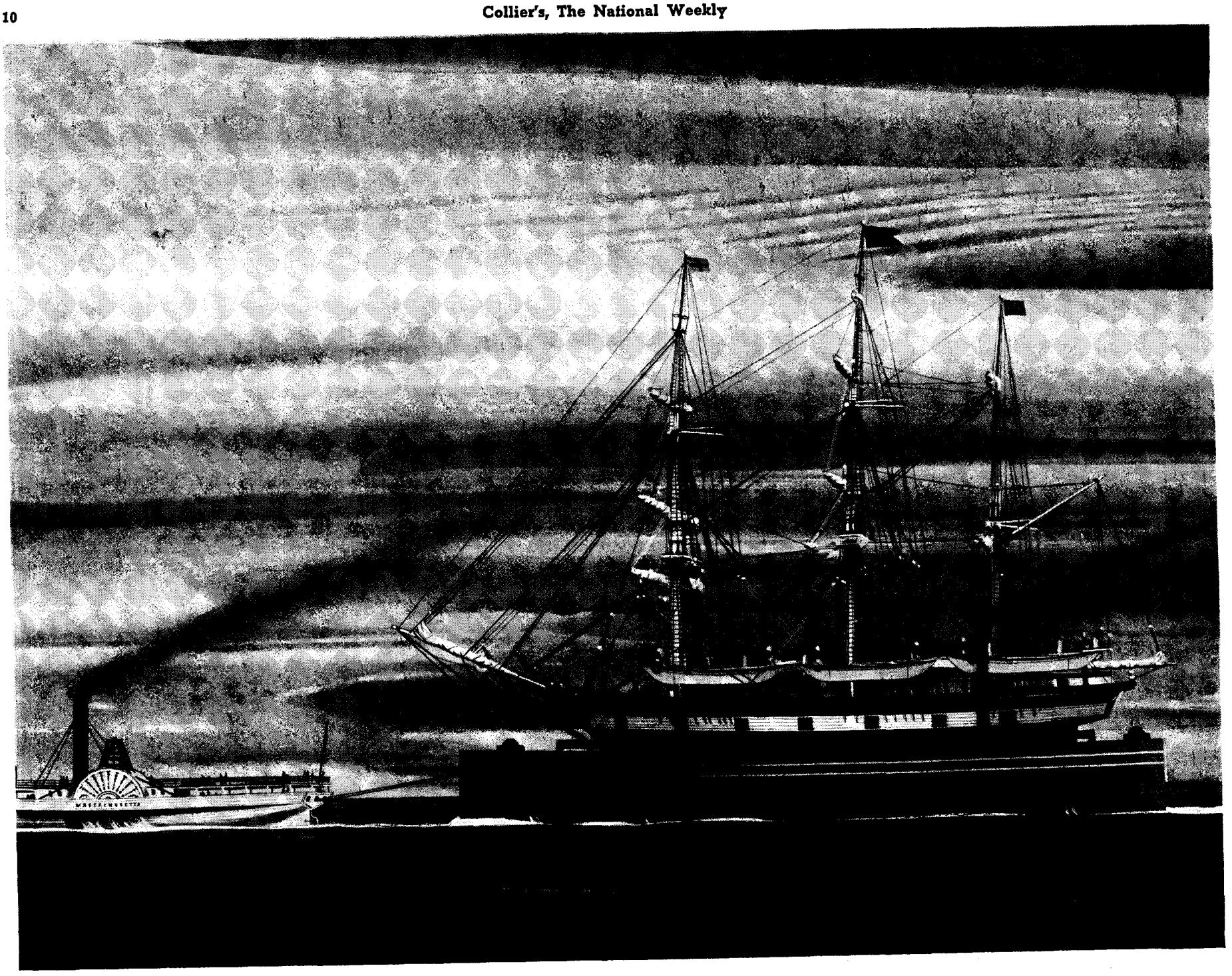
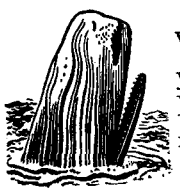


How they carried a whaler over the bar



WHENEVER you think of whaling, you think of New Bedford and Nantucket. The two towns were rivals from the start.

By the year 1841, New Bedford was a name known wherever men hunted the whale, and its prosperity had kept pace with its fame. But Nantucket, alas, had fallen far behind her rival as a whaling port.

Most of Nantucket's trouble could be attributed to a sand bar about three miles offshore. Deeply laden whalers needed plenty of water under them, and many of the captains refused to chance this bar, preferring the deeper water at New Bedford.

But the men of Nantucket were not the kind to sit by idly and watch their whaling industry vanish. "Yankee ingenuity" was called upon to perform a miracle. And "Yankee ingenuity" in the person of Peter F. Ewer, Esq., did it! He showed Nantucket how these great whaling vessels could literally be carried across the dangerous bar.

Peter Ewer's astounding invention was known locally as a "camel." Actually, it was a great, ingenious floating drydock, consisting of two concave compartments 135 feet long, which could be partially submerged and fitted snugly to the sides of the ships. Underneath they were connected by stout chains. Each section had a powerful pump, which, after the vessel was placed between them, ejected the water and thus floated compartments, ship and all, higher and higher until they could safely clear the bar.

Whaling men had seen many strange sights in their travels. But never had any of them seen anything like Peter Ewer's "camel," the device that carried ships over the bar and kept Nantucket in the whaling trade.

Like the men of Nantucket, most of us have our obstacles to overcome before we can know real prosperity and security. But unlike the one sand bar off Nantucket, there are always many uncharted bars and reefs ahead of us on which our hopes and plans may come to grief.

For instance, an accident may impair our ability to make a living; a fire may take our home and furnishings; and an automobile smashup may involve us in costly law suits. We know that these dangers exist, for we have seen people run afoul of them. But fortunately, we also know how these dangers may be nullified.

The device we have perfected to carry us over these danger spots is insurance. Many men have placed their dependence on this device, and it has carried them through when accident, fire, or some other misfortune loomed unexpectedly.

No man can afford to be without this wonderful device; no one of us is so clever a navigator that he can safely sail without it.

A Travelers Agent or Insurance Broker can give you good advice on the kinds of insurance protection you should have.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

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Laughing Buddha

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Bimbâshi Barûk investigates the disappearance of Dr. Janson Runmede's internationally coveted formula for an atomic bomb, and is as much astonished by his solution of the mystery as you will be

BEFORE a small shop window in Lychgate's High Street a man stood looking in. He was a well-built man wearing an expensive but rather shabby tweed suit; his dark skin, cleanly chiseled features, and drooping eyelids made for good looks, but good looks of a vaguely Oriental sort. The sign over the shop said: "Brown, Madder & Co., Artists' Requisites."

The ancient bow window had latterly contained two or three water colors of Lychgate Heath by the well-known illustrator, Martin Brown. These, however, were now removed, and the sole exhibit consisted of a wooden figure, eight inches high, obese but joyous, arms upflung, possibly of Chinese workmanship. A girdle about its pendulous belly was crudely gilded and some of the gilt had worn off. The right hand of this figure had been damaged and carelessly restored. A card announced:

LAUGHING BUDDHA
A Bargain. Price £100

When the inquirer who stood outside turned and glanced to right and left along High Street, he was smiling, and one saw that his eyes were of the same color as the cloudless sky above Lychgate. He opened the shop door, so that a bell jangled, and went in. He carried a drawing under his arm.

From behind a painted screen which masked an inner door, a man appeared. A tall but stooping figure in careless gray flannels, wearing a silver mustache and Vandyke beard and a wide-brimmed hat; a man of distinctive personality, in fact, Martin Brown. English illustrators had fallen on hard times, and Brown was no longer young. "Brown, Madder & Co." was his final bid to cheat bankruptcy.

"HULLO, B.B.," he rumbled; he had a voice which suggested casks being rolled along a wine cellar. "Glad to see you."

"Any bids?"

Martin Brown shook his head. "Don't expect any."

He fixed a glance of mock severity upon his visitor. During a year spent painting in Egypt, Martin Brown had met Mohammed Ibrahim Brian Barûk

"Just the sort of woman who might be employed as a spy," the bimbâshi said. "But what did she expect to find in the Buddha?"

of the Camel Corps and had become his friend for life. This fascinating product of an Anglo-Arab marriage had made a strong appeal to the painter, and Bimbâshi Barûk and he had gone on a number of expeditions into the desert, once as far as Sîwa; for the bimbâshi aspired to paint. But, alas, not even Martin Brown's untiring tuition had enabled him to do more than daub.

Bimbâshi Barûk unwrapped the water color which he carried and propped it up on a chair.

"Any improvement, Martin?"

Martin Brown studied the work. "Do you ever clean your brushes?"

"Whenever I think of it; but I don't clean them in my mouth as you do."

Brown let loose a bellow of deep laughter. "Try it," he said, when the storm had subsided. "Paint hasn't such a bad flavor as you'd suppose. Yes,

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B.B.—there's some improvement. But use clean brushes. Let me sell you some!" He obliged with an encore bellow: "Come into the factory."

Through the small shop one entered a fairly large studio, which in turn gave access to a garden. The studio was bewilderingly untidy. French windows were wide open to the sunlit garden and a number of birds busily finished the remains of a frugal lunch which Martin Brown had thrown onto the steps. A charcoal sketch was removed and the bimbâshi's work set on an easel in its place. There followed a short, trenchant lecture, and then:

"It won't do," Martin Brown concluded. "It is far from hot. But you are not past praying for."

"Thanks, Martin," said the bimbâshi with humility, and began to fill his briar pipe. "Has nobody at all inquired about the Buddha?"

"NOBODY?" growled the painter. "You make me laugh. It's the bane of my existence. I really can't put up with this sort of thing."

"What sort of thing?"

The doorbell jangled, and Martin went into the shop. A choleric, elderly gentleman of military appearance was there. He wore a check suit and undeniably yellow gloves.

"Good afternoon. What can I do for you?"

"You can answer a simple question, sir," was the hoarse reply. "It concerns that figure in the window—"

"Do you want to buy it?"

"Buy it! Buy it, sir! I could buy a dozen for a pound in Singapore! I merely wish to know how, at a time when patriotic people are saving up for the war effort, you dare to ask a hundred pounds for—for—"

"That is my client's price."

Following a snorting sound, came the visitor's final words: "In my opinion you should either be locked up or medically examined!"

The bell jangled, the door banged, and Martin Brown came back. "You said 'What sort of thing?' " he remarked. "Well, *that* sort of thing. It's only a question of time for me to slosh one of 'em, and then I shall have confirmed an opinion already favored around here, that I am a dangerous lunatic."

Bimbâshi Barûk nodded sympathetically.

"I think," the painter continued, extracting a jar of beer from behind a canvas stretcher, "that in fairness I should know the facts. A man who is trying to build up an honest business excites the wrong kind of interest by asking a hundred pounds for a thing that is worth about fourpence."

"It cost me ten shillings."

"You were swindled. I have never been able to make out what you are doing here, in the first place. You appear to spend your time haunting all the pubs in the neighborhood. But when it comes to trying to sell a bit of old junk for the price of everything else I have in the shop—"

"I agree. You are right. I will explain, Martin."

And behind the bimbâshi's explanation of his presence in England a remarkable story lay. This was the story:

IT BEGAN more than two years back (in fact just before France was overrun), on the French Riviera, where Bimbâshi Barûk was spending a short leave. During this time he made the acquaintance of Janson Runmede, the famous Harvard physicist who had once assured New York reporters that Einstein really *had* a theory. Runmede was living in a villa at Cap d'Ail and was popularly believed to be engaged upon abstruse experiments. Here, one evening, the bimbâshi attended a small dinner party which formed the prelude to a tragedy.

Those present were Dr. Runmede, his secretary, Ann Mertsham, Mr. and Mrs. Vandersen, of Philadelphia, Bimbâshi Barûk, and a Mrs. Vivian. Mrs. Vivian was a lustrous brunette, whose exact nationality he failed to determine but whose eyes held for the distinguished physicist an expression of rapturous surrender which embarrassed even the bimbâshi.

However, it was a pleasant evening. The dinner (excellent) was cooked and served by members of the staff of a near-by hotel. John Vandersen had a grand fund of anecdote, and his wife was a good mixer. Ann Mertsham would have been a pretty girl without her spectacles but her persistent intelligence was a trifle exhausting, the bimbâshi thought. Mrs. Vivian rather defeated him, until he decided that she didn't matter provided that Runmede didn't permit her to matter.

The Vandersens were first to leave. Ann Mertsham lived at the big hotel in sight of the villa garden, and as it appeared that Mrs. Vivian lived there also, these two later set off together, observing a septic politeness to each other. Runmede detained Barûk.

"It's not fifteen minutes into Monte Carlo," he said (the bimbâshi who loved a gamble was quartered there), "so let's have a leisurely 'old-fashioned' and a quiet chat."

They had their whisky and their chat, and it was largely his memories of that final hour with Runmede which marked

(Continued on page 37)

She extended both hands. "Let me think," she said coyly. "Is it two years, Major?" "Rather more—but so much has happened since"

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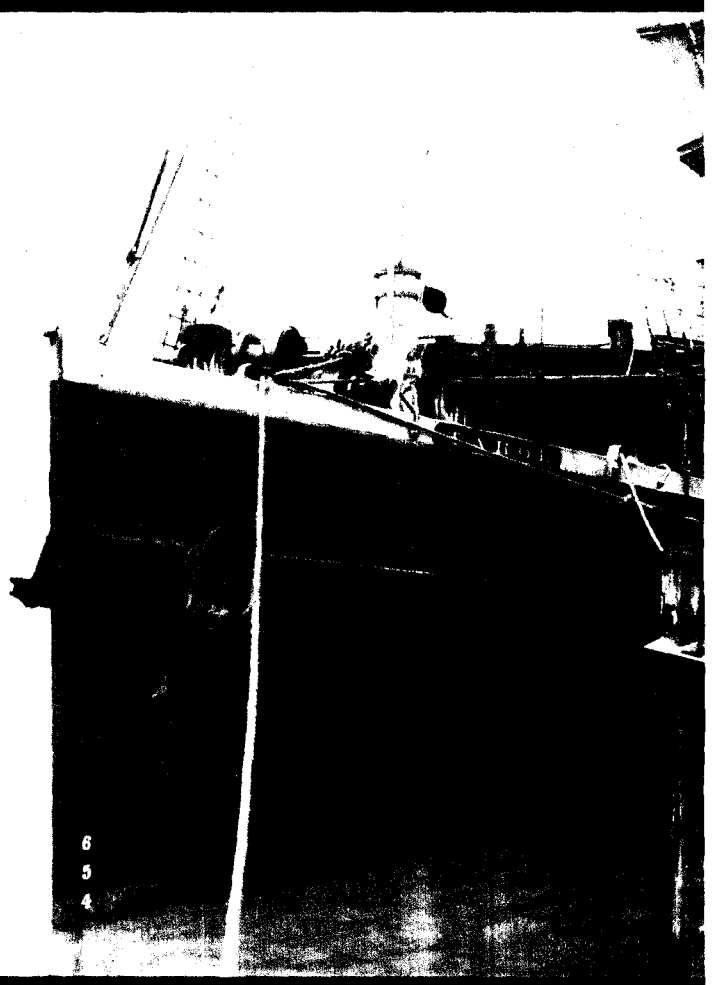
Western Rampart

By Jim Marshall

In a few weeks we have built an impregnable wall of planes, ships, guns and men along the longest front in the world—from Alaska to the Panama Canal—but it is almost invisible

War means a field day for the soapboxers, and those in Los Angeles' Pershing Square have all the answers, as usual

The defense that civilians never see: One of the many concealed antiaircraft setups on the West Coast



Unorthodox subkiller: The Oakland garbage boat Tahoe, which rammed and sunk a Jap submarine 40 miles offshore

BRIGHT and early on Saturday, December 20th, the Tahoe, a sedate and elderly steamship, shoved out from her pier at Oakland, California. She plodded across the bay past Alcatraz, bobbed under the Golden Gate Bridge and, curtseying to the swells, proceeded at eight knots out past the Farallones. Her owner, the city of Oakland, sent her thus to sea twice a week, loaded with garbage. Dumping the garbage forty miles off the Gate, the Tahoe would turn around and come plodding back—a prosaic enough job.

On this Saturday, however, Captain William Vartnaw and his crew of twelve were mildly surprised when, as the old ship tramped alone, a Jap submarine rose to the surface, dead ahead . . . Captain Vartnaw acted at once; Chief Engineer Richard Boldt gave the engines every pound of steam he had. The Tahoe thereupon rammed the submarine, which sank. Oil and debris came floating up.

Following this slightly premeditated but warlike act, the old Tahoe dumped her garbage and returned to her pier. Naval officers looked at her twisted bow, analyzed the gray paint that clung to it and said the submarine ramming was the McCoy, all right. The Tahoe went into drydock for repairs and is now back at her old job of keeping Oakland sanitary.

Strictly Not for Publication

Obviously the story was one of the best little morale builders of the early days of the war. Its publication would have given a lift to a slightly bewildered Pacific Coast public. Garbage Boat Sinks Jap Sub! Wow! There'd have been cheering along Oakland Creek and up and down the Embarcadero. But nothing of the sort happened. The Navy, anxious as anyone to do its bit for morale, felt that publication and broadcasting should be forbidden. Every newspaper and radio man in California knew the story and word of mouth quickly spread it up and down the Pacific Coast—and half those who heard it said it was just some more Orson Welles stuff.

By now, the Japs know what happened to their U-boat, so there is no reason for secrecy. The incident is told to illustrate one of the headachingest problems of West Coast defense. Army and Navy are both working like beavers to make the Coast impregnable—but they can't tell people what they're doing. So people go about shaking their heads and asking: "What's the Navy doing?" —"What's the Army doing?" And no one is very happy about things.

Since the war started, many a good story of American heroism and ingenuity and victory has had to go untold. The stories would build up public morale—but they might aid the enemy, too. So they have to go untold, for awhile, anyway.

The truth is—and this won't comfort the boys from Tokyo any—that the Coast today bristles with guns and planes and everything necessary to defend itself in case the little brown stinkers are nuts enough to try an invasion. Yet you could travel hundreds of miles up and down coastal highways and never see more than a dime's worth of potential sudden death. If suddenly the armament could have been revealed to the people, they'd have had a pleasant surprise.

In the past few weeks your correspondent has rolled up and down the coast from Canada to Mexico. At first, there was little war material, few planes. An occasional bridge guard, an infrequent truck convoy were the main evidences of something unusual. Today, that's all changed. There is a terrific amount of equipment, thousands of soldiers ready for action, that John Public doesn't even suspect. Scores of airports, coastal and inland, are heavily manned with the latest in fighter planes. Anti-aircraft guns are kept moving, so that spies can't spot them. Most of the coast is cluttered with trees and high brush that make perfect screens for military activity. You can drive 500 miles along U.S. 101 and swear there's nothing stronger than a shotgun within miles—and never see hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of Jap-repellents.

(Continued on page 52)

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CHINA GOLD

BY PEARL S. BUCK

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE her mother—"the richest woman in the world"—is dying in her palatial New York City home, Elaine Brian goes for a walk. On a near-by street corner, a young man bumps into her, apologizes, introduces himself diffidently as Larch Corpran, and—to the amazement of the girl (who is, most certainly, not of the pick-up type)—asks her if she will lunch with him.

Startled by the invitation, but in need of friendship and desperately lonely, Elaine accepts the invitation. Later, after she has lunched with the boy (who tells her that he is from Kansas, and wants to make "a lot of money") she realizes that he is a nice person—the kind of young man that girls worth millions seldom meet in New York. She finds herself becoming deeply interested in Larch's dreams and ambitions. . . .

Elaine's mother dies. Not, however, until she has breathed a few words about a man of whom Elaine had never heard: Mark Chappell, who, Elaine gathers, had become a priest —Father Valerian—and gone as a missionary to China.

Mrs. Brian's will is read. Paul Brian, her husband—who has devoted many years to making his wife utterly wretched—inherits *nothing*. With the exception of certain sums bequeathed to a number of servants, Elaine is the sole beneficiary. Elaine's father is furiously angry when he learns he will get none of his wife's money. He threatens to sue to break the will. . . .

Following her adored mother's death—Elaine is restless, unhappy; and she has decided not to see Larch Corpran again. Wondering what she—with her vast wealth—should do —she suddenly remembers some of the things her mother had said about "Father Valerian." Obviously, her mother had been fond of the man. So—

Yearning for someone to whom she can cling, someone she can trust utterly, Elaine decides to go to China—to Ta-ming, where (so she has been told) Father Valerian is doing a great work for the natives. On the transcontinental airplane that she takes, she meets an attractive man—Elton Field. At first, Field thinks Elaine an impostor, an adventuress masquerading under a famous name. But when he realizes that she is really Elaine Brian he is delighted—and most attentive.

Together, they reach San Francisco, go to dinner, dance together. And as they dance, Field says to himself: "She simply cannot go to Ta-ming. I will not let her go."

III

THIS young American girl must not go to Ta-ming," Elton told Helen. "Why do you not want her to go?" Helen Kung's voice, monotonously beautiful, did not change a thread of its inflection.

Elton Field, on this his first night in Shanghai, was nervous with pent irritability. He had not, for all his efforts, made, so far as he could see, the slightest impression on the girl whom he now told himself he loved as he had never loved anyone in his life. He had never before even pretended to a woman that he wanted to marry her, and all the women whom he had loved understood him. But he wanted desperately to marry Elaine Brian. That she was Elaine Brian he was all but convinced. Perfect conviction was perhaps impossible until he had written proof. But obviously she was running away secretly to someone, though not by any subtle persuasion had he been able to persuade her to tell him so.

They had had a gay voyage through the skies above the Pacific, and he, seeing her annoyance when he was not gay, had forced himself to persistent gaiety. For if he were to succeed, he must somehow bring her to love him, and if she came to depend upon him, as she was forced to do indeed in this strange country where she could not understand the language, then through dependence she might come to love.

But Elaine had remained determined. She would not, she said, delay in Shanghai. She would go at once to Ta-ming. He had hoped the trains were not running. But unfortunately she had found out from the hotel desk that they were running, though irregularly and with long delays. She was too ignorant to understand what this meant of a Chinese train, delayed in guerrilla territory. Nothing he said influenced her. She simply did not speak when he tried to convince her. If he blustered she opened her eyes wide in honest repulsion, and that he could not bear.

WHEN he reached Hong Kong he had found Helen's letter. She was waiting for him, of course, and eager for him, she told him in her delicate, half desultory fashion. She had first learned from her father how to speak and write English, but from other men she had learned English better than her father could have taught her. He had been an Englishman in an English shipping firm in Amoy. Elton Field, reading her letter, had sent no telegram in reply. He did not know how to tell her that whatever had been between them was now over because he had fallen in love with a woman of his own race—Elaine, he called her to himself.

But when he let himself say her name in her presence, Elaine had been very careful to call him Mr. Field. Never had he found a girl so friendly, so obdurate to love. Was there, he wondered, something about this missionary fellow? But she had bewildered him even there by answering him frankly enough, "How old is he? I suppose he is old enough to be my father." Not so would a woman have spoken of a man she loved.

He glanced at Helen. He had telephoned her to come tonight, after his guests were gone, and now he had told her, haltingly, of Elaine. And that she must not go to Ta-ming, thinking as he talked that Helen was, in spite of her thirty years, handsomer than she had ever been. The white blood of her father gave her height and her Chinese mother gave her delicacy. Her slenderness was that of the Chinese woman, small-boned and full of grace. But her eyes were large and leaf brown. From some white woman she had inherited direct those large eyes, and her Chinese mother had made them languorous in their shape. But he had known Helen long enough now to know that she could put off languor like a cloak when she wished. Ten years ago he had found her, poor and beautiful, dancing in a café in the international settlement. He had supported her ever since. Being a man of honor, he was now determined to settle a decent sum on her, too, so that she need never go back to work.

"I shan't pretend," he said bluntly. "I am in love with this girl and I intend to marry her."

Helen Kung's full red lips trembled. She pulled a handkerchief from the sleeve of her tight embroidered Chinese robe and wiped her eyes delicately. "For many years I have been trying to prepare myself to hear you say that," she said. "But I am not prepared."

She had early decided to be Chinese, because that blood, she found, attracted white men, and on the whole she preferred white lovers. In certain ways they were more kind to women. She had cultivated all her Chinese ways, and the hint of white in her served only to keep from seeming too strange to white men. That Elton had brought a white woman with him in the plane from Hong Kong she knew already. She had not gone to the airfield, of course, but she had sent Li-hua, her manservant. Li-hua looked like anybody else, and Elton Field could not have told whether he had ever seen him or not.

LI-HUA had stood with perfect safety therefore on the edge of the crowd always gaping to watch airplanes come down or indeed to watch anything happen, and so he saw very close the white woman whom Elton Field helped out of the plane. Having seen, he went back to report to his mistress in the Chinese dialect which they had both grown up in at Amoy. There in Amoy he had been cook for Helen Kung's father, and when the white man died, the Chinese mother having died long before, it was Li-hua who suggested going to Shanghai where she might find the employment natural to her beauty. She had then been nineteen.

"Your big-man has brought another woman with him," he told her. "This one is altogether white and very young and beautiful exactly opposite to your beauty. That is, she has blue eyes, and hair the color of silk on a cocoon."

He announced this without comment. She was so clever, this woman, that he needed only to tell her what he saw. Then he returned to his kitchen where he washed the dishes, scrubbed the table very clean with a filthy rag which he thrust into a dark drawer when he was finished. The white blood in his mistress showed itself inconveniently in a foolish passion for cleanliness in the kitchen.

Thus when Elton Field sent for her the same evening of his return Helen Kung had come to his house fully prepared with knowledge. She came late as he had told her to do, because he had had a small dinner party. Li-hua, visiting in his kitchen as the brother friend of his cook, had learned that the dinner was for the white woman whom Field Big-man had brought with him.

"Is he to marry this white woman?" Li-hua had asked Pao-chen, the head cook in Elton Field's somewhat elaborate kitchen.

"Who knows?" Pao-chen replied, dipping his finger into the gravy and licking it, that he might judge the seasoning. He looked anxious, dipped his finger in again, and then decided that a touch more of foreign red wine was needed. This he supplied, first putting the bottle to his mouth to make sure it was the red wine and not something else. He smacked his lips. "I am growing used to these foreign wines. At first they tasted like medicine to me."

"Let me try it," Li-hua said. Pao-

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Li-hua saw very close the white woman whom Elton Field helped out of the plane and he went back to report to his mistress

chen handed him the bottle and he drank a swallow and wiped his mouth with his hand. "It would take many drinks," he said judicially. Then he turned to the matter of the white woman. "Where is she staying?"

"At the Cosmopolitan Hotel," Pao-chen said, now whipping up the fish soufflé for which he was famous in the international settlement. He wore his hair somewhat long, for he was a dandy, and in his vigor a loose hair flew out and fell into the bowl. But his quick eye saw it. "Aha!" he said, plucking it out with his thumb and forefinger. He held it up for Li-hua to see. "That small thing," he said, "comes more nearly to costing me my position in this house than gambling all night or double squeeze on the household bills. My master throws away any dish in which there is a hair."

"All white men are so rich," Li-hua replied. He returned again to his subject. "Do you see any change in your master since he came back from the Mei country?"

Pao-chen considered this. "There is a change," he admitted. "He is excitable. He insisted tonight that there should be the best of everything. Also he puts the new woman at his right hand."

"He has not invited my mistress," Li-hua said. "He has only told her to come later."

"You see!" Pao-chen said.

They looked at each other gloomily. Elton Field's marriage was equally hateful to them both, for a white woman was the last thing Pao-chen wanted over him.

"She must be a good woman," Li-hua said sadly, "for only when he has good women here does he not invite my mistress. If this white woman were only a comfortable one, my mistress would be invited also."

"So I reckon it," Pao-chen agreed.

LI-HUA had carried all this news to Helen Kung, also. She came, therefore, knowing all that Elton Field might not tell her. But she had not been certain of his marriage until now when he had told her himself.

"Of course I shall see that you have everything," he said. "I appreciate all you have been to me, Helen."

She raised her liquid eyes and put out a hand that was all Chinese in its fragile loveliness except that it was a little larger than a wholly Chinese hand would be.

"You will let me stay here tonight?" she whispered. "You have been away so long. I have seen no one else. I have lived like a nun. I am so faithful to you."

He had braced himself for her reproaches and was shaken because she did not utter a word of reproach. Besides, she was beautiful and he had been very busy on this trip. Once more would not matter to his marriage. He hesitated, nevertheless. Elaine had been sweet tonight. She had been so beautiful, and perhaps a little warmer than she had ever been before. He did not want to risk anything which might be unfortunate if she knew it. Young girls believed in purity. She had been so beautiful that now as he remembered her he found himself impatient for marriage. But he knew she was far from ready for that.

The house was silent about him. It was a house built in the heavy French style, the walls thick and the enormous doors and windows so heavy that when they were closed, a room was cut off from every other room. He had furnished it in the opulent French manner, his Chinese porcelains cleverly placed only to accent that opulence. A mist of incense poured softly from an urn before a painting of Buddha. He liked the smell of incense. It had nothing to do with religion in his mind.

Now suddenly the thick sweetness stirred his blood. It was good to be back in this city where the freedom of the white man was complete and where puritanism was an unknown word. If it had been known it would only have been as a joke.

"It's good to be home," he said abruptly. He was suddenly sharply hungry, and he rose and lifted Helen Kung roughly to her feet. They did not speak. He held her for a moment. They did not need to speak. In the silence, in his abruptness, everything was understood. They parted and moved toward different doors in the big room. But they knew their way with long habitude. The two doors led into separate rooms, and these then led into still a third.

FROM the window of her room Elaine looked out over the city of Shanghai. It was a city half dead from war. Under the moon, in light more brilliant than she had ever seen from any moon at home, she saw great patches of the city black and dead. But she had not come close enough to that desolation this afternoon to comprehend it. At the airfield a heavy English-built automobile had met them, driven by a silent Chinese chauffeur who only smiled and tipped his cap when Elton Field called to him jovially, "Hello, Chang! I'm glad to be home."

(Continued on page 31)

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NITRO

By Jack Leonard

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

FRED'S truck stood in front of Mike's Diner. It had a boxlike body painted red. On the side was the word EXPLOSIVES, and across the rear was the legend: "Hit me easy. I'm full of nitroglycerin."

Mike gave Fred his hamburger. Then he looked through the window.

"Holy catfish!" he cried. "You drive that thing?"

"Yeah, when I can't find another fool."

"Is she loaded?"

"Four thousand pounds of nitro."

"Gee, what a job you got! But I guess you know explosives."

"That's how I earn my beans. I'm a well-shooter."

"You can have it," said Mike. "But listen to what I mean. Remember that blast in the Dillon refinery? Do you think it was spies?"

"I don't know about spies," said Fred, "but I know a man that saw her blow, and it sounds like nitro to me."

"Nitro! Where'd they get it?"

"Swiped it, I guess."

"That refinery was making airplane gas," said Mike. "There's another one at Central City. The Army ought to guard 'em both."

"Aw, the Army! Baloney!"

Mike was shocked. "What's wrong with the Army?"

"Listen," said Fred. "I know all about explosives. I can blow a rock from under a baby without even scratching him."

"I guess you're good."

"Sure, I'm good, but listen. A while ago I figured I ought to enlist. I figured the Army could use a man that knows what I know. So I went to Fort Halley and saw a colonel named Tozzer, who tests explosives. We got along fine. Then he sent me to the doctor—"

"I know," said Mike. "The doc said you haven't got enough teeth."

"It was a break," said Fred. "I won't be that kind of a fool again. I'd hate to spend my young life biting Japs."

Fred got into his truck. The road ahead was straight and smooth, but he drove at thirty-five. Nitro doesn't like fast driving. It was dark by now. Over the black horizon was a faint, white glow—the great refinery at Central City. Not far away was Fort Halley, the Army research center. Fred felt the gaps in his teeth. Not good enough for the Army! He knew explosives like a kid knows spinach, but he had "deficient molars," the doctor called it.

A car was following close behind but Fred was not surprised that it did not pass. Some drivers are afraid to pass a nitro wagon. He stopped for the traffic light at Hooper's Crossing. He stopped with care. Nitro doesn't like quick stopping. The car drew up beside him. A man hopped out.

"Tell me, please," he asked in a foreign voice, "where is Central City?"

"You're headed right for it."

The man jerked open the door of the truck and clambered in. Behind him came a second man. Both carried guns.

"Say nothing," came the order. "Drive straight ahead."

"If this is a stick-up," said Fred, "I got three bucks."

"You got more than that."

The light went green. Fred started carefully. Nitro doesn't like fast starting. The stick-up men were talking in a foreign language.

"Drive straight ahead," said the one beside him.

Fred's heart began to pound. "Straight ahead," he thought. "That would be the refinery. Gee! With four thousand pounds of nitro they can blow it to shredded iron!" Then he thought of something. "I'm a fool to try it," he thought. But he pressed the gas a little harder. The truck speeded up to forty-five.

"More slow," said the man beside him.

Fred jammed his foot to the floor. The truck swept forward.

"Slow," said the man. "Slow or I shoot!"

"Shoot!" cried Fred. "*I got you!*"

The man reached out for the wheel. Fred twitched it slightly, and the truck swerved toward the ditch. The man drew back his hand. The truck recovered and roared down the straight, smooth road at seventy.

"I got you!" cried Fred. "If she goes in the ditch, she blows. They won't find a smear of us, just a hole so big you can hide a church."

He could almost see the nitro, awake and annoyed in its close-packed cans. A hand stole toward the ignition key.

"None of that!" He twitched the wheel again. The hand snapped back.

"Fool!" said the man beside him. "You want to die?"

"Sure. And I'll take you guys with me."

There was silence in the cab except for the roar of the engine, but Fred's imagination was shouting loudly. The nitro was six inches back of his shoulders. It was getting ready.

In the road was a sleepy cow. Fred blared the horn. The cow ambled off the road. The stick-up men gave terrified screams.

"Stop!" they begged in chorus. "Stop and we'll let you go."

"No dice! We're going to Central City."

Fred felt a surge of exultation. "I can't bite Japs," he shouted aloud above the engine's roar. "I ain't no good for the Army."

Then he looked at the gas. Empty! The men saw him looking.

"You have no gas," said one. "You stop right now, and we'll let you go. You drive until the gas is gone, then we'll shoot you dead."

"Is that so?" said Fred.

THE truck roared on at seventy. Off to the left were lights across the prairie. That would be Fort Halley. He never thought he'd be going there again, but now he tried to remember how the road led in. He remembered a gate. It better be open. It better had. The men were silently waiting for the cough and whir of the dying engine. He saw a light beside the road. That would be the sentry box. He lightened his foot on the gas. The truck slowed down. The iron gate was open. He tugged at the wheel. The truck spun around like a chip on the ice and sped up the road toward the fort.

Ahead was another gate. Men were running out of the darkness, men in uniform. The engine was sputtering now, but he made the gate and stopped. He jumped to the left. The two men jumped to the right.

"Grab them!" he shouted. "They're spies!"

He was grabbed himself by a dozen soldiers.

"What's the idea?" demanded an officer. "You're under arrest."

"Did you get them?" cried Fred.

"We got your friends all right."

"No friends of mine. They tried to hijack my load of nitro—four thousand pounds of it."

"Nitro!" said the officer. "Come and talk to the colonel."

They took him to a room, which smelled of chemicals. Behind a desk was Colonel Tozzer. His eyes hit Fred.

"Hello, you," he said. "I thought you wanted to join this Army?"

"Yeah," said Fred in shame, "but the doctor said I got deficient molars."

"Listen, Colonel," cried the other officer. "He grabbed two guys that tried to swipe his load of nitro. Maybe he saved the refinery."

The colonel listened to the story—the race through the night with death flying close behind. He shook Fred's hand.

"Molars—forget about 'em! We'll feed you on soup if we have to."

The man jerked open the door of the truck and clambered in. Behind him came a second man. Both carried guns

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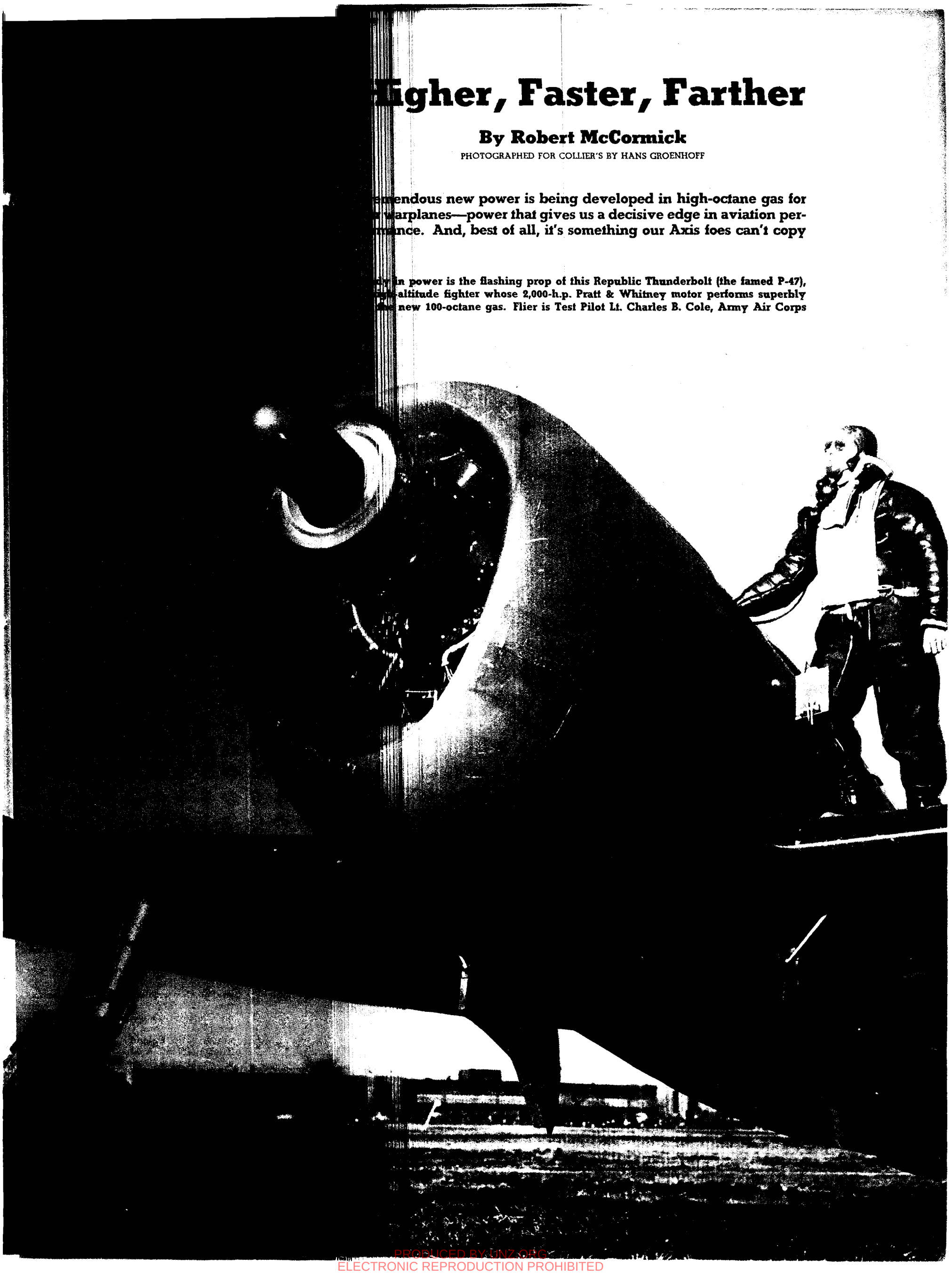
...igher, Faster, Farther

By Robert McCormick

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GROENHOFF

...endous new power is being developed in high-octane gas for ... warplanes—power that gives us a decisive edge in aviation per-...nce. And, best of all, it's something our Axis foes can't copy

...n power is the flashing prop of this Republic Thunderbolt (the famed P-47), ...altitude fighter whose 2,000-h.p. Pratt & Whitney motor performs superbly ... new 100-octane gas. Flier is Test Pilot Lt. Charles B. Cole, Army Air Corps



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NO BASES IN EIRE

By M. Grattan O'Leary

De Valera isn't going to change his mind. That's Mr. O'Leary's conclusion after talking to the Irish premier. Here he tells you why Eire, apprehensive and distressed, clings tenaciously to her precarious neutrality

BRITISH COMBINE

Neither pro-German nor anti-English, Eamon De Valera leads Ireland in her determined stand for neutrality

Irish army troops (below) probably could not repel a German invasion because they lack the necessary weapons

INTERNATIONAL

IT TOOK the good offices of Brendan Bracken, Tipperary man who is Winston Churchill's Minister of Information, to get me on a blacked-out plane from Manchester to Dublin. Next day I found myself examining a bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln and a copy of the American Declaration of Independence in the anteroom of the offices of Eamon De Valera, Taoiseach (Chief) of the neutral state of Eire.

An attendant in an olive-green uniform came through a door and said, "The Taoiseach is awaiting you." I stepped inside to meet a man who was far different from my conception of the traditional Irish rebel against the hated Sassenach.

Eamon De Valera is a tall man with a great frame and powerful physique, and his hair, which I had thought black, is brown, thinning and streaked slightly with gray. His face, deeply lined, is strong but kindly, the nose prominent, the mouth sensitive. His hands, large and powerful, yet with long tapering fingers, tell something of the artist and the poet. As he greeted me quietly with his soft Dublin brogue it was hard to think of him as the erstwhile revolutionary who once pitted dynamite against British guns, heard his own death sentence and languished in dungeons for his country's freedom.

De Valera was due in two hours to make an important speech at the O'Connell Street monument to Parnell; his notes, unfinished, lay before him. "You need not hurry," he said. "As the head of a neutral state I can't talk to you for publication; not about Eire and the war. But I shall be glad to talk to you confidentially, to answer your questions off the record." He was completely friendly.

Mr. De Valera Explains

I put to De Valera scores of questions; questions suggested to me before leaving Canada and the United States, questions suggested to me in England. To all of them he answered quietly, candidly and, I feel certain, with sincerity. He talked of the British and United States request for Irish ports and bases, of the possibility of Ireland being invaded, of the state of the Irish army, of the country's defenses, of his view of the war and its aftermath, of relations between the South and North. Not once did a word of hostility against England pass his lips. He denied vehemently—and with proof to back up his vehemence—tales of tolerated anti-British activities by the Dublin German minister.

I can't quote De Valera. What I can say, on the basis of what he told me, is that while this man is not anti-British, and certainly not anti-American, and most certainly not pro-German, he will not give up Ireland's ports and bases. That the United States is in the war will make no difference. What has been consistently refused London will be as stoutly refused Washington.

Why? Because De Valera feels that the sacrifices involved would be out of all proportion to the value of the contribution. Eire hasn't a modern antiaircraft gun in the entire country. She has no tanks, no antitank guns, no mechanized divisions, no heavy

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Masquerade in Miami

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Alan looked up into Sunny's amused blue eyes. Hers was the type of physical perfection that a man likes to look at. "Ol' rockin' chair got you, hasn't it?" she said

The Story Thus Far:

LATE one evening, Alan Douglas, a young mining engineer with headquarters in New York City, receives an unexpected caller: Wayne Hamilton, a lawyer. Hamilton, a stranger, astounds him by offering him one hundred thousand dollars if he will go to the Miami Beach estate of Lewis ("Lew") Hartley, a well-known promoter, and there—following a facial operation—pose as the promoter! Convinced by the lawyer that Hartley is merely trying to trick some of his business rivals, Douglas accepts the offer.

Knowing that the father of Gail Foster (to whom he is engaged) is desperately in need of twenty thousand dollars, Douglas gives Gail a check for that amount. But, sworn to secrecy, he tells her nothing of what he has done. And a few days later, he goes to Miami Beach. There a surgeon alters his face; and there—flanked by "Chuck" Williams, a thug employed by Hartley to watch him, and "Sunny" Ralston, the promoter's mistress—he pretends to be Hartley. He is blissfully unaware that the promoter (who is threatened with indictment in New York) is planning to make his getaway; and that, at the proper moment, he, Alan Douglas, *will be murdered!* . . .

Weeks pass. Alarmed when she hears nothing from Douglas, Gail Foster trails him—to Miami. And presently, she is keeping an eye on a man who is known as Lew Hartley, but who—*she feels certain*—is Alan Douglas. In her investigations, she is assisted by an old friend: Vance Crawford. . . .

Meanwhile, Douglas has been having his troubles. Chuck Williams, a cold-blooded killer, is in love with Sunny Ralston; suspecting that Sunny and Douglas are becoming too chummy, he makes no effort to hide his hatred of the New Yorker. Observing this, Sunny (who is genuinely alarmed) slips into Douglas' bedroom one evening. There, in the course of a long talk, she warns Douglas to be careful; and she tells him that she has fallen in love with him.

Hurt by Douglas' indifference (even when she kisses him), she finally leaves him, goes to her room. Throwing herself on the bed, she lies there rigid. Then—"Sunny," she tells herself fiercely, "you've messed everything up!"

VII

THE next day it rained, and the next and the next. Storm clouds hovered over Miami, painting everything dark gray.

During the three days of sodden bleakness, Alan read. Chuck Williams appeared to do nothing. He sat around the house, his pasty face inscrutable. Time apparently meant nothing to him.

Then, on the third morning, the sun shone. Alan, looking out at it through his bedroom window, thought he had never seen anything so brilliant or so blue as the Miami sky after three days of downpour. The air was crystal clear and cool enough to be invigorating. Once again the streets were populated by eager vacationists. The horse and dog tracks were jammed, the beaches crowded. Every man, woman and child seemed to be making a frantic effort to recapture the days which had been lost.

The return of clear weather seemed to make little difference to Sunny Ralston. She continued to leave the house every morning and to return late in the evening. Alan did a bit of swimming and a great deal of lazing. He became rather friendly with Captain Swanson who commanded Lew Hartley's 75-footer which was moored in Indian Creek just across Collins Avenue from the main house. Alan suggested to Chuck that he'd like to go fishing and to his surprise, Chuck made no objection.

The Blue Gull was luxurious. Captain Swanson navigated it. There was a combination engineer and general handyman. There was a steward who performed magic in the tiny galley.

On the second day of fishing, Alan landed a sizable tarpon. In his enthusiasm he even made advances to Chuck, who grunted them away.

Chuck didn't fish. He didn't read. He didn't play solitaire. At the house or on the Blue Gull, Chuck sat impassive. It was an odd sort of existence, but it was luxurious and—save for his rather constant worry about Gail—Alan was having a gorgeous time.

The weather seemed determined to atone for its three-day transgression. No cloud flecked the azure sky, no wind marred the glassy surface of the sea. Two days of perfection; then a third and a fourth.

On this Thursday morning Alan had his coffee and cigarette, slipped into

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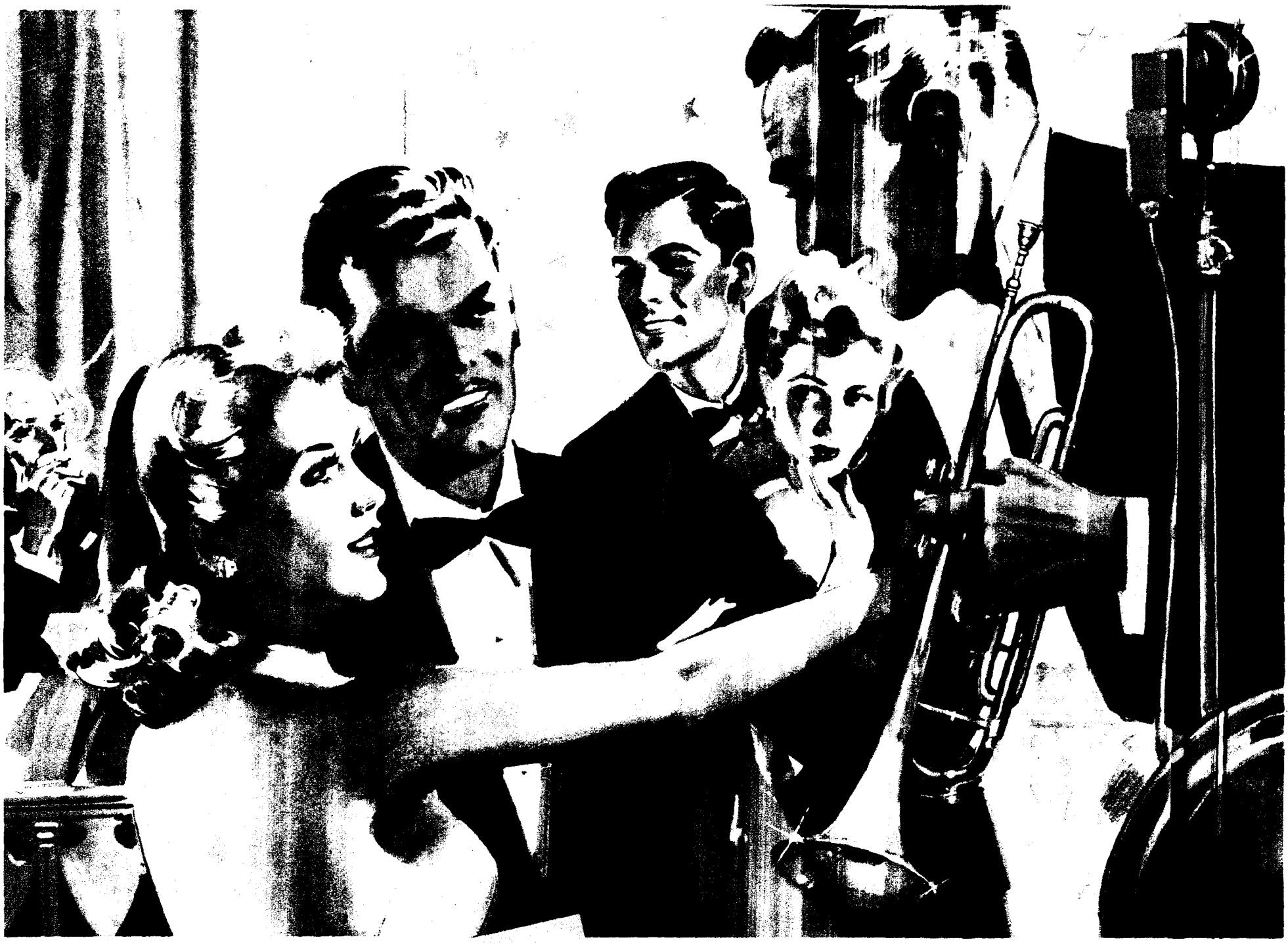

"She's young," O'Malley told me, "and I guess she found it kind of exciting to visit those night spots with a guy who knew everybody"

Obtained

These parked-car murder mysteries are very hard to solve. But O'Malley is as good as they say he is

IT'S a parked-car killing," O'Malley said. "A guy named Mr. Murford and a girl named Miss Comlin had went round to some night clubs. Between three and four this morning they was sitting in Murford's car parked on the East Side. Somebody in another car drove up alongside of 'em and shot Murford dead. They put me on the case but I don't know why, because cops already collared the guy they claim done it."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"They pinched the girl's brother. This business goes this way: The girl is eighteen years old and comes of good family. Her father is dead. Her and her mother met Murford in Florida and didn't know nothing about him. Well, Murford was a guy well known in all New York night spots, who'd been married a few times and had went with a lot of women. When they got back to New York, the brother found out about him. He seen Murford and told him to stay away from his sister, but Murford kept seeing her; so then the boy threatened him. Last night this brother, named Edward Comlin, was in his car going around to the night spots looking for 'em. Then this Murford got shot."

"Is that all they've got against the brother?" I asked.

"Cops found a gun in the boy's car—that's why they pinched him. It had been fired, but we don't know if it's the right gun yet. If it turns out that it is, there don't seem to be anything to the case. Still, they got to give me something to do, so I'm supposed to be working on it."

THEY had the girl at headquarters. She was blond and quite beautiful and was rather hysterical. Her mother was with her. She was a fine-looking woman.

"You know anything about this?" O'Malley asked Mrs. Comlin.

"Only that I'm certain my son did not do it. I always try to stay awake till the children come in, but children come in so late. I had been asleep. Then I heard Edward come in."

"What time?"

"It was about five o'clock. Evelyn didn't come in. Then a policeman came and brought me down here and I learned this terrible thing. Since then I know they have arrested Edward."

"You tell us how all this was," O'Malley said to the girl.

"I don't know how it was. I don't know who shot him. Mr. Murford and I had been around to those places."

"What places?"

She told us.

"You have any trouble at any of them resorts?" O'Malley asked.

"No. After we'd started home Mr. Murford wanted to park."

"I guess you parked sometimes like that before?"

"Sometimes—yes; usually. But last night—"

"Wait a minute. You always park in the same place?"

"No; different places. We'd never stopped at that one before. We'd only just stopped when someone drove up beside us and started to shoot."

"Yeah? Who?"

"I didn't see who. I keep telling them that. When he started to shoot I dropped down on the floor of the car; then I didn't look. He shot several times. Then his car drove away. After he'd gone I got out of our car and went looking for someone, but there was no one around. Then a man came along the street and I told him what had happened and he went to a drugstore and called the police."

"Well, if you didn't see the guy how do you know it wasn't your brother?"

"I'm sure that it wasn't."

"She'd say that anyway," O'Malley observed to me. "Except this happened after three o'clock we don't know just the time of it. The guy she met on the street called the station house at 3:25. All the boy says is he don't know where he was just at that time. We won't find out anything but I got to go talk with him."

They had Comlin at a station house.

(Continued on page 26)

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To Michele Morgan, the most promising Hollywood importation in many a year, the movies are a means of working out a manifest destiny. Hollywood, with an eye on the all-important box office, is completely willing to go along with this French girl

THIS business of the French being a gay people, for instance? What about it? Well, maybe; but not in Hollywood. Charles Boyer is as solemn as a football coach on a Sunday morning; Jean Gabin has all the outward animation of a parked truck; Simone Simon still looks like a little girl who is keeping very mousy so the truant officer won't find her.

And the new importation, Michele Morgan? Gentlemen, *there* is a lady who could give lessons in seriousness to a Stoic. She has just finished her first American picture at RKO, Joan of Paris, but for the year previous she did only two things: she studied the English language; she went to the movies.

"Alone," said the squires of Hollywood, sourly, and for a time that made everybody pretty sore—a pretty girl, a Continental star, and the brush-off for all the gay dogs of Beverly Hills.

This feeling of frustration disappeared immediately upon the reports of the first operatives.

"Keep away from that dame unless you have the movie digestion of a cobra!" they cried. "She'll sit through anything . . . *preferably* anything."

What Mlle. Morgan had discovered was that the tougher the picture, the more American it was bound to be. And don't let anybody fool you about Michele being an American. She started that enterprise at the age of sixteen when she selected her stage name. Before that she had been Simone Roussel, the daughter of a typically French bourgeois family, with Father running an exporting firm and Mother watching the children for signs of nonsense. Nonsense showed up in Simone from the start. She was Hollywood-mad almost as soon as she could read. Americans never realize what a magic word "Hollywood" is in other countries. A Hollywood player of such little distinction that he would need a letter from his pastor to get a reservation at Macambo would find himself mobbed by an excited throng meeting the boat train at the Gare St. Lazare.

"That was I," says Michele, grammatically. "Just like that."

She looked through a lot of books and picked up a nice name: Mike Morgan. It was not taken from J. P. Morgan, as has lately been hinted, or even from Morgan the Buccaneer: it was merely Mike Morgan. It sounded like the right thing even when learned friends assured her Mike wasn't a nice name for a girl and she changed it to Michele. Any pedant who seeks to show his erudition by referring to Michele as Mor-*gan* is merely a wack. It was Morgan to start with; it is still Morgan.

How to Learn a Language

But this thing of removing the French accent? In almost all cases that is like trying to brush an ink spot off your vest. Michele has done it. We are willing to go on the stand and testify that nobody in the history of the world has ever done a better job of mastering a new language.

"If they have her doing a French accent in a picture," say the cynics, "they'll have to teach it to her."

This came about through a gentleman named Dr. S. R. Mitchneck, a Russian, who for fourteen years had been a professor at Columbia. When he suggested that she spend four hours a day in actual classwork, which meant many other hours devoted to study and preparation, she readily agreed.

"You don't only learn the language," Mitchneck said, "you possess it."

"Okay," said Michele, who knew this much from American films.

She must not only learn to think in English but she must mentally hear the sound of each word and phrase. The struggle to pronounce strange words always freezes the face, and this method, particularly the mental hearing, prevents mouthing the words. Because French is spoken very fast, the voice is high pitched, and Michele had to spend weeks learning to speak slowly and to lower the tone of her voice.

"And *pas de Française*," warned Mitchneck, which meant that if he caught her talking her native tongue during the course of instruction, he would lam her one.

This got her in bad with a lot of kindly American folk who sought to make her feel at home by practicing their high-school French on her. When they began, she left, and a lot of harsh words were passed. Since she has conquered English she now has one day a week for French conversation, usually Sunday, and some notable phrasing ensues.

In any event, Miss Morgan is serious. She looks somewhat like Ingrid Bergman, the Swedish actress, is quite tall and has astonishing eyes, which seem to change with the seasons, the temperature and the occasion. She is something of a mystic and will state with some apology, but entire honesty, that she believes in horoscopes, table-tapping and fortunetellers. When she was three years old a fortuneteller muttered mysteriously that "this child will walk alone into fearsome forests seeking a silver

(Continued on page 54)

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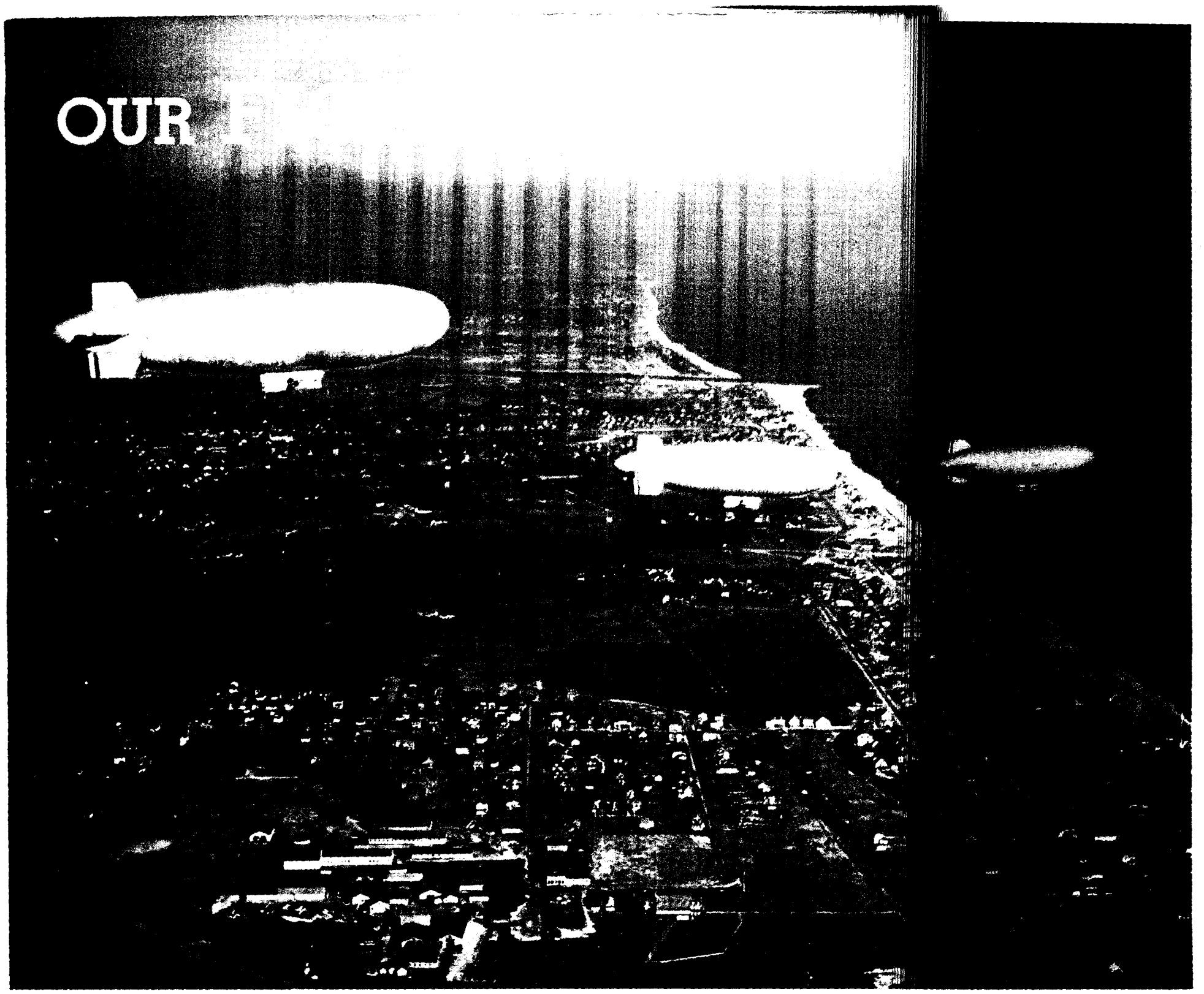

RUDY ARNOLD

Armed with depth bombs and guns, three nonrigid patrol blimps of the new 1st Squadron (1st Airship Group) cruise out of the Lakehurst (N.J.) Naval Air Station and head for the Atlantic to look for subs and mines. Lt. Com. Raymond F. Tyler commands this initial force of "Nickel Cigars"

IDAHO

GOWEN FIELD, Boise. If it means anything to have fighters bet on themselves, go grab some more War Stamps and Bonds. When Capt. Alfred G. Neumann, commanding officer of one of the squadrons here, mentioned at the pay table that some of the boys might want to shell out for a few Stamps, they bought $300 worth. Later the captain found out that a private from Pittsburgh had sunk a $4,000 inheritance into Bonds and another had done the same thing with his life savings—$700. It's really something when soldiers turn their dough back to the government. Need we remind you again this week to continue the Stamp-ede?

UTAH

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. Soldiers attached to the 9th Corps Area Headquarters don't need another Pearl Harbor to make them want to tangle with the Japaches, but if they did need further incentive they found it in the ice and snow of the coldest Utah winter since Willie had the measles. Outbreak of the war prompted the tranfer of the administrative headquarters from vulnerable San Francisco to strategic Salt Lake City and dumped a wad of sunworshiping Californians into sub-zero weather. The rush for old-fashioned, long-handled underwear (Superman Drawers) was terrific. There was some griping about Salt Lake's winter smoke pall. One Californian said it made him homesick. "It's just," he explained, "like being in the middle of an orange grove on a bitter cold night with all the smudge pots going." The attitude of Salt Lakers bowled over the newcomers, too. One captain reported: "A man came up to me on a street corner and wanted to know if he could do something for the Army. Said he'd like to devote a half-day a week to it."

MISSOURI

6TH DIV.

FORT LEONARD WOOD, Rolla. What's going on here is that the 6th Division is being motorized. It's the second triangular division to be put on wheels (the 4th was the first—or are we confusing you?) and it'll be sort of a cross between a triangular and armored outfit, with its strength reduced from 15,245 to 14,000 officers and men but with increased fire power. There will be such additions as a separate antitank battalion with one company each of 37-mm. and 75-mm. tank killers, a separate mine company, a reconnaissance force of two light tank companies (fifty-two tanks in all), a company of thirty-six bantam cars (beeps, jeeps, peeps—take your choice), and also an antitank-antiaircraft company. Nobody knows what to call this setup. Somebody suggested "right angle division" but he hasn't got anywhere with it.

ENVY of the 6th is Pvt. Walter Sexauer, who turns out to be the only man of the 35,000 at this fort who's allergic to blue denims. He busted out with a rash—called contact dermatitis—which kept him in the hospital for eighty-seven days, but when he got out he was transferred to the Detached Enlisted Men's List, where he not only doesn't have to wear denims but is relieved of labors—such as shovel-waving—that go with the baggy blues. Note to the 34,999 other men who have been riffling through the 6th Division recreation halls' dictionaries: You can't cultivate an allergy; you either got it or you ain't.

THERE was a time when Army officers didn't talk about the Army, or war, when they sat down at mess or leaned over the club bar, but things are different now. In fact, a group of 6th Division staff captains recently decided they were talking entirely too much shop and banned all war talk at mess. Didn't work, though; in five minutes the conversation always got back to the war or petered out altogether. Finally one captain got an inspiration, and from then on, the officers devoted their talk to the formation of the extremely unofficial 992d Antipigeon Defense Co., consisting of three squads of dachshunds to ferret out downed carrier pigeons and a squad of Doberman pinschers to protect the dachshunds from the crippled birds. They're now on a program to train the dogs to camouflage themselves as fire plugs, and while no one dares guess how long they can keep up this sort of thing, this is positively the only time it will be mentioned in this department.

MICHIGAN

5TH DIV.

FORT CUSTER, Battle Creek. The 21st F.A.'s Pvt. Joseph Kazalauskas hails from a Michigan farm, where he learned to trap small game before he had enough reach to help with the milking, and it didn't take him long to discover that the fort's reservation abounded in trapable critters. A little while ago Joe sent home

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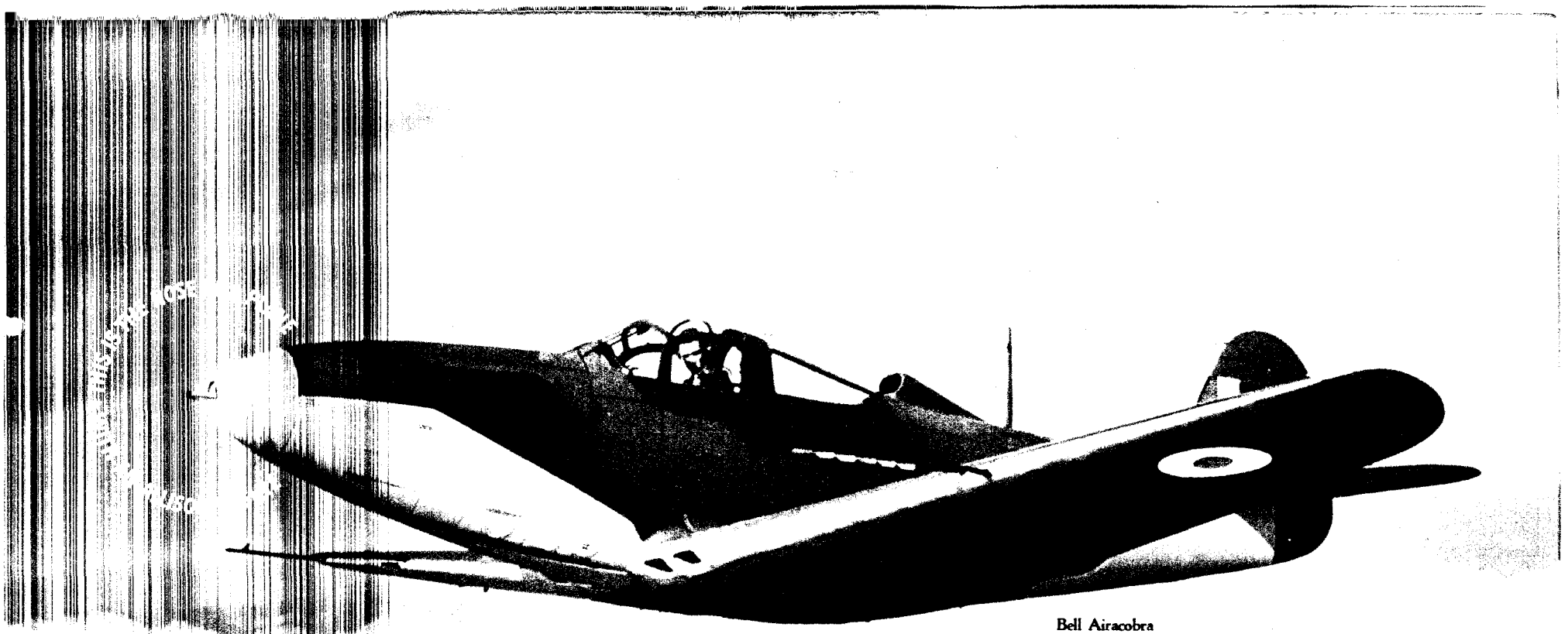
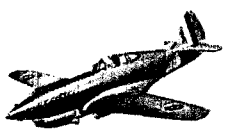


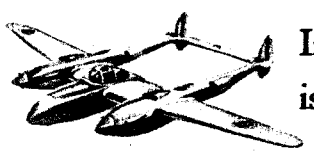
Bell Airacobra
U. S. and British designation

...nose ...re going ...

North American Apache (U.S.)
The British call it "The Mustang"



Curtiss P-40 (U.S.) *The British call it "The Tomahawk" or "The Kittihawk"*



Lockheed P-38 Interceptor (U.S.)
The British call it "The Lightning"

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German Messerschmitt

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

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for his gear, and in the first two weeks of trapping at Custer he snared three mink and more than twenty muskrats for a gross take of around $75. Mink pelts bring about $12 each; muskrat pelts are down now to around $1.50. Aside from the fact that he's coining a lot of spare change on the side, Joe is phenomenal in that he piles out of the feathers prior to reveille and inspects his trap lines before chow. He skins the game in the barracks furnace room and dries the pelts on homemade stretchers. By refusing to deal in skunks, he gets along fine with his buddies.

MASSACHUSETTS

6TH ARMY CORPS

FORT DEVENS, Ayer. The present 1st Corps Area guinea pig is the 4th Echelon Motor Pool, which is set up to repair any kind of Army motorized equipment that breaks down in New England. Sick vehicles go in at one end of a 520-by-490-foot building with an assembly-belt system and come out well at the other. Started last July, the $1,750,000 repair shop wasn't to have been finished until March 15th, but the war put things on a 24-hour basis and the place ought to be going full blast this week. Believed to be one of the biggest one-floor buildings in the world the structure contains 625 tons of steel in its reinforced concrete uprights, but steel priorities made it necessary to use Oregon fir for girders. The concrete, gravel and glass roof covers 800 square yards of concrete floor, and an exhaust and air-conditioning system prevents some 500 soldier-mechanics from keeling over. If the 4th Echelon Pool project pays off, more of them may be run up around the country.

VIRGINIA

CAMP PENDLETON, Virginia Beach. Probably the last shot of the Civil War went off south of here the other day. Seems a Pendleton Coast Artillery unit, stationed at an old Civil War position, built a fire as a protection from Atlantic gales, and the old Confederate cannon shell they used for a grate still had some dry powder in it. The ensuing explosion caused no casualties but it sent the Northerners into an automatic alert. Later, one of the boys remarked that the Confeds were bound to get in the last shot—even if it went off seventy-seven years too late.

FORT STORY. It's never too late for a maneuvers story if it's as human as this one. After a unit of the 71st C.A. had been entertained by members of a small church in the Carolina "War" area, one of the soldiers discovered that the money spent on them for refreshments had been originally intended to cover the cost of a coat of paint for the church. Pay day was still quite a spell away but the boys managed all right. They got up $36 (slightly more than the church members had collected), got permission from the battery commander to take a day off, bought the paint and did the job from top to bottom.

NORTH CAROLINA

9TH DIV.

FORT BRAGG. A telegram requesting an extension of furlough now hangs on the Headquarters bulletin board, a tribute to a terrific telegraphic typo. It says: UNABLE TO RETURN TO DUTY STOP SICK IN BED WITH FLO. The telegraph company apologized but it was small consolation to the officer who sent the wire.

GEORGIA

4TH DIV.

CAMP GORDON, Augusta. When the "Rolling 4th" Division eased into camp early last month it was immediately placed on the alert and the antiaircraft battery began putting its gunners through their paces. From a box marked 1918 a crew unpacked an additional belt-loading machine and found, stuck to the handle by cosmolene, a piece of newspaper (The New Haven Journal-Courier for Sept. 27, 1918) on which was printed:

"There can be no peace in the world until Germany has been taught that peace is not a truce. . . . The kind of peace the rest of the world has in mind has no lodgment in her mind. The gospel she personifies goes back as far as the Middle Century and is an inseparable part of the philosophy of the warring and lying Hun."

The gun crew turned the paper over: "YANKS TAKE 5,000 PRISONERS AND 12 TOWNS IN CHAMPAGNE—ADVANCE 4 MILES."

The gun crew stood there behind the gun for a long time—just thinking.

ALABAMA

27TH DIV.

FORT McCLELLAN, Anniston. Here is the somewhat dismal tale of a bunch of guys who used to be in a field artillery outfit of the 33d Division at Tennessee's Camp Forrest and now find themselves part of a tank destroyer battalion of the 27th Division stationed at McClellan. (A little soft music, please, professor.) One cold and rainy day, artillerymen at Camp Forrest were asked to volunteer for duty in the tropics. They couldn't get any details, but a lot of gents who were doing guard duty in the freezing rain said, sure, they'd sign up for warm-weather service. Within a few days a large gathering of volunteers pulled into McClellan, ready for an issue of light uniforms and a continuance of the trip to tropical climes. At this point, however, the strange and wonderful machinery which runs the Army slipped a cog, and the boys, now quartered in tents, were told that plans had been changed. Moreover, basic training was to be resumed immediately. One of the first items on the program was a ten-mile hike with full pack.

33D DIV.

Now, artillerymen, as you surely know, look upon infantrymen with a mixture of pity and scorn, and they regard marching as probably the most backward and ineffective way of getting anywhere whatsoever. So you can imagine the language. And as if to test their mettle to the limit, the Tennessee cold spell, which had prompted so many tropical volunteers, moved down to Alabama and lowered the mercury to the 10° mark. For the artillerymen, it was out of the icebox into the refrigerator, and they are now requesting that a motto be added to their regimental insignia. They haven't as yet figured out the Latin for it, but in English it's: I Wake Up Screaming.

TEXAS

36TH DIV.

CAMP BOWIE, Brownwood. A training device worked out by members of the 636th Tank Destroyer Btn. is so popular that officers have to supervise its operation after regular drill hours instead of worrying about getting the antitankers to work at sighting practice. The snivvy comprises a 37-mm. antitank gun (from which the barrel has been removed) and a nickel-in-the-slot photoelectric-cell shooting range borrowed from the camp's P-X. With the rifle bolted onto the gun in place of the barrel the men wham away at the little man who skitters back and forth in the mechanical target. When the boys make a direct hit a bell rings and the little guy reverses his direction. After some paper work one of the antitankers figured the differences in ratio and announced that, if the little man were a real tank at 1,000 yards, it'd be moving at 100 m.p.h.

IT MAY be just a coincidence but the phone number at Bowie's Negro Enlisted Men's Service Club is 711.

GENERAL

WE'VE been asked to set up our own Bureau of Unlocated Persons and try to find (1) a soldier's long-lost sister and (2) a certain draftee by the name of C. Columbus. Case No. 1: In this column for January 3d we reported the plight of the soldier who, adopted as an orphan many years ago, recently started a search for a sister (adopted by another family) and was shocked to learn finally that she was his fiancée. Following the appearance of this story the soldier wrote us and identified himself as Pvt. Ray R. Reimer, now doing business at Camp Shelby, Miss. "I now find," he says, "that I have another sister and would appreciate it very much if you could help me find her. All I know is that her adopted name was Ester Olny Murphy and that in 1935 she married a George S. Gilham, of Lyndhurst, Ohio." Case No. 2: Commander Morris L. Komar, of Christopher Columbus Post No. 492 of the American Legion, wants to find the Albany, N. Y., draftee whose name is Christopher Columbus and whose draft number is very coincidentally No. 1492. "We of the Post," writes Commander Komar, "have voted a resolution whereby we shall adopt Draftee Christopher Columbus No. 1492 for the duration and keep him stocked up on those little necessities which Army budgeteers look upon as luxuries, providing we can locate him." All correspondence directed either to Pvt. Reimer or to Commander Komar will gladly be forwarded by this column.

MOST of the half million soldiers who took part in the summer maneuvers in Louisiana wondered how many years and how much dough it would take to rehabilitate the highways after 50,000 trucks, cars, tanks and pieces of artillery had finished chewing up gravel roads and busting bridges and culverts. Here's the answer, so far as money is concerned: Baton Rouge has filed a damage claim against Uncle Sam for $2,014,689.30.

THAT'LL give Berlin some idea of what an invasion of Louisiana would cost the Nazis. G. W.

HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

Using clips holding twenty rounds each, this .30 Browning automatic rifle fires 300 rounds a minute on the Camp Bullis (Tex.) range. Two flying shell cases may be seen—one alongside the checkered grip; the other emerging from the ejector

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her "Man Friday"... on Thursday!

Here's a perfect husband — serving the perfect dish for maid's night out! So easy to prepare he just reached up to a shelf, took a quick turn at the stove — and now look at the feast! A colorful casserole of delicious, nourishing Ann Page Prepared Spaghetti with as luscious a sauce of tomatoes, spices and fine cheese as a chef could prepare!

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DOCTOR OF MOTORS

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He *does* find it, he *does* fix it—and you take him for granted.

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Better mechanics everywhere recommend and install Perfect Circle Piston Rings because they know how well these rings stop oil pumping, save gasoline, and restore power, pickup, and pep. Install Perfect Circles in your car. It will take but a few hours and the cost is surprisingly small.

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PISTON RINGS

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Information Obtained

Continued from page 20

We went there to see him. He was twenty years old and distinctly good-looking.

"So you knocked the guy off," O'Malley remarked.

"No."

"Say, we sympathize with you. A guy like that Murford had no right to go round with your sister—you told him he hadn't. Last night you caught up with him."

"No; I didn't find them. I went around looking for them."

"Where?"

He gave us the names of some night clubs. "All I intended, if I was able to find them, was to make my sister come home."

"You need a gun to do that?"

"I didn't have any gun."

"Son, what is the use of it? Cops found the gun in the door pocket of your car."

"WELL," O'Malley declared, when we got back to headquarters, "we might see what the cops got." He read the reports. "They don't know yet about the gun. They got some things about Murford. He was one time a stockbroker; now he claimed he had no business but just lived on investments. Cops can't find them investments. I don't see no harm in that girl—Murford wasn't a guy to sit in a car with a girl if she would have went somewhere else with him. She's young and I guess she didn't like her brother to tell her who she should go with; she found it exciting to visit them night spots with a guy who knew everybody. It's the same with the boy: he might have done murder because of his sister, but it's my idea he'd be more likely to take a punch at that Murford."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"When it gets the right time we'll go round to them night clubs."

I met him that night and we went to the night clubs. O'Malley had been quite right in saying we wouldn't learn anything. Murford and Miss Comlin had visited three of them and Comlin had been there, too, but not till they'd left; he'd inquired at a number of others as well. At all of them O'Malley asked the same questions of doormen and managers.

"A young guy come here last night looking for Murford?"

"That's right. I told him he wasn't here."

"He say who he was?"

"No. He was excited and said he had to see Murford. When he saw Murford wasn't there he got in his car and went away."

It was four o'clock in the morning and O'Malley called up headquarters.

"Well," he said, after talking with them, "that is the right gun. They got three bullets out of the dead guy, and bullets fired from the gun have got the same markings on 'em, so it's the gun that killed Murford."

"There's the case, then," I told him. "It's an unhappy affair."

"Yeah. Cops been tracing the gun. It turns out it's a stolen gun that got took several months ago in a store holdup. A stolen gun can't be traced and a dozen guys could have owned it since."

"Including," I said, "young Comlin."

"Well, somebody owned it."

I said I'd enjoyed the evening.

"Me, too. I guess one night in them places has give me the habit. We'll do it again tonight."

I met him at midnight and went to one of the night clubs. It wasn't one of those Murford and Miss Comlin had been to; I remembered Comlin had said he'd been there. O'Malley appeared particular; he refused two tables that were offered us but finally found one to suit him. The owner of the place was named Elphin. He passed us, sleek and black-haired, and spoke to us but he didn't sit down. A small man who appeared very drunk stared at us from a table near us and then came and sat down with us.

"Leave me buy you a drink," he requested.

He ordered a bottle of wine and paid for it from a roll of bills as thick as my wrist. Then, all at once, he appeared very angry.

"I think you're a cop," he accused O'Malley. "I got no use for a cop!"

He tried to throw the wine from his glass into O'Malley's face, but none of it got on O'Malley and most of it got on himself, and some waiters came running.

"The gentleman's just had too much to drink," O'Malley informed them. "No reason to start any trouble. I and my friend was just leaving here anyway."

"Well," he remarked outside, after we'd left the little man blinking into his wineglass, "that was a swell joint one time but it's getting a bad name lately. I guess it's a place to stay out of. The broad-shouldered young guy that waited on us is named Eddie Dupel. The doorman is named Johnnie Forey. I might tell you something: Murford went a lot to that place, but he ain't been going there recently. I don't know what you're going to do but I'm going to bed."

I took a cab home and he phoned me next day to come to headquarters. I was busy and couldn't go then, so I went around later.

"Too bad," he informed me. "You're late and the case is all over. The guy that knocked off Murford is in the captain's room signing up his confession."

Comlin and his mother and sister were there and I was surprised because the little man who had been drunk at the night club was looking on curiously. Then the door to the captain's office opened and a couple of cops came out, bringing out Elphin.

"Elphin did it, O'Malley?" I inquired.

"You said it!"

"Explain."

"WHY, it's one of them Broadway businesses. That Murford backed certain gambling games but it wasn't known he was connected with 'em. Him and Elphin was supposed to be friends but Murford didn't have any friends in a matter of money. Elphin has got a gambling instinct and he played them games, and Murford figured to get him into debt and take over the night club. Elphin claims now the games wasn't straight. However that was, they got ways on Broadway of collecting them debts and Elphin was going to lose his club; just lately he found out Murford was going to get it."

"I see."

"Yeah. Elphin was watching whatever went on about Murford; so when Comlin come to his place asking for Murford, Elphin seen him. He got out of Comlin who he was and that he was looking for his sister. Elphin hadn't never met Miss Comlin. The boy was excited and acted threatening, and it come to Elphin that, if Murford got knocked off while Comlin was going around seeking him that way, people would figure Comlin had did it, and Elphin might keep his club."

"I see," I repeated.

"Elphin had in his safe a gun that couldn't be traced. First, he told Comlin some places where he said Murford might be, but they was places he knew

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Murford wasn't likely to go—the idea was to make Comlin keep on looking. Then he sent a guy from his place out to a pay telephone to find out where Murford really was. A party of guests at his place, who he knew would stay till closing, had left their car keys with the doorman. Elphin put on a coat and a hat over his eyes and went out an entrance only used by employees, and he got the keys from the doorman and used them people's car and went where he'd learned Murford was and waited for him and Miss Comlin to come out."

"Quick thinking," I stated.

"It's the kind of thinking guys do on Broadway. Elphin knew he couldn't knock the girl off, too, because Comlin wouldn't have done that. But Miss Comlin had never seen him and people can't describe very well someone they only see once, and that time in part dark; besides, if she said it wasn't her brother people wouldn't believe her. When they come out, Elphin followed along behind 'em, but there was always cars near. He was surprised when they parked, but it give him his chance. When he started to shoot, Miss Comlin got down on the floor of the car and she didn't even look while he shot Murford twice more."

"A neat murder," I said.

"Sure—according to plan. A planned murder is this way: After it's done, the guy gets to wondering if his plan could be better. Elphin's plan had been to get rid of the gun. Now he wondered could the gun be made proof against Comlin? When he'd talked with Comlin he'd got the idea that if the boy couldn't find his sister he might come back to Elphin's place. Elphin didn't know Comlin's car but his doorman had seen it; he figured that some of the guys that worked for him would guess he'd bumped Murford but they wouldn't tell. When he got back to the night club he give the gun to the doorman. The doorman had noticed that when Comlin parked his car he took the keys with him but didn't lock the car door. Well, Comlin didn't come back to Elphin's, but he came to a place near there. When he'd left his car, the doorman walked down there and wiped off the gun and put it into the door pocket."

"IT ALL worked out so smoothly," I said, "I don't see how you solved it."

"Well, we had to find someone who wanted to knock off Murford, who knew Comlin was looking for him, and who could have planted the gun."

"All right."

"We found several people them things could be true of. The only reason we started with Elphin was Murford had stopped going to his place and we got rumors there'd been trouble between 'em."

"So what?"

"Cops do things sometimes they don't never put into a report or even tell anybody about. If this murder originated in some night club, we was sure of one thing: More than one person knew who done it but them people wouldn't talk."

"Has this," I asked, "got anything to do with the little man who bought us the wine?"

"You got it. We looked up who we could find that was working for Elphin who had a police record. We found a waiter named Dupel and the doorman named Forey had served time for robbery. The little guy that we met there keeps a store near where I live, and he don't mind getting drunk but he stays smart when he does it. We give him a big roll of money with one bill in it that we'd tore apart and pasted together with tape that had the name of his store on it.

"Elphin had been hard up for money and hadn't paid his help regular and it was our idea that a guy who didn't like cops and who was too drunk to know what he was doing wouldn't get by two guys who had robbery records if he had a big roll on him. After I and you had left Elphin's, the little guy paid his check and dropped his roll on the floor and had the waiter pick it up for him. He pretended to be so drunk he got the waiter to take him out to the doorman. While he was waiting for a cab, he took a couple of dollars off the roll to pay for the cab and dropped his money again and he pretended not to notice.

"This time the waiter didn't give it back to him. The doorman had seen him do it and the waiter slipped the roll to the doorman. Meanwhile the little guy in the cab had given the high sign to two plain-clothes cops waiting across the street and the cops pinched the two of 'em before the doorman could get rid of the money. It wasn't no real pinch; it was merely a phony, but they didn't know that. The cops didn't even take 'em to the station house; they took 'em to a hotel. But with prison records behind them, they knew a robbery charge would mean a long prison term, so they decided to talk.

"The waiter knew when Elphin had left the club and when he got back and the doorman told about giving Elphin the other guy's car keys and about planting the gun in Comlin's car. He claimed he wasn't any accessory because when he planted the gun he didn't know there had been any murder. Well, then we pinched Elphin and showed him the statements, and he seen that we had him and admitted the murder."

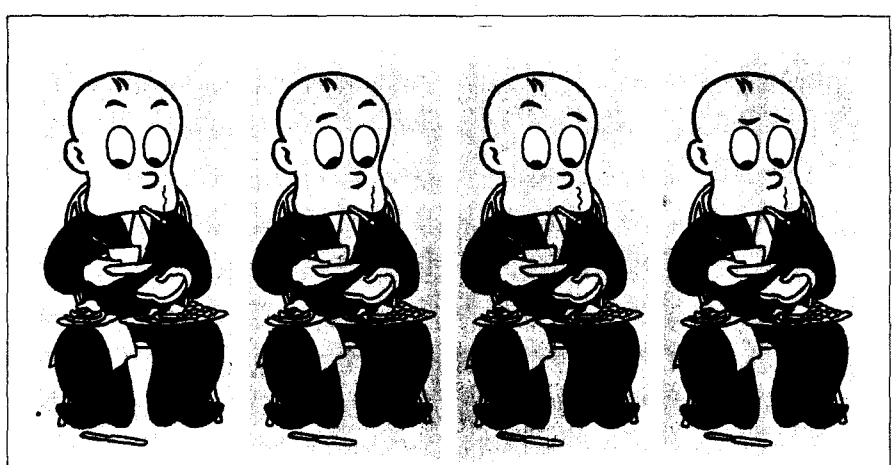
"A strange business," I reflected.

"Not if you know cops."

He was red in the face. The Comlins were leaving headquarters and Miss Comlin had kissed him.

"For my brother," she told him.

"Say, sister," he expostulated, "you made enough trouble; don't go round kissing cops. Well," he said, looking after her, "now we got this solved we can get evidence to prove it, but I won't get no credit. If we told this in court, the judge might think he'd ought to put the cops in the can along with the murderer."



Buffet Supper CROCKETT JOHNSON

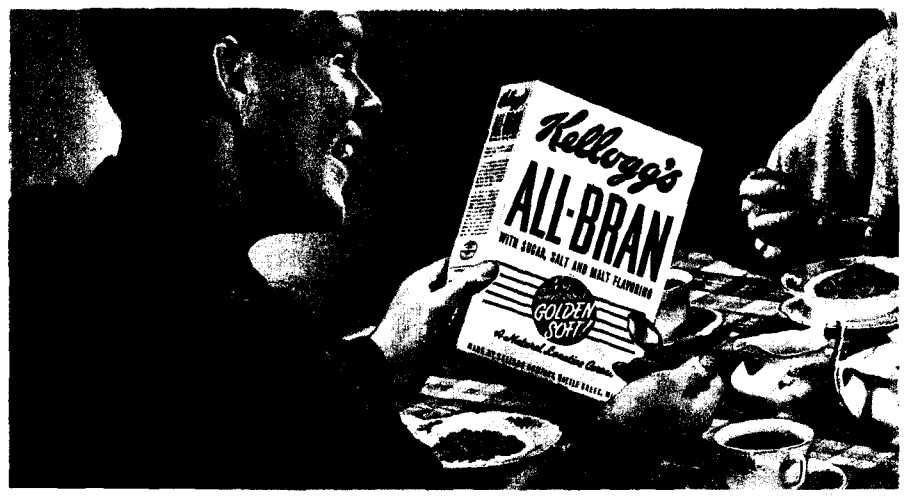
Granny Captures the Army

SERGEANT SMITH is no man to trifle with life's little troubles. There's not a flinch in an inch of his six foot two as he growls into the mirror: "A good stiff *purge*—that's the stuff to lick a man's innards back into line!"

BUT GRANNY, bless her heart, is no softie, either. "Listen, soldier," she says. "I give the orders around here, and from now on we'll try to find and correct the *cause* of your trouble. On your feet, now—march!"

"Yes, sir! Where to, sir?"

"DON'T YOU 'SIR' ME, young man. Just reach down that package up there. It's a delicious cereal called KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. And if your trouble is the common kind of constipation that's due to lack of 'bulk' in the diet, ALL-BRAN's the very thing you need. To the breakfast table—on the double."



"YOU WIN, GRANNY, you win! If a cereal as swell-tasting as ALL-BRAN can make me 'Join the Regulars', I'm signing on for a lifetime hitch."

"That's the spirit, my bold buck-o! But remember, you should eat it every day. And don't forget to drink plenty of water."

Join the "Regulars" with

Kellogg's All-Bran

TRY IT TOMORROW WITH CALIFORNIA PRUNES

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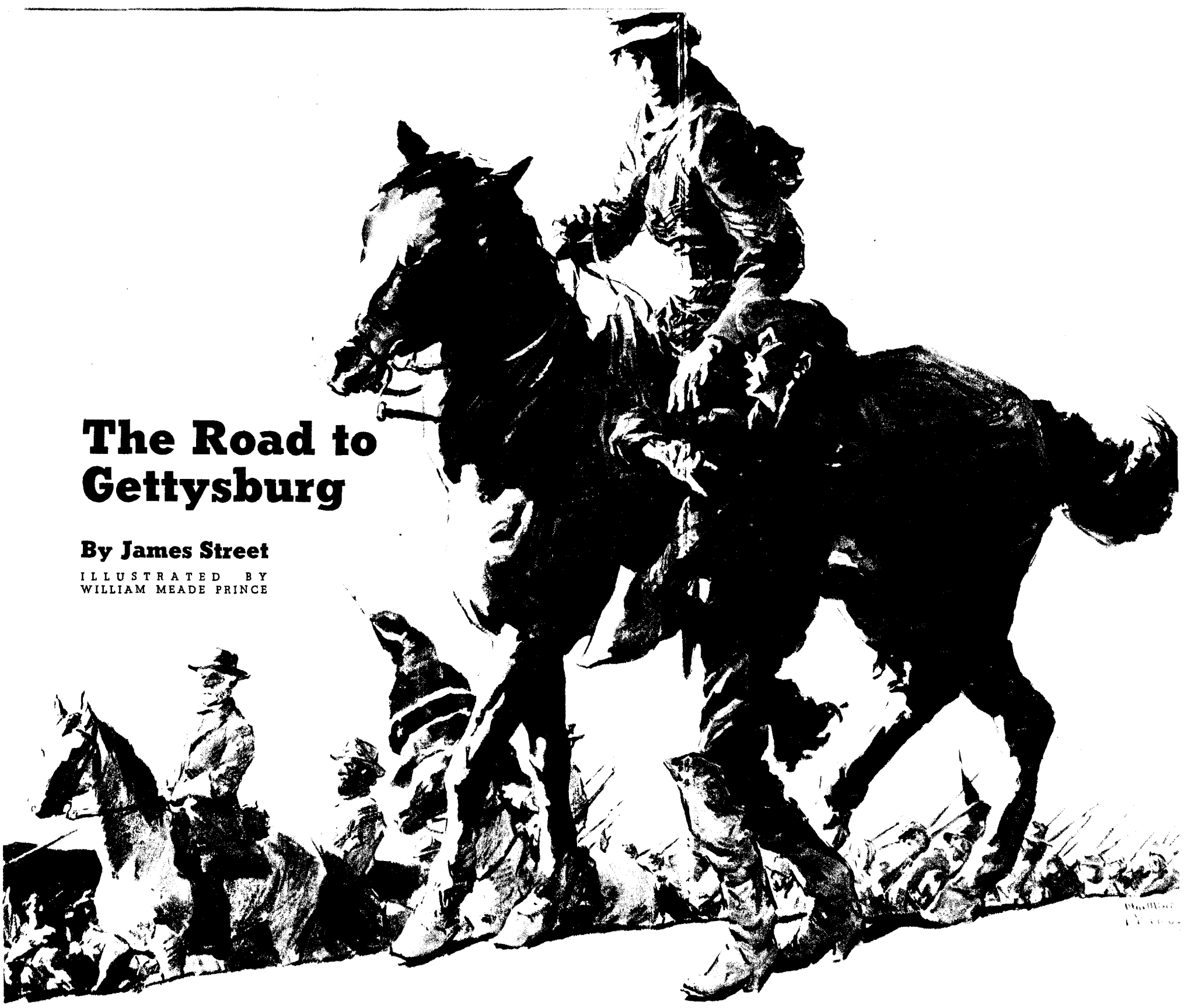
The Road to Gettysburg

By James Street

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



"You can't see Marse Robert," the orderly said firmly. "He ain't got time to listen to young'uns"

What we need today: about two million Hornets from Hell and a batch of guys like Little Ax

THE night's south wind, redolent of June smells, was prowling up from Maryland and fanning through the rich valleys of Pennsylvania where, after two years of war, people still had shoes and all they wanted to eat, even salt.

It was a friendly wind to the little band of Rebels hiding in the woods, safe for a while from the army that had trapped them. They realized that dawn probably would bring death, but they were almost gay. Their bellies were full of stolen Yankee victuals and they had accomplished a mission for Marse Robert.

They were the Cradle Company of the Confederacy, commanded by Captain Alexander Xerxes Trowbridge, cocky, vain Little Ax, who wore high-heel boots to make him look taller. The South called them the Hornets from Hell, but the North called them Butcher Boys because they used only knives at close quarters and went after their foes' bellies. They were not big enough to go for the chest, for the tallest was five feet, five and the oldest was nineteen.

Ordered to spy out the country, they had slipped into Pennsylvania, chosen a rendezvous and hidden their uniforms. Then they had scattered and wandered through Carlisle, Gettysburg and York, unsuspected because of their youth.

Little Ax had sent several scouts back to the Army of Northern Virginia, reporting that, although barns and warehouses were full of supplies, the country was ideal for defense. One of the scouts had been captured and hanged and the Yanks had sent a brigade to round up the Cradle Company. Most of the Rebs had made it to the woods only to discover that every road to escape was blocked. And now the Yanks would wait for daylight, then close in.

"Wish I could light a fire," said a pinch-faced boy from the Arkansas swamps. "I've got some bacon to cook."

"Want to tie the knot around your own neck?" Little Ax sneered. "Eat your meat raw."

"Raw meat gives me the bellyache."

"You needn't worry about that, Bub. The Yanks'll have a cure for bellyache. A plow trace over a hickory limb." The little captain hoped his men would laugh, but they didn't. After all, they were only boys and they were scared. So was Little Ax. His braggadocio and vanity were out of place, and he knew it. Huddled there in the darkness, he realized just how little he really was.

HE KNEW what some of his company must be thinking, so he said, "It wouldn't do us no good to give up. They'd hang us anyway. We been spies."

"It ain't so bad to get shot at and knifed up a bit, but hanging's bad," said the Arkansas boy. "Understand now, I ain't thinking about giving up. We been in holes before, but what you aim to do about this one, Little Ax? Must be five thousand Yanks out yonder."

"Is that all?" said Little Ax flippantly. "Well, there are sixty-two of us. I aim to attack. I got a plan." That was a lie, but his comrades didn't know it and the thought that their captain had a plan lightened the boys' hearts.

A sixteen-year-old Scot from Carolina's Cape Race sniffed the wind and, to change the talk, said, "That's a wind from home. It smells like home. I can smell our tobacco."

"I can smell our cotton," said another.

"It smells like New Orleans," said Henry the Creole.

"Like Georgia," said another. "Pines and prawns. Chicken pie and feather beds. It's a home wind, all right. And it's on our side. It's going to blow up stout before sun-up."

(Continued on page 59)

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ALL THE WORLD LOVES A "HAPPY BLENDING"!

1.

Thomas, a Robust Tenor, could take high C in his stride.

He'd sing the whole sextet from "Lucia" without Wilting a Whisker.

But who wants to sing (or live) unaccompanied?

2.

Enter Felice, the original Kitten on the Keys.

She played piano like a Four-handed Paderewski.

So when she met Thomas at a Fish Supper, they were Like That in No Time.

3.

When Thomas and Felice said, "I do," it was a glorious Merger of Talents.

You might even call it a "Happy Blending".

That's what everyone calls CALVERT'S Skillful Mating of fine whiskey characteristics into *One Superb Blend.*

4. It's this "Happy Blending" of rare Whiskey Qualities that gives CALVERT its finer, richer flavor . . . its mellow Satin-Smoothness!

You'll get America's favorite Luxury Whiskey* in CALVERT. Try it yourself . . . today!

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THE WHISKEY WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"

Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . *Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

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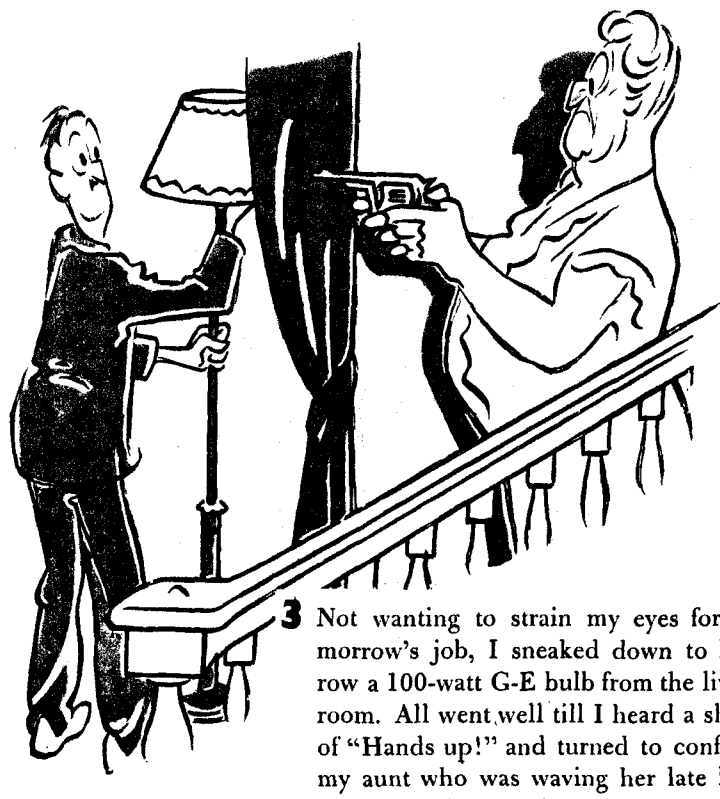
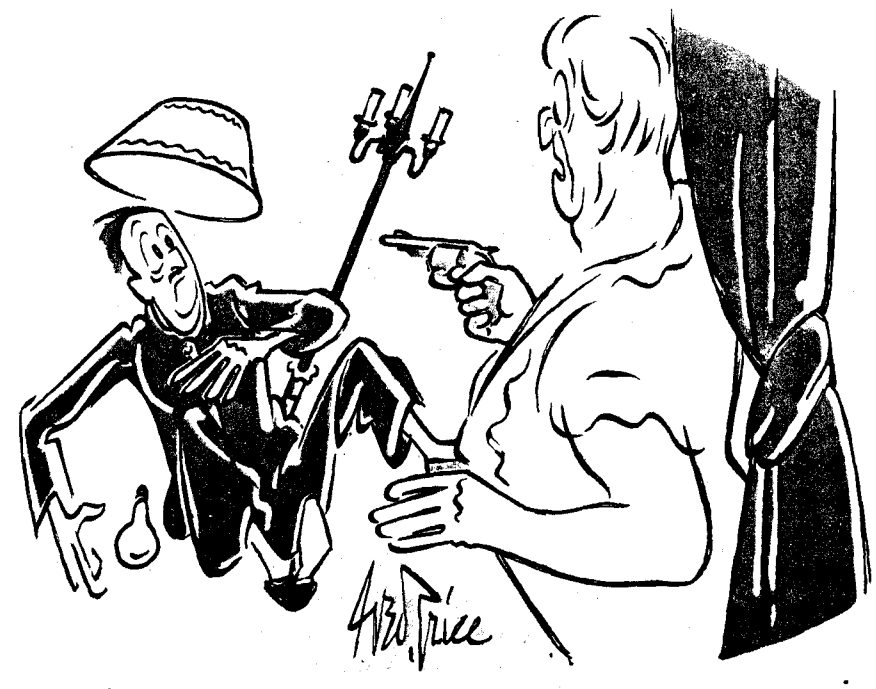
Dear Emily Post: what do I do now?

1 I find myself in a most embarrassing predicament...

2 Spending the night at the home of my wealthy aunt, I settled down to study up on a knotty production problem. When I turned on the bedside lamp, I could hardly see to read. Some bulbsnatcher had left me with one measly 25-watt bulb! So . . .



3 Not wanting to strain my eyes for tomorrow's job, I sneaked down to borrow a 100-watt G-E bulb from the living room. All went well till I heard a shout of "Hands up!" and turned to confront my aunt who was waving her late husband's service revolver . . .



4 To say the least, I was startled! And in turning around, upset the lamp and brought the shade down over my head! My aunt seemed glad I wasn't a burglar, but remained decidedly cool toward me for the rest of my stay. Now I'm puzzled whether to apologize, or pass the whole thing off as a joke!

SEE THIS NEW ANTI-BULBSNATCHING CHART at your G-E MAZDA lamp dealer. It shows the right size G-E bulbs everyone should have these days for easier reading, working, or much-needed relaxation.

15 and 25 watt	10¢
40, 50, and 60 watt	13¢
100 watt	15¢
150 watt	20¢

Made to stay brighter longer

G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Dear Bulbsnatcher:

It's no joke to strain your eyes any time – especially when good eyesight is needed for efficient production. But why be a bulbsnatcher when right size G-E MAZDA lamps cost so little?

If you want to avoid eyestrain and bulbsnatching, we suggest that you pick up an assortment of G-E bulbs from your neighborhood G-E MAZDA lamp dealer. He has an Anti-Bulbsnatching Chart that shows the right sizes every family needs to protect eyes at work.

(Signed) GENERAL ELECTRIC

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China Gold

Continued from page 15.

They had driven to the hotel through streets that were startling with prosperity and ruin.

"People say the Japanese are responsible for this war," Elton Field said judicially. "As a matter of fact they are no more responsible than the Chinese are. The Chinese are so darned inefficient. They bombed their own city by mistake—dropped bombs on these streets we are going through now, for instance, and killed thousands of their own people!"

"How horrible!" she breathed, gazing out upon ruins so fresh that she half expected to see mangled bodies caught there. "How did it happen?"

"Sheer stupidity," Elton Field said with complacence. "There's a lot of sentimental talk about the Chinese. But the truth is they can't manage their own affairs. They'd be better off if somebody competent and efficient ran things for them. Look at that!"

SHE looked and saw a score of miserable creatures, gaunt with starvation, moving slowly along the sidewalk. Their poor possessions of rags and a few earthen cooking pots were tied to their backs. Some of the men carried poles across their shoulders from the ends of which were hung baskets and in the baskets were children. It was impossible to guess the ages of the children. Their faces were old but their bodies were small and thin. The car swept past them and they did not look up.

"Refugees," Elton Field said sourly. "Millions of them."

"Isn't anything done?" she had cried. Never in her life had she seen human beings like these.

Elton Field put out his hand and covered hers. "Don't let yourself get upset by what you see in China," he said largely. "You won't last a month if you do. Yes, things are done. Missionaries try to feed the refugees and get money from America and all that sort of thing. But you must just remember that there are always a lot of these poor wretches in China—always have been, what with their famines and floods. You just have to take it for granted. And of course they are used to it. They don't suffer as we do."

What he said had been robbed of half its meaning because she was so conscious of his hand covering hers. She had been occupied in pulling her hand out of his grasp, not too harshly, for he had been very kind and he was so much older than she, surely as old as her father, or nearly. But the warmth of his palm was distasteful to her. When she was free again they were back in the streets which war had not touched and suddenly there were prosperous composed-looking people and Elton Field was saying:

"You are coming to my house for dinner. I cabled my staff from Hong Kong. I've invited a few of my old friends to meet you and keep you from being lonely your first night in Shanghai."

IT WAS true she had no time to be lonely. Now as soon as she had bathed and dressed in her rooms at a hotel as comfortable as any she had ever seen, his car was waiting again at the door to take her to his house.

It was already dark and the street lights were few when they went through a patch of ruin, and where there was no ruin people of every nation were upon the streets in search of gaiety. But perhaps in the midst of ruin it was necessary to have gaiety, she thought, or else all would be death.

In Elton Field's great brick house with its arched verandas running around its square, there was certainly nothing but comfort and gaiety. She had never seen a handsomer house. Chinese servants in shining white robes came and went, silent, well trained, and courteous. What she needed was always at her elbow, what she had not known she wanted was brought to her before she could ask for it. Elton Field's guests were cosmopolitan, an English consul general and his stately wife, a French scholar and a pretty Frenchwoman, not his wife, two Americans, both stout and prosperous, with wives as American as

"I'm afraid, Miss Rutherford, that your idea won't work out at all"

BURR SHAFER

though they had never left their own country, and then a long thin American, Yankee to the bone. "The richest man in Shanghai not a Jew," Elton Field had said, laughing, when he introduced him. His young pretty wife laughed, too. Except for the Chinese servants, except for the touches of exoticism in the food, the dinner, the evening, might have been in New York. Only when Elaine stopped to remember where she was could she remember that, outside this house set in its gardens which she had dimly seen as she was swept into the gate, were there ruined streets and starving people.

Elton Field would not let her go until all his guests were gone. "Stay," he said, "I shall take you myself to your hotel. I am responsible for you."

The proprietary mood which had been inevitable to him perhaps in his own house she had felt all evening, and again and again she had tossed it from her. But now at the evening's end he folded it about her like a cloak, and she did not struggle against it completely. She was not lonely, but she felt herself alone, and this kind sophisticated man had been delicate enough in all he had done for her. He was in love with her perhaps a little, as all older men, she thought, are in love with young girls, half playfully, half protectingly, catching at the last shreds of their own youth. She let him wrap her white fur cape about her, and then follow her into the car, but she refused to linger when all the others were gone. And in the car, though she would not let him take her hand, because that was repellent to her, she let him lean over her.

"He wants to kiss me," she thought with clear perception of the repressed passion in his eyes. "But then he has eaten and drunk a good deal." She did not want to be kissed.

And Elton Field, perceiving in the midst of his mounting ardor the coolness in her blue eyes, held himself back. He was too old to risk all that he wanted in a single kiss given and not returned. He could wait.

But heated blood would not cool and when he came home the big rich house was empty to him. When Helen had come she was more beautiful than he remembered and she was still his possession.

Elaine, entering her room, was struck with a shaft of loneliness. The gaiety of the evening was gone like a melody heard and ended. There was not even an echo of it in her heart. Those people—they were all strangers to her. Elton Field—what was he but a stranger? Her heart yearned for its own. But where could she find her own?

She went to the window again and strained her gaze to see through the darkness the city, half ruined and half mad. "I shall go as quickly as I can to Ta-ming. Nothing and no one shall keep me here," she thought.

OVER the breakfast table the next morning Elton Field leaned toward Helen Kung with admiration and some regret.

"I'll never be able to tell you how I appreciate the way you are taking this, Helen," he said heartily. She was taking it so well, he told himself while he spoke, that he could hardly believe she was sincere.

"We have a saying, we Chinese, that when the rice is cooked in the cauldron, there is no uncooking," she replied. Her voice was monotonously gentle, but the perfection of her English was incongruous. She was never more Chinese than she was in the morning, in her delicacy and her freshness, in the blackness of her hair, in its smoothness and straightness. But sunlight, striking across the table upon the white cloth, made her eyes golden instead of opaque Chinese black.

"The sun is in your eyes," Elton Field said and rose to draw the shade. When he sat down again he was persuaded by her smile. It was very lovely on her pale face, a little more pale than usual perhaps this morning. She never used rouge upon her cheeks, and in the morning none upon her lips. Her pallor, her submissive quiet, touched him.

"There is nothing I would not do for you," he said with real tenderness. "It is not only gratitude. You have been a good companion. Let me see—how many years has it been?"

"Ten, this month, on the twenty-seventh," she said.

"How well you remember!" he replied.

SHE toyed with a bit of toast she could not eat. "If you will do anything for me," she said, not looking at him, "I also will do anything for you."

She was not so stupid, she told herself, as to ask him for anything. No, a wise woman asks nothing of a man but she makes herself necessary to him. "Let me help you," she said.

"You are a clever woman, I know," he said smiling. "I don't forget that you have wangled a good many things for me—that contract, for instance, with the old warlord, Wu. But it is perhaps too much to ask that you help me to marry another woman."

"Oh, no," she said softly, "there is no rivalry between us. I know you would never marry me."

He was somewhat alarmed, dimly perceiving labyrinths in her mind. "Look here, Helen—don't let yourself get false ideas—we can't go on—after I am married, I mean."

"Oh, no," she agreed softly. "I am only grateful for what is past."

He felt relieved. "I am ready to make a good bargain with you, though," he said, lighting a cigarette. "Help me to pull this off in any way you can, and I will settle a million Chinese dollars on you."

She did not look up, nor did the softness of her voice change.

"Not Chinese dollars—American," she said.

His forehead flushed red. "You know I am not a millionaire," Elton Field said shortly.

"No, but she is," the soft voice replied.

He threw down the cigarette. Now he was completely relieved. She had her greed, and with greed he could deal. It was only goodness that confounded him. He distrusted her when she seemed unselfish. Were not all women selfish? Men, too, for that matter?

"Now I know where we are," he said. "All right, a million American dollars if you help me pull it off. Keep her from going to Ta-ming."

"If I can," Helen Kung said. She raised her eyes to his. The gold was

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Just THE KISS OF THE HOPS

—none of the bitterness

That famous flavor found only in Schlitz gives you all of the fine savor of the hops with none of the harsh bitterness. Schlitz methods of brewing control capture *only* the delicate flavor of finest selected hops—then discard the hops before their bitter end-taste is reached. It costs more to produce a beer with *just* the kiss of the hops. But Schlitz spares no expense to brew America's most distinguished beer. Once you taste Schlitz you will never want to go back to a bitter beer—you'll always want SCHLITZ.

THE BEER

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America's Most Distinguished Beer

In BROWN BOTTLES,
in CANS,
and ON DRAUGHT

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THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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gone from them. They looked opaquely black.

"It is better for you to wait a little before you go to Ta-ming," Helen Kung said to Elaine.

In a jade shop she and Elaine sat before a table spread with jades. In the background the proprietor stood, calculating how much he must give to this Kung if she persuaded the white woman to buy the bracelet with which she was toying. Nothing less than twenty-five per cent had been her price when she brought customers here. But he was helpless, since in these days there were no more tourists, and customers were fewer than dragons.

To meet Elaine had been simple enough, Helen Kung thought. She had simply come, at Elton's command, to take her sight-seeing. Elaine had slept late and then had been wakened by the telephone beside her bed, and Elton's voice bidding her good morning. She answered sleepily and he had a vision of her, rosy as an angel in her bed. But his hunger was gone and he could be this morning only tender.

"Have I waked you?" he had asked.

"I should be awake," she had replied.

"Yes, it's a lovely morning," he had replied heartily, "and I am sending a nice young Chinese woman, an acquaintance of mine, to take you sight-seeing. I have to work, alas, until tea time. But Miss Kung will look after you."

"Oh, thank you," she had replied, "but you must not bother about me, you know, Mr. Field. I'd like to go sight-seeing, but I have to find out about railroad tickets to Ta-ming. I am anxious to get to the end of my journey."

"Are you going to call me Mr. Field forever?" he had demanded.

But she had only laughed at that and had hung up the receiver.

HELEN KUNG, watching the slight frown with which he put aside the telephone had said nothing. Instead she lit a small silver water pipe she carried and smoked it with her peculiar dainty grace for a few minutes and in absolute silence. She could sit thus silent for as long as Elton Field chose to let her be silent. He broke out suddenly:

"I'm doing a dangerous thing, letting your existence be known to my future wife."

"In Shanghai it does not matter," she said. "Here so many wives and mistresses are friends."

"But she has come fresh from home."

"You say she is very young," she replied. "Too young, perhaps, to know anything."

To herself she was saying, "He will never marry her, but I will not let him know that yet."

She smoked for half an hour and then because she saw his growing impatience she rose. "Now I will go," she said. "I will first stop at my own house and change this robe which is not suitable for morning. I will put on a dark plain robe and take the jewels out of my ears and put on my gold earrings. By then she will be ready."

Without demonstration, for she knew how impatient are men in the morning, she smiled the coolest of smiles, and went away. His car was waiting for her as it always was. She talked a little with Chang, the chauffeur. But she did not call him Chang.

"Younger Brother," she said in Chinese, "you must all rally around me. Indeed we must stand together. He thinks of marriage."

"Whatever you say we will do," Chang replied. His already high wages were increased each month by a third from this woman, whom indeed all feared a little. She had powers beyond their knowing.

Now in the jade shop, Helen Kung went on speaking:

"Ta-ming is so sad a place."

She had in her deliberate fashion put aside decision of what she would say to the American girl, waiting until she saw her. When she saw the small alert figure crossing the hotel lobby, when she met the direct blue gaze of Elaine's eyes, she hardened. This one was so much the white woman she could never be. All of her Eurasian girlhood rose into bitterness. She had never felt more Chinese in her life, and upon her tongue English suddenly felt thick and strange.

"Mr. Field—he told me to come," she had said huskily.

"Well, I suppose if you're the one she really cares for, I have no choice in the matter other than to bow gracefully out of the picture"

JOHN JARVIS

"It is very kind of you," Elaine had murmured.

In the car they had sat apart, the arm of the seats between them, but they were separated by strange constraint.

"This woman," Helen Kung was thinking, "she is so young, so sure, of course he wishes to marry her."

And Elaine waiting for the Chinese woman to speak, spoke at last herself. "I should like to see everything, please—the ruins, too."

Helen Kung smiled. "It is not difficult to see ruins," she said, and gave an order to the chauffeur.

She had said almost nothing as the car went slowly along the broken streets, and then suddenly she had given another order and the car had turned right into this street, not damaged and had stopped in front of the jade shop.

"You will want to see our jade," Helen Kung said, as she led the way into the dark shop. She had sat down at a table and motioned a seat to Elaine and when the proprietor came up to them, she had said something to him in Chinese. And then while they were waiting and as the proprietor brought the trays of jade she had spoken of Ta-ming.

"It's sad here, too, I think," Elaine now replied.

"But you need not be sad," Helen Kung said. "Many American ladies live here quite happily."

She decided at this moment that even a million dollars was not worth this marriage to her. Until she had seen this white woman, she could not be wholly sure. "I will wait until I see her," she had told herself. "I will know as soon as I see her whether or not she can be stronger in him than I am."

Now she knew. Elaine was too strong for her. She was too young, too blond. "I, who am dark, so that he is used to my darkness," Helen thought, gazing at that blondness. "And this one will have also the strength of marriage," she thought, "and that strength I can never have. No, perhaps it is not worth a million dollars."

She picked up the jade bracelet that Elaine had put down and tried it on her own arm. "I am too dark for jade," she said. She bent closer to Elaine and fitted it to Elaine's arm. And Elaine, feeling that closeness drew back from it. Who was this woman? The scent upon her person, so delicately used that until now she had not smelled it was clear enough to her now. It was the same scent that she had found so strange upon Elton Field.

She took off the bracelet. "I think I don't like jade," she said clearly and they came away.

"WELL?" Elton Field's voice over the telephone that night was impatient. "What sort of day did you have? I am seeing her tonight."

"She is willful," Helen Kung replied. Leaning upon the small carved table by her couch, she let her eyes wander about this room which was only hers. No one came here—no, not even her lover knew of this small secret room. She pushed aside a delicate pipe which she had been smoking. It was for opium. The sweet smell of opium filled the room and clung to the curtains of the couch. But she kept the telephone by her pillow, so that when he called she would hear. She loved Elton Field and never would she love anyone else. But then she had no one else, no husband, no children. She did not want either. Why should she pass on to a child her hard heritage? The Eurasian was a despised breed. She had only this one man. If she lost him, what would she do? She would never love a Chinese.

"Do you mean you could not persuade her to stay here?" he asked.

"She would not be persuaded," Helen Kung said gently.

The telephone receiver at the other end of the line clacked in her ear. She listened and, hearing it and then only silence, she sighed and rose, thrusting her bare feet into gold embroidered satin slippers. With a shuffling grace she went out of this room into another and touched a bell. Li-hua came in, his hands covered with flour. This mistress who nine days out of ten wanted rice and meat according to Chinese cooking, on the tenth day would ask for bread like a white man's. Today was a tenth day.

"Now what?" he demanded without courtesy. Since he had known this woman when she was a crying infant courtesy was not necessary.

"You are to make ready to take a journey," she said. "To Ta-ming."

"Ta-ming!" he cried. "I will not go."

"You will go tonight," she insisted. "There is a train that leaves in less than an hour. Look for the woman you saw yesterday with my big-man. Stay by her and help her, for she knows nothing. Then tell me everything she does."

"Who will bake the bread?" he asked loudly. "It will rise for the second time by eight o'clock."

"I will bake it," she said.

HE SCRATCHED his nose and left a streak of white flour. There was nothing she could not do and he knew it. She could accept the services of any number of servants and seem as helpless as an empress and when there were no servants she could work as well as any of them.

"Wipe the flour from your nose," she said. "Do you want the whole world to know you are a cook?"

She yawned and shuffled back to her secret room, and shut the door. And he, left alone, stared at the door, and spat into a potted plant near by, and stared again, and then shook his head. Upon her big-man they all depended for their rice. He sighed and lifted his dirty apron and wiped the flour from his nose. He would have to obey.

In less than an hour Elton Field was ringing and ringing again the number which had been Elaine's. There was no answer, and he rang the desk of the hotel angrily.

"Why is there no answer from 616?" he demanded.

"My no savvy," the Chinese clerk answered indolently.

The receiver he held to his ear suddenly bellowed. "You better savvy, you yellow son-of-a-gun! This is Elton Field! You double-quick chop-chop find out where that missy go!"

"Yassah!" The clerk leaped up and scurried to the register. With his thin cigarette-stained forefinger he chased the few names down. There were not many guests these days, and easily enough he found the name he searched. He reached for the receiver again.

"Pliz!" he cried. "That missy have

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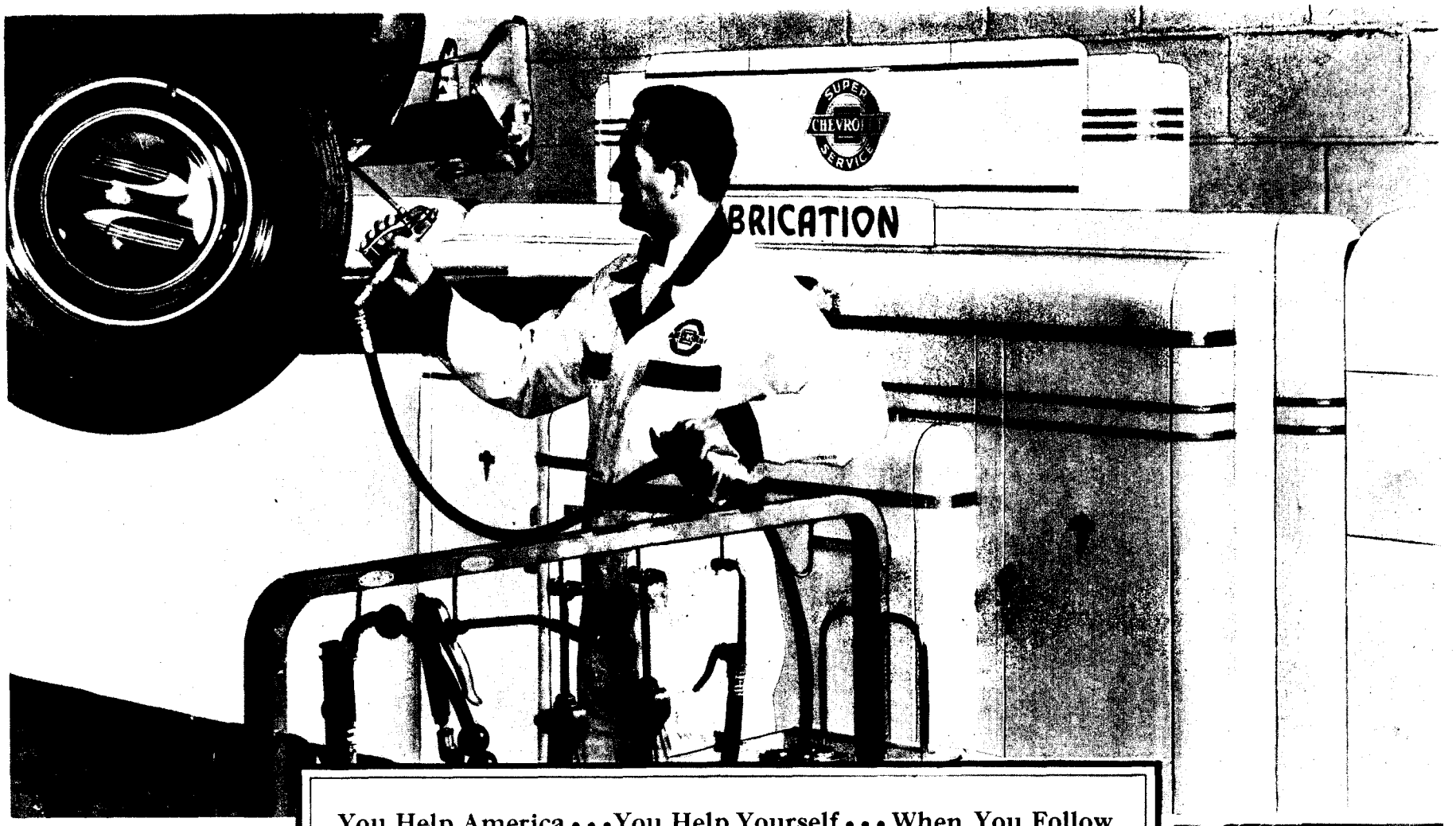


You Help America • • • You Help Yourself • • • When You Follow

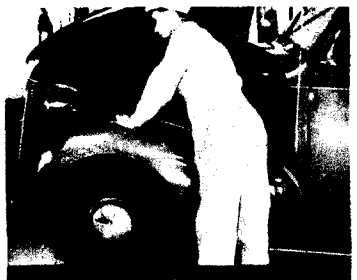
CHEVROLET'S "CAR CONSERVATION PLAN"

You need steady, dependable, economical transportation to and from *your* work and *America's* work. . . . And you will protect and preserve that transportation if you observe the following points of Chevrolet's "Car Conservation Plan": (1) Practice the simple, fundamental rules of car care. . . . (2) Get a thrifty service "check-up" at your Chevrolet dealer's now, and avoid major troubles later. . . . (3) See your Chevrolet dealer *regularly*, and keep your car serving well by keeping it well serviced during the emergency.

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

CONSERVE TIRES

by having your Chevrolet dealer check wheel alignment



CONSERVE OIL

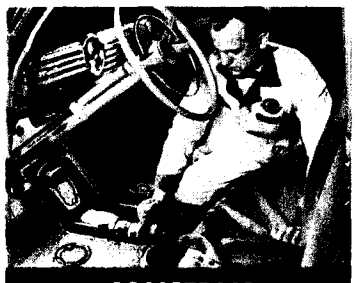
by keeping engine at top running efficiency

CONSERVE GAS

by checking engine, carburetor, fuel pump

CONSERVE ENGINE

by having a motor tune-up



CONSERVE TRANSMISSION

by having it carefully checked and serviced

CONSERVE BRAKES

by having brakes and linings checked regularly

SUPER CHEVROLET SERVICE

Always See Your

CHEVROLET DEALER FOR SERVICE

•

He specializes in "Conservation Services"

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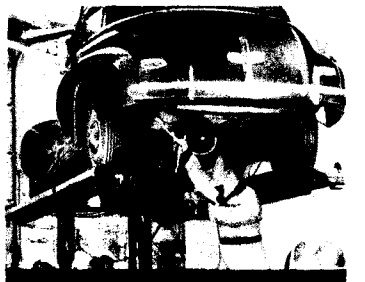
He services all makes of cars and trucks

CONSERVE COOLING SYSTEM

by checking radiator, water pump, thermostat, etc.



CONSERVE EVERY VITAL PART

by getting periodical lubrication—expert service

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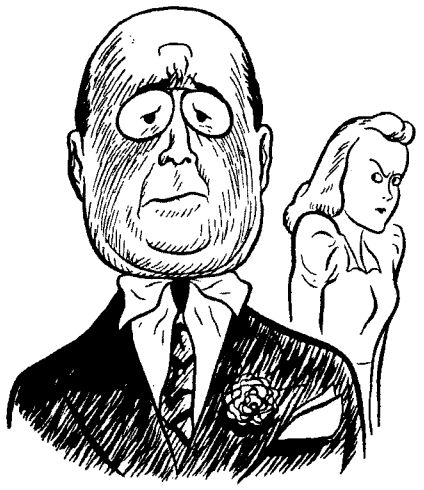
Mr. Midgely's face
Came within an ace
Of being redder than
That of an outraged Brooklyn Dodger fan.
Blaming high blood pressure for the condition,
Mrs. M. packed off Mr. M. to their family physician.

As Midgely removed his coat
Doc made a mental note.



"Hmm", he said,
"Shirt bosom like an unmade bed."
Doc was alert
As Midgely flicked open the top button of his shirt.
And very rightly so;
For immediately Midgely's flush began to ebb, or is it flow?

"Aha," Doc ejaculated—polite word for "holler."
"Just as I suspected when I saw your collar.
The bunchy bosom further revealed it
And the top button sealed it.
Your redness
Is a combination of embarrassment for your shirt's unmade-bedness
And of strangling a mite
Because your shirt's too tight."

Doc thereupon wrote a prescription
In that language doctors use which is said to be Latin but looks more like Egyptian.
"Here, take this to an Arrow dealer,
The world's finest strangulation-healer."
Midgely got three Arrow Shirts, each slightly over two dollars.
They had the handsomest Arrow Collars;
They had the less-than-1% shrink insurance of the Sanforized label;
They had the "Mitoga" figure-fit, exclusive with the Arrow cutting table.

Mrs. Midgely was so pleased with what the shirts did for her hubby
That she paid for them herself out of her winnings* from her regular Wednesday Knitting and Mah Jong Clubbe.
(*That is, the money she had left over after buying her weekly defense stamps.)

ARROW SHIRTS

See: ARROW HITT • TRUMP • DART • DALE

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.

A new shirt free if one shrinks out of fit!

long time go—I think she catchee train Tientsin side."

He winced and put up the receiver softly so that the white man cursing at the other end could not know that he was not heard.

UPON the train Li-hua carried his small bundle up and down with him because he did not dare to put it down. Only riffraff was on the train these days. Then suddenly he found the white woman at last. She was in a compartment. The door was shut but against the frosted glass of the window into the corridor he saw the shape of her head shadowed. There was no other shadow and he knew she was alone. Her profile was clear and black upon the white glass. She had not even taken off her hat and so perhaps she was afraid. He sighed, put down his bundle and settled himself to sleep.

Inside the closed compartment Elaine—ready to retire—sat stiff and still. She was, and she did not deny it, a little afraid. She was so afraid that if she had not taken the first train to Ta-ming she knew she might have taken none. Therefore, when the clerk had told her there was tonight a train, she had on the impetus of her determination, told him to buy her tickets. No, afraid or not, she did not want to stay in Shanghai. That strange Chinese woman—who was she? And why did Elton Field use her scent? She did not want to know the answers. That scent—it was the smell of the half-dead city and she was afraid of it.

"I have escaped something," she thought, and upon the thought of escape she felt her courage come back, and she took off her hat and made ready to lie down on the seat. She would not undress, only lie down. In twenty-four hours, if all went well, and it must go well, she would be in Ta-ming. She opened the door and peered out before she locked it. In the corridor an elderly man lay asleep, his head on his bundle. He looked, she thought, harmless. Nevertheless she locked the door. And sooner than she would have thought possible, she lay asleep herself, her head pillowed upon a cushion that smelled of ancient dust.

FATHER VALERIAN sat eating his supper in the whitewashed mission house at Ta-ming. Twenty-two years he had lived in this mission house, and many of those nights he had sat as he now did, at a square Chinese table facing the western window in this room which was study, living and dining room. He ate his supper not by any clock but by the setting sun. When the sun had reached the third story of the pagoda which stood on a low hill outside the city wall, his one servant, Lao Ling, knew it was the exact moment at which to begin to call his master. Sometimes Father Valerian did not come, but he tried very hard to come on all fine nights that he was at home. To see the sun go flaming down took the place with him of music which he remembered but now never heard. On rainy nights of course, he could be as late as he liked. But he kept his appointment with the sun when he could.

The table was set for two, but it was not often that his companion was prompt at meals. But Father Valerian did not mind. Rudolf Helgel was such a man as he would have chosen to live with had choice been given him. God, he felt, had sent Rudolf to him this year, when by reason of his great weariness, he needed companionship of a sort he had not had before. He had opened the door one day and there Rudolf Helgel stood, blond and German from head to foot. He had bowed a quick German bow, learned in a military school, and then with his hat in his hand like a schoolboy he had said in rapid accented English.

"Greetings, Father! I am from Tientsin. There all Germans are being recalled and I have been sent for also. But well I know if I return to my fatherland, it will be but a matter of a few days and I shall be no more. I cannot be loyal to the little house-painter—it is better for me and for my old parents that I am simply lost in the interior of China. So I came to Ta-ming."

"Come in," Father Valerian had said. He liked at once the tall sturdy figure and the honest face. That this man was German meant nothing to him, who never cared what a man was, beyond himself.

So Rudolf had come in bringing a large suitcase which was heavy with books and Father Valerian had led him into the bare extra room where he put all whom God sent him. There Rudolf had lived ever since. He had given his money to Father Valerian the first day when he came out of the room.

"This is all my money. I was paid at the military academy before they dismissed me. Beyond this I have nothing. I hope therefore you will find me useful."

THE money Father Valerian had taken as simply as it had been given and he put it into the common fund which fed all who happened to be in the mission house. Sometimes there was enough and sometimes there was almost nothing, but Father Valerian was indifferent to this. He had never found the time to keep accounts and when complaints came from the mission offices in New York he threw them away. "If I were going to be in that office again," he told Rudolf one day, "then perhaps I would have to keep these accounts. But I shall never go back, and I have no time."

"Here perhaps is something for me," Rudolf had replied.

He bought a small Chinese blank book, and thereafter he kept the accounts, discovering with infinite pains from Father Valerian at the end of each day what he had spent. Sometimes Father Valerian could remember, sometimes he could not. He had an abhorrence of money that was almost physical.

"You must not hate money," Rudolf said prudently. "Money can be very useful. It keeps bodies alive so that you can save the souls in them."

"Money is altogether evil!" Father Valerian had said loudly.

He sat now at the bare table, his eyes on the setting sun. The food was Chinese as were the bowls, and he ate as well as any Chinese with his bamboo chopsticks. They were the same chopsticks that could be found in any beggar's bowl in the city. The table had no carving nor did any of the Chinese furniture in the room. All was such as might have been found in any farmer's house, and the floor was bare and dusty. But along the whitewashed walls of the room were shelves upon shelves of books.

There was a book open beside Father Valerian now as he ate but he was looking at the sun and, as he looked, was grateful as he had been thousands of times, because God had sent him to Taming, where the climate was the clear endless sunshine of north China, and not the misty tropics of south China or even the long rainy seasons of the Yangtze Valley. And as always when he was grateful to God he made the instinctive sign of the cross upon his forehead and breast and shoulders without knowing that he did. "Glory to God," he murmured, and did not know he spoke.

(To be continued next week)

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Laughing Buddha

Continued from page 12

out Bimbâshi Barûk's course some two years later

Windows opening on the garden were thrown wide, and the night was still.

"Bit lonely at night, isn't it?" the bimbâshi suggested.

A breeze stirred the curtains and bore with it a fragment of conversation from Ann Mertsham as, with Mrs. Vivian, she walked back to the hotel: "One instinctively distrusts these sudden winds from the Alps . . ."

Perhaps her words subconsciously prompted Dr. Runmede, for as he replied he closed shutters and windows.

"Yes. As a matter of fact, I have been warned that some crook or another has been seen around. But I'm not afraid."

Bimbâshi Barûk often recalled those words, later, but what he said at the time was: "You are just enjoying a long vacation?"

"Just enjoying every minute of it. A Harvard group put up a substantial sum two years back to finance an inquiry of mine, and I worked like a pack mule to justify their confidence. I may have overdone it a bit. Certainly I needed this rest and isolation."

He said no more about his work, although the bimbâshi would have been glad to listen, but talked of life on the Côte d'Azur, queer people one met, and, casually, of Mrs. Vivian. He had run into her, apparently, at the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo. She was lonely, rather down on her luck, and, according to his own account, he had cultivated the acquaintance in a mood compounded more of quixotic chivalry than of passion.

It was not until Bimbâshi Barûk was leaving that Dr. Runmede suddenly reverted to the subject of his isolation. A hired car was waiting at the lower or garden entrance and, as Runmede led the way down:

"Did you ever read The Purloined Letter, by Edgar Allan Poe?" he asked.

"Yes," said the bimbâshi, conscious of confusion.

"I know what the Britisher calls a 'sahib' when I meet one. You are a sahib. I'm going to take you into my confidence. There is one thing in this villa which, to a man who could understand its value, would represent a considerable fortune. Listen: what was the first object you noticed when you stepped into the front lobby?"

The bimbâshi, whose powers of observation were inherited from a line of desert hunters, remembered immediately that he had noticed a figure which stood in a niche facing glazed double-entrance doors. Some eight inches high, it was that of a man obese but joyous, arms upflung; a more or less standardized Chinese ornament, he thought, and said so.

"Sure. You see it as you come in," said Runmede. "Can't miss it. Some people would lock it in a safe. Others would bury it. But Edgar Allan Poe would have put it just there. I don't have to emphasize the fact that this is between ourselves. Good night."

Heavy clouds swept the face of the moon, creating a weird lighting effect, so that as Bimbâshi Barûk looked back, Runmede's tall figure was alternately exhibited and obliterated as he stood there at the gate. Less than half an hour later (according to medical evidence) Dr. Runmede was murdered on that very spot. The villa was ransacked and found in wild disorder by Marcelle, the daily help, when she arrived in the morning. But (on the evidence of Ann Mertsham) nothing had been stolen except the laughing Buddha.

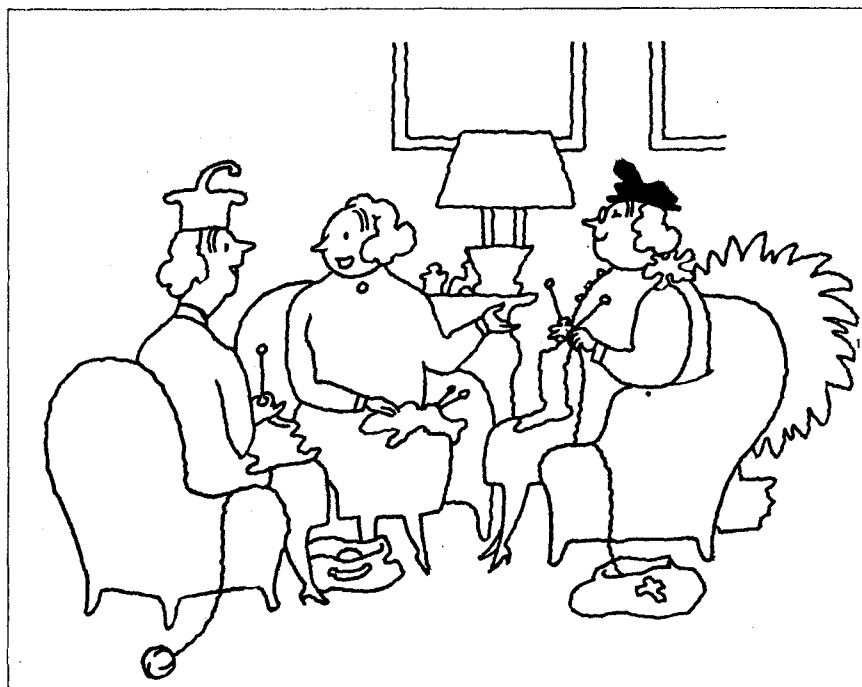
THE manner of the killing was not hard to see. The murderer had rung the bell at the lower entrance, and Dr. Runmede, thinking no doubt that one of his guests had returned for a belonging mislaid, had gone down and opened the door. He had been struck on the head by some blunt weapon, a sandbag or a loaded tube, and had died of concussion.

From its very outset, the case presented unusual features, and Foubert of the Service de Sûreté was sent down posthaste. With him, from Paris, came Mr. Lord, of the United States Intelligence; and everyone present at that last dinner party was closely interrogated—with one exception. The bimbâshi's evidence was recognized to be significant.

"Was this figure in its place when you left, monsieur?" he was asked.

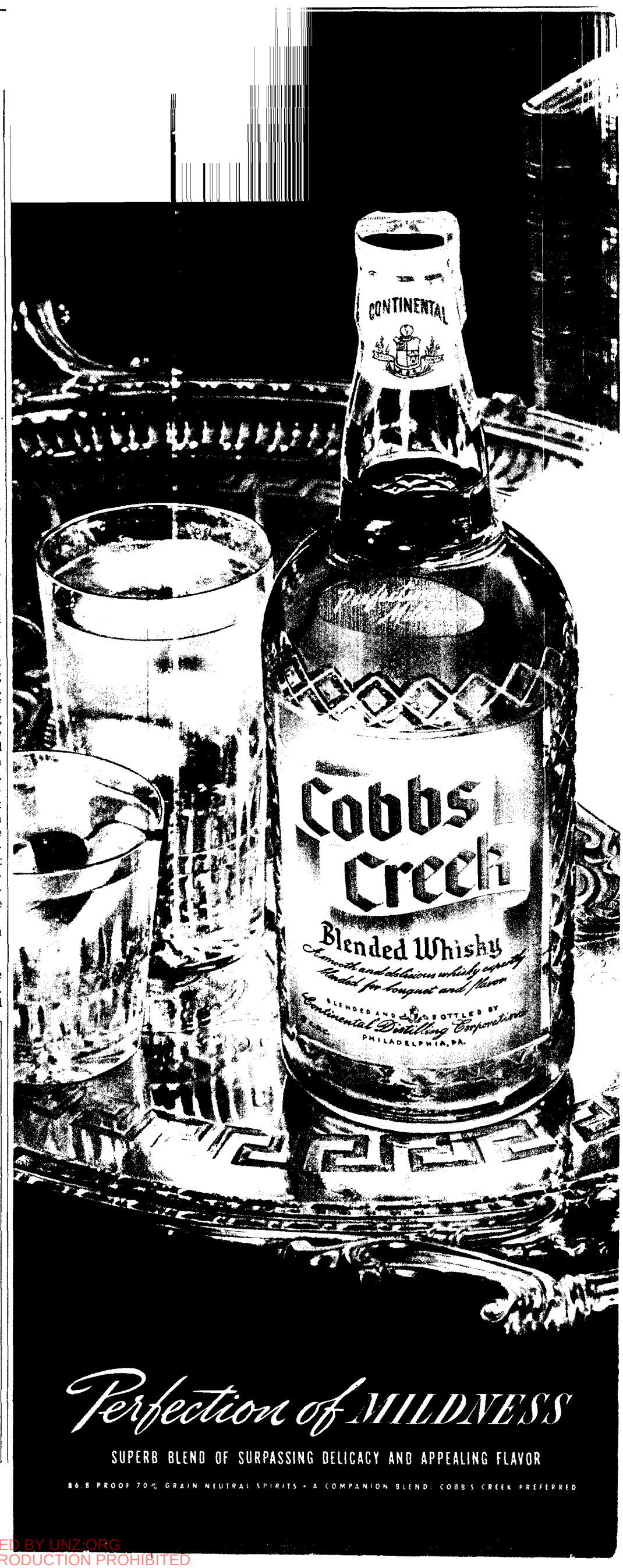
"I left by another door."

Ann Mertsham was positive on the point that nothing else was missing. Every scrap of paper in the villa had



"Mrs. Gillstone knows all of The Star-Spangled Banner except the first stanza"

GARDNER REA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Cobbs Creek
Blended Whisky
A smooth and delicious whisky expertly blended for bouquet and flavor
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
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PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Perfection of MILDNESS
SUPERB BLEND OF SURPASSING DELICACY AND APPEALING FLAVOR
86.8 PROOF 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • A COMPANION BLEND: COBB'S CREEK PREFERRED

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Do you put work ahead of health . . . slave long hours . . . gulp your food on the run? Watch out for "worry-go-round stomach" . . . distress after eating, nervous indigestion and heartburn! When this happens it's time to call a HALT! . . . and take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

•

Never Upset an Upset Stomach! *Don't nag* your tired, upset stomach by stirring it up with overdoses of antacids, or harsh, drastic physics!

TAKE PEPTO-BISMOL! This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets, *and to retard* intestinal fermentation, gas formation and simple diarrhea. Get a bottle today!

Three sizes at your druggist's, or by the dose at his fountain.

Makers of Unguentine*

Norwich

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PEPTO-BISMOL FOR UpSET STOMACH

This formula is known and sold in Canada as P. B.

been examined by the thieves but nothing had been removed.

"It is the work of expert agents," declared the officer from Nice. "Paris must be advised."

But before the arrival of Messrs. Foubert and Lord, one highly curious fact came into possession of the police: Mrs. Vivian had disappeared! Ann Mertsham deposed that they had parted in the hotel lobby, Ann going to bed. But the management asserted (and proved) that Mrs. Vivian had given up her room at noon that day and had removed her baggage. She had left no forwarding address.

An intensive search was instituted, but no trace of her could be found. However, Inspector Brun, of Nice, threw fresh light upon the woman's history.

"She was also known as Mme. Byas, and was formerly associated with the Byas-Ardopolis group, a gambling syndicate, which went broke. Not a desirable friend for the poor Dr. Runmede, you understand. But beautiful!"

"Just the sort of woman who might be employed as a spy," the bimbâshi said. "But what did she expect to find in the Buddha? If she is innocent, why doesn't she come forward?"

Then the celebrated Paris detective arrived.

M. Foubert was a little, fat round man, who resembled an overpainted cherub of the Flemish School, and who took snuff. He had an oddly sly smile. Mr. Lord, tall, grim, angular and taciturn, was the only American known to Bimbâshi Barûk who used a monocle. His voice suggested the presence of steel filings. Their arrival coincided with the discovery by Inspector Brun, that a certain Jean Caron, of Monaco, who owned a motorboat and was licensed to carry passengers, had set out on the evening of the tragedy, telling a friend that he was going to Cap d'Ail. He had never returned. It was feared that his craft had foundered in the violent squall.

"One asks," said Inspector Brun, "if Mme. Byas was on board."

But it was Mr. Lord (following an uncommunicative period during which he studied Bimbâshi Barûk as an Egyptologist studies an unfamiliar scarab) who finally enlightened him concerning the probable purpose of the murderer.

"Professor Runmede had been at work for more than two years on an atomic bomb," he explained. "Its general principle is known to three governments; but there remained just one formula—some question of stresses—which he had failed to complete. The Runmede bomb, if perfected, could obliterate a large part of London or Berlin, or New York City. That missing formula is the thing we must assume to have been hidden in the Chinese image . . ."

THE unforeseen collapse of France occurred so soon afterward that Bimbâshi Barûk lost touch with the inquiry and the inquirers. His military duties wholly absorbed him. No trace had been found of Jean Caron, Mrs. Vivian, or the motorboat. A crime that would have held world interest for several weeks was forgotten amid the greater horrors of war. The bimbâshi, however, was unable to forget the fact that an instrument of destruction, possession of which might well decide the issue, was perhaps already in being. But two years had elapsed before the Cap d'Ail mystery again flashed across his path.

Walking through the streets of Port Said one evening on his way back from the docks, he was brought up as if by a blow outside the window of a dirty little junk shop. Among a litter of trashy objects stood a laughing Buddha . . . the upflung right hand had been carelessly restored and from a gilded girdle part of the gilt was worn off!

Almost beyond possibility of error here stood the figure stolen from Dr. Runmede. But the shop was closed—nor could the bimbâshi discover to whom it belonged, nor where this person might be looked for.

HE WENT to a hotel, called up Cairo and explained that a matter of great urgency would detain him in Port Said overnight. Early on the following morning he returned to the shop near the docks, found it open—and the laughing Buddha missing! Mohammed Abd el-Musîr, the proprietor, extended apologetic palms.

"How could I know, sir, that you wished to buy this thing?"

He was an aged but agile Egyptian, whose long face, short beard and small, pointed ears lent him a pleasing resemblance to a camel. Bimbâshi Barûk fixed a threatening stare upon Mohammed: he knew how to handle camels.

"This is a serious matter, O Mohammed. It is a matter of the *police*. Listen, then, attentively. To whom did you sell the Buddha?"

The bimbâshi's manner, his elegant Arabic, the word *police,* reduced Mohammed Abd el-Musîr to a state of abject servility.

"To a soldier on the transport which sailed at dawn, my lord."

"To what regiment did this man belong?"

But Mohammed did not know.

"Very well. Tell me: where did you get the figure and how long have you had it?"

"I have had it for many months, my lord, and no one ever wished to buy it except this soldier, who said that it reminded him of his wife's mother. I swear in the name of the Prophet (may God be good to him) that I acquired it by honest trading from a French sailor. It chances, my lord, that I can even tell your excellency his name, for the following reasons—"

"Forget the reasons. Tell me his name."

"It was Jean Caron. He was mad, I think, for he believed that the piece had great merit and threatened to slay me when I offered him a just price. But, when he had visited many other dealers and had been thrown out of the great bazaar of Simon Artz, he came back most disgustingly drunk. It was then that I learned his name and also how he had once owned a vessel of his own in Monaco, which was lost with his passenger, a woman. He is now an ordinary seaman in a ship trading between Marseilles and Port Said. And so—" Mohammed spread eloquent palms— "the thing is worth very little. I buy it for a little less than it is worth, and this morning I sell it for a little more. *Ma'lêsh!*"

Such evidence was indisputable. Mrs. Vivian had returned to Runmede's villa that night and had stolen the laughing Buddha. She was, therefore, an Axis agent. Why her unknown accomplices had ransacked the house he was unable to imagine, since Mrs. Vivian evidently knew the hiding place of the formula. (Q.: Had she double-crossed them?)

Jean Caron was not in the plot. This conclusion was based on his subsequent behavior. Mrs. Vivian had probably been drowned, and Caron had recovered the figure which she had had in her possession. Learning later of the Cap d'Ail murder, he had become convinced that the Buddha was worth a large sum. Accordingly he had disappeared until a time when he thought that it might safely be offered for valuation. That the Buddha itself possessed no value but contained something which possessed much, was an idea which had never occurred to the poor Jean. The circumstances of its sale clearly pointed to this.

Bimbâshi Barûk took instant steps. The transport carried the first battalion of a London regiment homeward bound to England. He presented his case to the responsible authorities. They experienced no small difficulty in grasping its urgency, since they knew nothing of the story and had never heard of Dr. Runmede.

The merciful return to Cairo of the bimbâshi's old friend, Colonel Roden-Pyne, saved the situation. Colonel Roden-Pyne knew all about the Runmede bomb—and the bimbâshi had great trouble in dissuading him from sending radio instructions to the officer in charge of the draft. This, he pointed out, was risking too high a stake upon that officer's tact. A matter so delicate demanded delicate handling. After infuriating delays, therefore, it was arranged that Bimbâshi Barûk should be sent by air to meet the transport on arrival. He arrived in good time—to learn that the ship had been lost off the Irish coast!

It looked like the end of the laughing Buddha, but it was not. Every man on board had been safely transferred, with full kit and equipment, to an auxiliary cruiser. From a West Country port the battalion was drafted to Lychgate and accommodated in billets.

"SO NOW you see, Martin," the bimbâshi concluded, "what I am doing here."

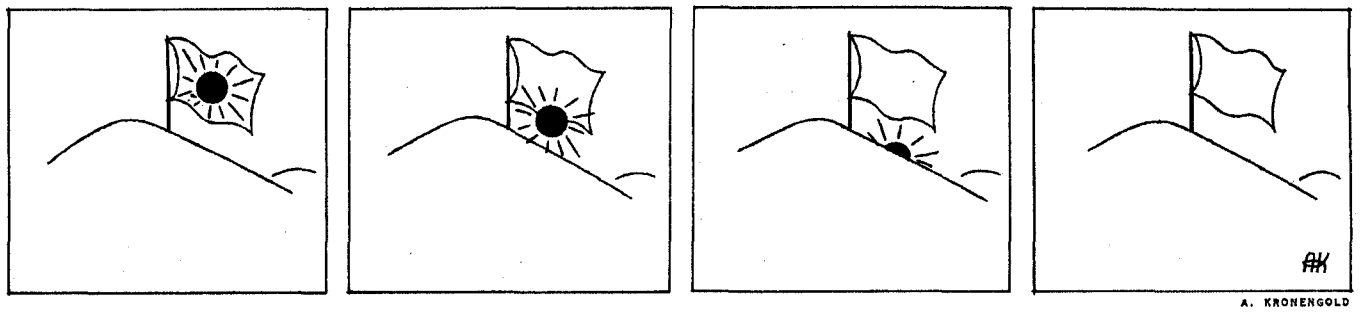
"I don't," said Martin Brown, refilling two glasses from the beer jug. "I would say, without much hesitation, that you are wasting valuable time. I would add that you are making Brown, Madder & Co., the laughingstock of Lychgate—not that that bothers me. What powers have you?"

"Full powers. But what are you thinking?"

"Of the simple, direct way."

"Parade the battalion and fall-out all men home from Libya; then question them one by one?"

"Why not? We may wait weeks for the fellow who has this thing to see, or hear, that its twin brother is marked 'Price £100'. When that occurs, I grant you we shall hear from him—but think



A. KRONENGOLD

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They'll Never Bomb Us Out!

America Enters the War with its Highway Transportation System in High Gear! . . .

You can be grateful that our nation's war production is geared to trucks . . . and that scarcely an assembly line exists which is not fed partly — or completely by motor freight.

Because — here's *one* transportation system that can *never* be bombed out.

Motor transport is as fluid as water.

Close one road, and motor freight instantly flows over the next. Disable one truck, and a million others carry on.

WORLD'S FASTEST

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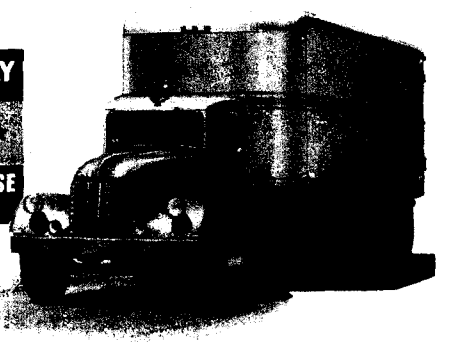

AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS

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of all that could happen in the interval. He might give it to his mother-in-law. Why not go ahead and tell him it's wanted?"

Bimbâshi Barûk abstractedly filled his briar. When he spoke he did not look up: "The best way to catch a camel is to pretend you don't want him."

"I shall recommend any unhappy lover to buy a camel."

"You have noted, apparently with disfavor, that I haunt the local pubs. I converse with the troops and invariably ask them if they have glanced in your window."

"Please accept my grateful thanks," said Martin Brown. "What should you do if someone really bought the thing?"

"I should know that he was an Axis agent, and I should count on you to hold him pending arrival of reinforcements."

And just such a contingency actually arose. News of it came to the bimbâshi in this way: He was seated two days later, a morning destined to be memorable, on Lychgate Heath, patiently endeavoring to immortalize the ancient windmill in water colors, when a sound of running footsteps interrupted his concentration. He turned as a small boy came sprinting toward him.

"Major, Major!"

"Hullo, Bungo."

"He's phoned!" The sprinter halted beside the painter. "Mr. Brown! He says please dash!"

Bimbâshi Barûk frowned regretfully at his work, then made the best of stowing it away, forgot to wash his brushes, and packed the whole outfit onto a push bike which lay beside him. Bungo, only son of the bimbâshi's landlady, panted, watching with wide-open eyes: his excitement was a form of worship.

"Good man, Bungo. I'll tell you a story tonight."

"Honest?"

"Honest to goodness—a long one."

"Something that really happened—to *you*?"

"It's a bet."

TEN minutes later the bimbâshi was propping an art-laden bike against the out-jutting window of Messrs. Brown, Madder & Co. An important car in charge of an important chauffeur stood near—and the laughing Buddha was absent. Bimbâshi Barûk made a mental note of the car's number and pushed the shop door open. Martin Brown came in as the bell jangled, making cabalistic signs.

"Where is he, Martin?"

"In the studio." Brown's whisper was like distant gunfire. "And he is a *she*. Nice time I've had hanging onto her until you came. Began by bargaining and finally agreed to pay the full price! Phew! The temptations that assail artists: a hundred quid for nothing!" He removed his wide-brimmed hat and used it as a fan. "Surreptitiously, B. B., she's been trying to find out if it opens."

"Who is she?"

"I've no idea. Let me introduce you."

He led the way through, and as they entered, a tall, slim woman from whose shoulders a sable wrap had slipped so that it lay across the chair behind her, stood up, slowly, and faced them. She was dressed expensively but well, a small hat of such ridiculous shape, poised on gleaming black curls, that the bimbâshi knew it must be smart.

"My dear Mrs. Vivian! What a delightful surprise!"

Her change of expression was so slight, so instantly effaced by a welcoming smile and that flame of glad surrender in her dark eyes, that the bimbâshi saluted a worthy antagonist.

"It is really too wonderful!" She extended both hands; her hands were beautiful. "Let me think. Is it two years, Major?"

"Rather more—but so much has happened."

She forced him to hold those slender hands longer than formal courtesy demanded; and, when they sat down facing each other, Mrs. Vivian, her lips slightly apart, was registering with perfect artistry the emotions of a woman unexpectedly thrown into the company of a man with whom she is hopelessly infatuated. Martin Brown withdrew, on some mumbled pretext, and listened behind the screen. . . .

"It seems like fate that we should meet again, Major. What brought you to this place—at this very moment?"

BIMBÂSHI BARÛK had decided upon his opening tactics, and he simply pointed to the laughing Buddha which stood upon a small table between them.

"Then you are a sentimentalist, too," murmured Mrs. Vivian.

"But I cannot afford to pay for it."

"Ah, that beastly money! Yet how helpless we are without it." She paused, meeting the gaze of dreamy eyes. "Have you ever wondered what became of me?"

"Often."

"Let me tell you. On that night we met" (she infused into the words a universe of meaning), "I was nearly at the end of things. I did not wish to confess my—destitution. I hired the old motorboat of a man called Jean Caron to bring me to Cap d'Ail and to take me back. A frightful storm" (she shuddered, and it was not acting) "swept the boat out to sea. The motor failed. Jean Caron gave me a life jacket. Great waves were sweeping over us. Hours there were of this agony, and then the boat sank.

"I am uncertain about what happened after that. I remember next, finding myself on board a Corsican fishing vessel. They carried me ashore at a place near Ajaccio. I was ill, desperately ill, for weeks. When I recovered—France was no more. What could I do?"

She leaned forward and rested both her hands on one of the bimbâshi's which lay on the arm of his chair. He smiled sympathetically. He had not overestimated his adversary.

"What, indeed, could you do, Mrs. Vivian?"

Mrs. Vivian withdrew the caressing hands and opened a bag. She took out a case and offered a card to Bimbâshi Barûk. He read:

LADY TREVELLIS
Abbotsway, Surrey

"I was fond of Janson Runmede," the soft voice continued. "He was the only friend I had in those days of misfortune. This morning, driving past, I saw—that figure. Now, I have plenty of money. Although I know little of such things, I think the price is ridiculous. But I truly believe it is the figure which used to stand in the lobby of his villa at Cap d'Ail—and we had shared many happy hours. I am a fool, perhaps; but, you see, I am a woman."

Bimbâshi Barûk was keenly conscious of the fact that Lady Trevellis was a woman, but nothing told him that she was a fool. During part of the time that she had spoken he had become aware of a disturbance in the shop—muted by the sudden closing of a door. Now, heralded by peremptory taps, entered Bungo—still breathless. Blue eyes fixed gravely upon the bimbâshi, he offered a scrap of paper, nodded significantly, and retired.

"Please excuse me, Lady Trevellis."

Unfolding the chit, he read, in Brown's sprawling script: "Have got the real Buddha." There was no expression whatever upon his face when he looked up—but he had completed his plan of campaign.

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"My landlady's son," he explained. "An urgent caller. Please don't think me impertinent, but is your husband" (he invented a name at random) "Sir Edward Trevellis?"

She shook her head. "Sir George. He was on holiday in Corsica, and became marooned by the new turn of affairs. I was a fellow maroon. When at last we managed to get away, we found that there was—mutual understanding. Life is very insecure for a lonely woman, and so—"

"I quite understand. May I call?"

"No one would be—so welcome. But—" she indicated the Buddha.

"It is yours."

A check for a hundred pounds was made out in favor of Brown, Madder & Co., and signed "Estelle Trevellis." Bimbâshi Barûk conducted Lady Trevellis to her waiting car, handed her wrapped-up purchase to the important chauffeur and returned to the shop. Martin Brown was executing a Highland reel. Without missing a beat, he opened a drawer and produced a laughing Buddha. Then he paused.

"The man who had it was doing fourteen days in the guardhouse. The moment he got out he came in. He said if the thing we'd had in the window was worth a hundred pounds, 'wot about this 'ere? I told him to leave it and come back in half an hour."

The secret of the Buddha was ingenious but simple. One hand had been removed and made to screw on and off. A small rod fixed to it ran down and clamped into the base. This locked it firmly. The figure had been sawed in half and a cylindrical space cut out. Metal threads were attached to the two parts so that they could be fastened together again. Gold paint had been used to hide the joint.

Bimbâshi Barûk drew out a roll of thin paper. "Make your own terms with the owner, Martin. What's left of the hundred is yours—you've earned it."

LADY TREVELLIS dined alone that night (Sir George was away) and had just retired to a restful and daintily feminine room, half library, half boudoir, for her coffee and a cigarette, when Bimbâshi Barûk was announced. The shabby suit of the morning had vanished; he was in correct evening dress, and experienced eyes appraised him as a distinguished figure.

"Please try the armchair, Major Barûk. I was expecting you."

"I thought you might be, Lady Trevellis, and my first duty must be to offer my apologies."

"For what?"

"For swindling you."

She laughed—a low-pitched, pleasant laugh. "Surely you realized that I was a consenting party? I bought the figure as the best way of getting out. I wanted time to think."

"And I was willing that you should have it—at a price. You see, I required the money for another purpose."

She watched him collectedly. She wore a simple gown which left her arms bare, with an implication of ivory shoulders, but he had sensed at once her abandonment of Delilah tactics and wondered what new form of onslaught he must anticipate.

"You have secured the original figure, I suppose?"

He inclined his head. "Jean Caron has been traced," he said quietly.

Lady Trevellis shrugged resignedly, and something about the gesture gave him a clue which had long eluded him.

"Am I right in believing you to be Italian?" he asked.

"I am a French *citoyenne,* born of Italian parents and educated in England. Is it sufficient? How did you know?"

"The way you shrugged—shrugs are so patriotic. Perhaps I begin to understand."

Brilliant eyes flashed a challenge.

"Your words tell me that you don't, Major Barûk. Allow me to amplify my story a little. All that I told you today was true. A whole month elapsed before I heard of the tragedy at Cap d'Ail—and I was utterly, profoundly horrified. You see, during my brief friendship with Janson—Dr. Runmede—he told me all about his experiments. He was a strangely trustful man in certain respects. In return, I was able to tell him that a dangerous German spy was covering the villa. I moved in queer society at that time and had means of information. Janson laughed; and do you know what he said?"

"I am anxious to learn."

"He said that his great experiment had failed. There would never be a Runmede bomb. One formula, an essential one, would not, in his own words, 'add up.' So he was—murdered, for no purpose."

FOLLOWING a clash of glances, the bimbâshi nodded. Lady Trevellis was speaking the truth.

"Your own behavior becomes all the more remarkable."

"If you refer to my taking the Buddha, which I am not going to deny, I cannot agree with you. What you don't seem to understand is that I took it with me when I left with Ann Mertsham. I had slipped it inside my handbag before she joined me in the lobby. I must have been at sea when the tragedy occurred. This, Jean Caron can prove."

"Pardon my stupidity," said the bimbâshi. "This simple possibility had escaped me. Jean Caron's testimony shall be obtained on the point—but I don't doubt your assurance. You had engaged him in order that you might get a start, if the—theft—should be discovered immediately?"

"Of course. I had come that night with the intention of taking it, and I did take it. I knew that what I wanted was hidden in the figure, because Janson once asked me, as we stood near it, if I had read The Purloined Letter. I had not, but I made a point of doing so."

"He asked me the same question," murmured Bimbâshi Barûk. "Am I to understand, then, that the remarkable document hidden in the figure (a document which I have in my pocket) was the one you sought?"

"If it is a roulette system, it is."

"It is."

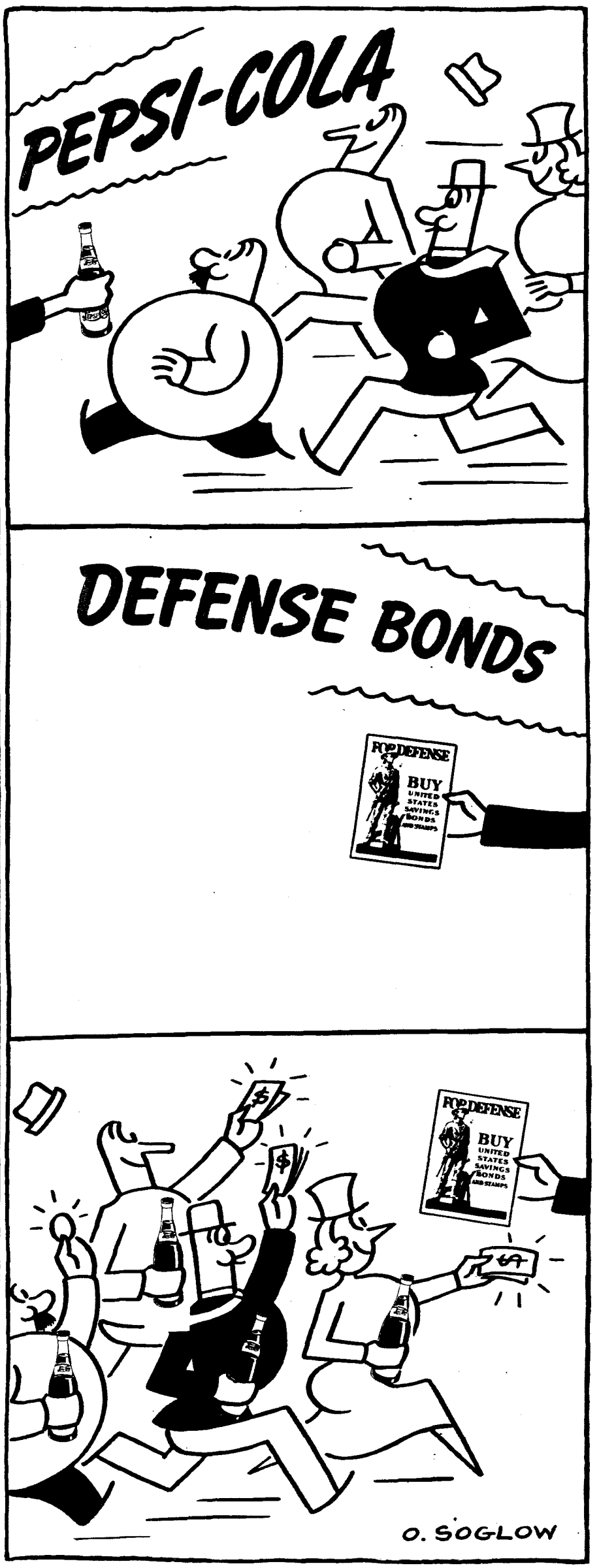
Lady Trevellis betrayed momentary excitement, and then fell silent, hands clasped, but at last: "Janson Runmede met me in the Monte Carlo Sporting Club," she said. "I was a broken gambler. He told me that he would show me how to win enough to clear my immediate debts, but no more. He sat down beside me at a roulette table.

"I had a hundred and twenty francs—my last. He directed every stake. In less than an hour I had won a hundred thousand! That was the beginning of our friendship. Later, he explained to me that he had perfected a system against which no casino could play, and which he proposed to publish—in order that roulette might be abolished. He regarded it as a social evil. Well—the day came when I realized that he was—only amusing himself with me—"

"You were wasting your time?"

"I was sure I knew where Janson's secret was hidden—a secret which meant a fortune. It was Fate that sent someone else to murder him later that very night."

"Presumably this same Kismet," said Bimbâshi Barûk, "sent me from Egypt to England in pursuit of a gambling system—which, since Dr. Runmede's wishes must be respected—I cannot even try out!"



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HANS GROENHOFF

National Amateur Champion Toni Matt demonstrates the split-second control that means the difference between broken bones and winning downhill races

...gers

...ail Shine

Dodging trees and rocks, whirling down snowy slopes at 60 miles an hour, flirting with death a dozen times a minute—that's downhill ski racing, the most dangerous winter sport

IT IS a raw, blue-gray day in 1936—somewhere in the Alps. A small group of worried-looking men stand huddled near the bottom of a giant ice-clad mountain. They look at watches and mutter, "Where are the Yugoslavs? They are late. Something must have happened!"

There is a muffled cry, "Look, they're coming!"

It is the finish of a downhill world's amateur ski-championship race. Out of the half-gray of afternoon comes a man, dazed, his face streaming blood, lurching like a drunkard. His feet tangle and he falls. He tries to get up—and falls again. Hands reach out, remove his skis, put him on a stretcher and carry him to safety. "I'm sorry—I'm terribly sorry," he mumbles in unconscious apology. The bloody gent is Willi Steuri, crack ski racer.

Today, downhill ski racing is one of the world's most dangerous sports and much in the same condition that football was before the reforms in the interests of safety. Young daredevils willingly risk their necks for the thrill of streaking down well-nigh perpendicular slopes at motorcycle speeds. Incidentally, a big ski race bears about the same relationship to week-end skiing—your kind and mine—that the Grand National does to riding in the park.

On that gory day in '36, racing on an aluminum-hard, tricky, serpentine course that was not only dangerous but murderous, Willi Steuri had skidded down the ice-coated inclines at Innsbruck at close to sixty miles an hour. Skiing in the No. 3 slot, on the way down he had passed the two missing Yugoslavs, wrapped around tree trunks and moaning for stretchers. On each side of the narrow ribbon of sheet ice, villainous trees and stumps and ice-clad rocks beckoned destruction to the racer whose steel edges failed to bite the curves. Time and again he shaved a rock by a whisker, skidded between trees—but kept his balance. But at a hairpin curve at Devil's Glade—a particularly unhealthy turn, even under good snow conditions—Willi's skis failed to grip the ice. At fantastic speed, he left the course, headed for a tree. He struck it with a thud and bounced back about ten feet. With the true instinct of a downhill racer, he painfully fought to his feet, collapsed again and again as he staggered and slid to the finish line.

But on that dizzy day, Willi was not the only one to come a cropper. Of fifty-seven of the world's top-notch amateurs, only thirty-four finished—most of these cut or bruised. The rest were picked up dangling from trees, wrapped around trunks or just lying huddled in dales with broken skis, ribs, noses and legs. Four of the six-man French team failed to finish and one, who did, hit a stump in Happy Glade, caromed into another, fainted, recovered, lost his skis and staggered on foot to the finish line, crossing it half-conscious. Hermann Steuri, a gent who had climbed the bloodstained North Wall of the Matterhorn, fell on the same shoulder twice, concussed himself a trifle, but finished standing up, vowing he'd been more scared than he'd been when hanging by his teeth to the Matterhorn.

To the Handicapped, the Prize

That nobody was killed was a miracle. Closest to it was champion-ski-jumper Sigmund Ruud, who left the course at sixty miles per hour, heading for a forest of stumps. He hit eight stumps like a flying bowling ball, kept going down a rock-studded open slope, bounced through this rock garden gracefully, wound up with a concussion, broken skis—and his life. Quite a number of spectators fainted or were damaged by flying skiers.

The race, by the way, was won by Rominger, the Swiss world's champion, who did so only because he was racing on a partly-healed broken leg which called for completely sissified controlled skiing.

Though there was talk among the spectators of organizing a posse and hanging a few officials, those tycoons nevertheless let the girl downhill racers zoom down the same suicide course later. Since the bones of the gentler sex crack as readily as manly ones, several gals broke a leg or two, and were only saved from more serious general carnage because every time a female body hove into view heading for a stump, two or three gents gallantly made flying tackles, intervening between stump and pretty body. Often as many as three males and one blonde were wrapped around a single stump.

After they had counted the wounded there was the usual inquest. The officials—a couple of whom had fainted—agreed that there had been talk of postponing the race. They had realized it was a little like ice-skating down a twisted, frozen tight-rope to race that day—and they had thoughtfully padded the stumps in anticipation of a few broken bones. "But," came the final verdict, "you've got to expect a broken leg or two in downhill racing. That's part of the thrill. Besides, how can you disappoint spectators who come for miles to see the fun?" In the end nothing

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Firelight and mellow beer weave memories to cherish

Can't you recall a certain evening, when the flickering log fire lulled you into deep contentment . . . two of you sitting there in a world of dancing shadows . . . sharing the good memories of things past . . . and the hope of bright new days to come . . .

The fire crackled and a log fell in a golden shower of sparks. And then you remembered the friendly, delicious beer cooling in the ice-box for your enjoyment . . . always the perfect beverage for those precious moments of companionship.

For beer and ale are Nature's gift to the art of living . . . endowed with wholesome goodness by the choice grains and fragrant hops of which they're brewed . . . satisfying . . . delicious. True "beverages of moderation," beer and ale help make life itself richer, more serene, more pleasant.

Because beer is a beverage of moderation and so great a national favorite, it deserves to have its good name guarded well. We who brew America's beer are cooperating to prevent abuses wherever they may occur in the retailing of beer and ale. You can help with understanding and support of the brewers' "clean-up or close-up" program . . . described in a booklet sent free on request. Address Brewing Industry Foundation, Dept. B13, 21 East 40th St., New York, N. Y.

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION

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came of the squawks, and the mayhem still continues.

"Did the racers," you may ask most sensibly, "themselves join in the anvil chorus and croak for safety controls?"

Certainly not. All agreed a good time had been had by all. Maybe they had been a little careless in not skiing under control—skiers always blame nature's nastiness on themselves—but as soon as bones had mended, all were back, booming down the inclined highways.

While the slaughter of the '36 Innsbruck is not an everyday occurrence it is typical of the sport. Shambles Corners—as the racers dub them—have a way of cropping up; they are entirely expected. Only a few weeks before that day at Innsbruck, seven downhillers were removed on stretchers from the Olympic Course at Garmisch-Partenkirchen—some of them our American entries. A few weeks before that, pretty Dot Brewer, one of our Olympic lady stars, broke her back. All these crack-ups happened in practice runs—yet the Olympics were held. "Good training for the next war," was the consensus, accompanied by laughs. As for Miss Brewer, she was riding a bike and dancing in a cement brace before the gals left Europe.

Speed and Still More Speed

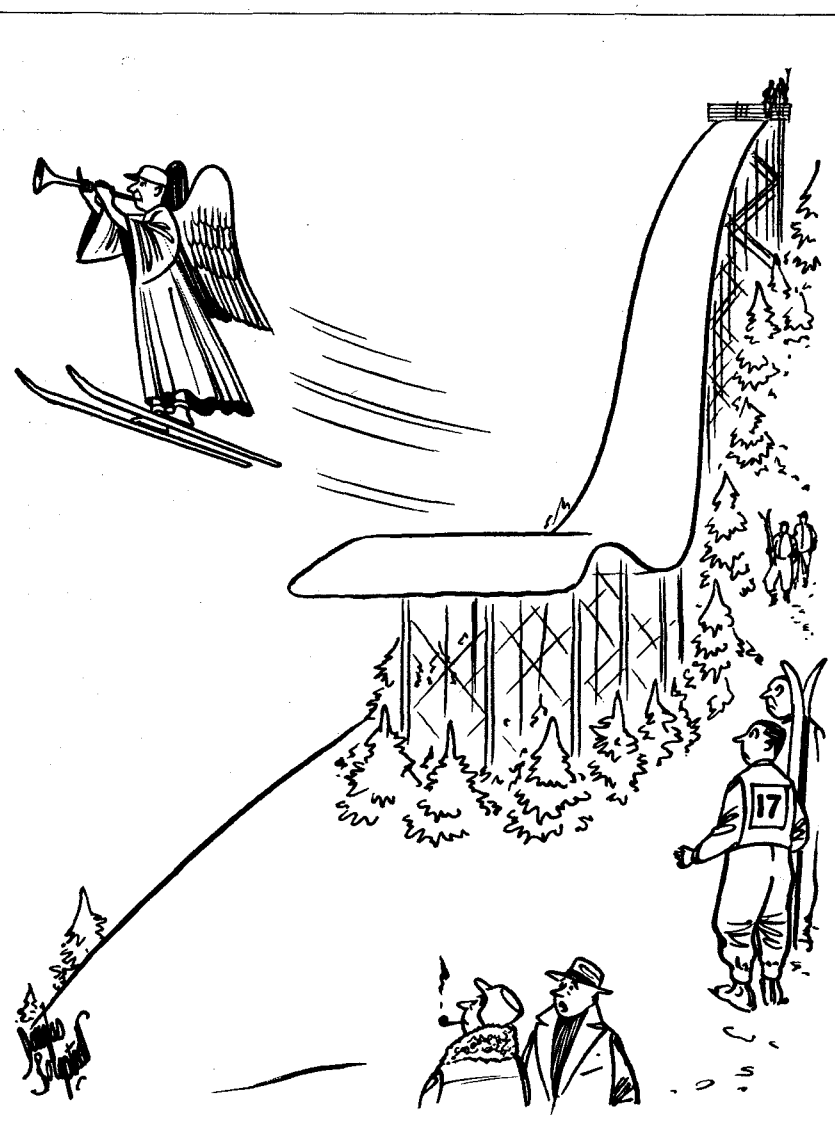
With skiers venturing higher and higher into the clouds for flying starts, scaling such peaks as lordly Mt. Washington in New Hampshire and the giddy-sided Mt. Hood in Oregon, downhill racing grows riskier every day. It's far, far more dangerous than ski jumping. Speed and still more precious split-second-gaining speed—that's the order of the day. The boys wear streamlined racing clothes and crash helmets to cut down wind resistance and any trees they happen to hit headlong.

"The pressure's so great," one racing lad tells me, "you can't win any more unless you ski out of control most of the time!" As anybody who skis knows, when sliding down anything steeper than a cellar door, it's always wise to have a pocketful of control handy.

To be a top-ranking downhiller today, you've got to be Superman (or Superwoman) with a reckless streak. Besides being gifted with such minor attributes as courage, iron nerves, super-reflexes, intelligence, the balance of a bank president, the ability to ski in any style or language, and to ski-jump Olympic distances, the racer must have enough stamina to climb for four grueling hours up the steep sides of a towless mountain such as Whiteface, to get to the starting line.

He (or she) must know how to skim through trees spaced a few inches apart, and what to do when barbed-wire fences, sand traps, bunkers, wandering moose or dumb skiers dispute the course. He must enjoy moving at sixty miles per hour and know how to stop the instant he sees himself about to take off into the trees or over a wall of ice. If he does go over, he must be able to change direction in midair by means of a jump-turn or some other desperate maneuver—such as grabbing the wing of a passing plane. Should he crash he should know how to handle a broken leg and a lot of other things. He must have a mountain goat's sense of terrain and a meteorologist's hunches on judging threatening weather. Skiers often start in subzero cold, run into a blizzard halfway down, and wind up in a sleet storm—all within two or three minutes—the result of different snow conditions which call for rare skill and judgment.

The racer must be prepared for various grim problems set by whims of nature—such as: What to do should you find yourself riding an avalanche. That's what crack skier Sverre Engen did a year or so ago at Mt. Hood, Oregon. Sverre thoughtlessly knocked off a hunk of glacier during a race, rode the roaring ice as if he were on a surfboard, gave a mighty leap at the right moment, sailed clear, and won a tussle with death—incidentally just winning the race, too!



"He claims it has a depressing psychological effect on his rivals"

DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

Above all, our flying-hickory screwballs must be able to take it. There is no downhill racing without spills. A racer must be able to finish on his head or his feet, with or without skis. The rules allow for such finishes, that is, if you lose equipment, control or consciousness a reasonable distance from the tape. John Litchfield, ex-Dartmouth racer, tells me the boys were coming down the open-sloped lightning-fast Silver Skis Course at Mt. Rainier—and coming down wide open. The race is the oldest in the country and the finish line was just over a hidden dip, down an almost sheer drop called a *steilhang*, built to encourage fast finishes. Unfortunately, the snow at the bottom of the *steilhang* was very warm and slushy.

"When we hit that soft patch," says Litchfield, "it was like skidding into a meadow full of glue at sixty miles an hour. It knocked you over into a rubber ball, then the momentum stretched you out about eight feet and rolled you up into a ball again. Every one of us crossed the finish line like that—on our pants!"

While fractures of the pants are common in ski finishes, downhillers anticipate more serious ones. In the Jeffers Cup race, young Jim Worden, speed demon from California, finished with a broken leg—standing on one ski—and in considerable pain. Ted Hunter, Olympic racer, connected with a tree on a New England trail—it was the Nose Dive—and almost never got up again, thanks to a broken hip and thigh and a bad concussion. "It was me or the tree," Ted explains today. "So it was the tree! But I'm here, aren't I?"

Nor are all accidents glorious, suffered nobly while thousands cheer. Last winter, following squat Toni Matt, national amateur champion, down the treacherous Wildcat Trail near Pinkham Notch, New Hampshire, in a practice run, Julio Zegers, No. 2 man of the visiting Chilean ski team, going a mere thirty or forty miles per hour, hit a soft spot in the snow and skidded into a tree. Julio broke both legs badly and stayed in the hospital while his pals continued their tour.

When they get going, the boys actually like to take chances, and there is no law to force a man to preserve his neck. The one who makes his way fastest from mountain top to finish line wins. A few years ago the boys got the idea of taking a short cut through the woods at top-speed while running the Nose Dive on Mt. Mansfield—probably the toughest race trail in the country. The resultant damage to life and limb was severe. They had to saw one college lad out of a tree. Others bashed ribs, broke this, that and the other thing. So that the ski fathers were forced to employ cops to see that the boys stuck to the trail and broke their necks normally.

But—so ski racers preach—courage breeds skill, skill breeds more courage—and good can come of it all. Hurtling down in the Inferno—the race that starts at the top of Mt. Washington—Toni Matt, national champion, recently found himself approaching the lip of the Tuckerman Headwall—the most terrifying part of the race. The Headwall is part of Tuckerman's Ravine—a giant bowl, filled with avalanche snow about one hundred feet deep, and normally skied down on the seat of one's pants, or more often end over end.

It was only a few years ago that the first skier had daringly skied over the lip of the Headwall from a standing position. At the time, it was considered quite a feat. A year or so after, one Dartmouth racer took such a bad tumble down the entire Headwall that he's never walked again.

As Toni Matt approached the spot, he had a feeling that the only way he could beat the Chiverses, Litchfields, Durrances and other cracks was to do the impossible. Without hesitating for the usual checking movement, Toni shot over the lip and whizzed down, down, down in a sickening swoop. Gathering speed, a 100-foot snow plume shooting behind him, and knowing that one slip might mean a broken neck, Toni Matt did the impossible. He made it in one great *schuss*—for the first and possibly the last time. Tearing on, he whizzed by the finish line, cutting the time not by seconds—but actually in half! All, incidentally, for a bit of silver crockery!

Most ski racers suffer from pre-race jitters. "Two years ago I stood at the top of Mt. Washington waiting to start in the Inferno," John Litchfield confesses. "It was about twenty below, and I didn't know if my knees were knocking from cold or nerves. The radio timer yelled 'Go!' I swallowed my heart, leaned on my ski poles and let the wind, which was blowing at about seventy, shove me off to a flying start. For a second I couldn't see a thing. Then a pair of rocks stuck up in front of me, and I knew I had work to do. Boy, I got through those rocks with skinned elbows, and was I happy I made it! Just then another set of rocks headed for me, and when I got by them, the funny feeling left me and I began to pay close attention to the job. After wending my way through the rock gardens, I went into my first long *schuss* and forgot everything except what lay ahead. I was really racing!"

Racers develop a fatalism. They expect to get hurt, get better and race again. Hjalmar Hvam, one of our native Norwegian speedsters who has done 3½ miles in 5:38, has broken his leg seven times in competition. All Hjal has done about it is to invent a safety binding which will snap open the instant the skis do something the body doesn't want them to do, and release them from the feet.

Some Want It Safer

Litchfield puts his racing philosophy this way: "You know you're going to get hurt if you don't stay on your feet. As long as you're on your feet, you know nothing's happened—yet. And, boy, when it's all over—are you pleased!" Litchfield has cracked several ribs, and last year, at Sun Valley, he broke off a ski in a race, skied home on one leg—risking snapping that handy member—and stopped only by running into an ambulance.

As for control, few skiers admit they are often out of it. To those of us who ski at one mile an hour on the dizzy flats of a park, it's hard to see how a gent tooling along at sixty down an icy corkscrew on nothing but a couple of wooden boards and his nerve can feel relaxed.

"Yet," Litchfield and his pals argue stubbornly, "the more you race and the better your technique grows, the more confidence you get. Then the more confidence you have, the more chances you take—and get away with. After a while you know you may be out of control but you also know you can stop on a dime."

Inevitably after a fatal accident or mass crack-up, the officials, presumably sickened by the sound of thudding bodies and the sight of legs, heads and

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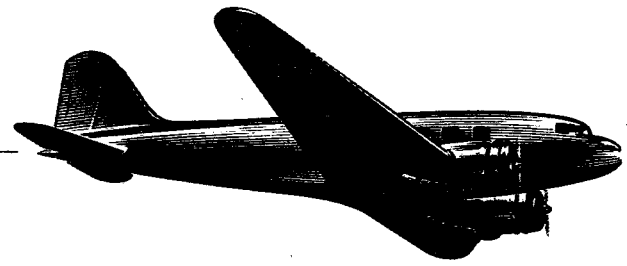
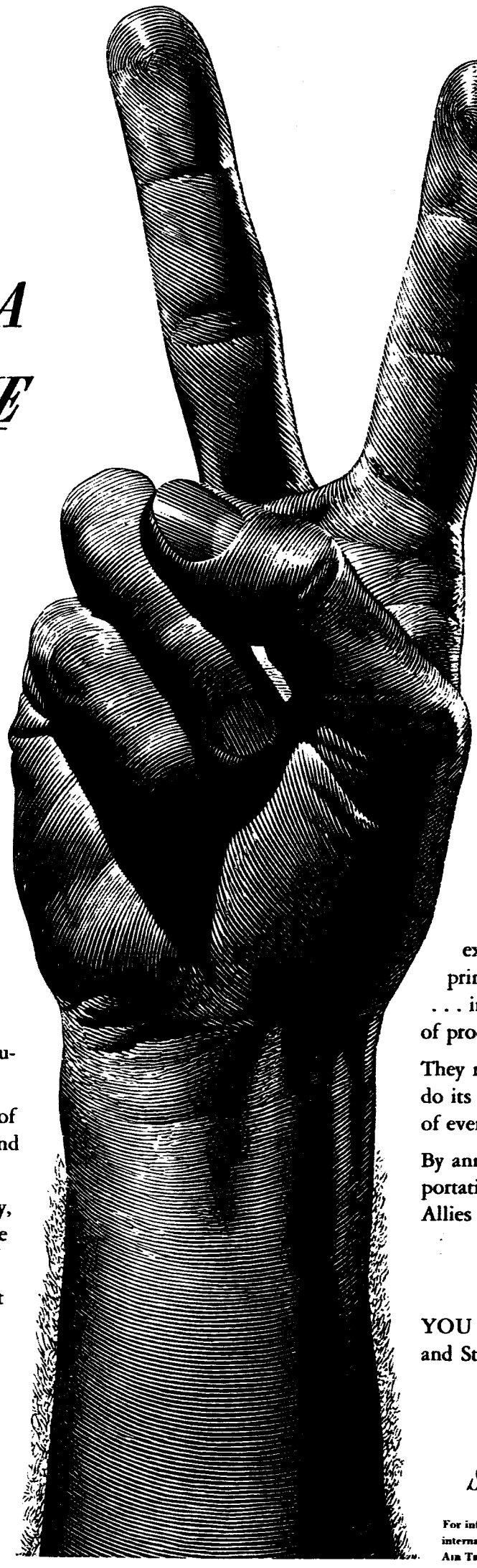


VICTORY IS A QUESTION OF TIME



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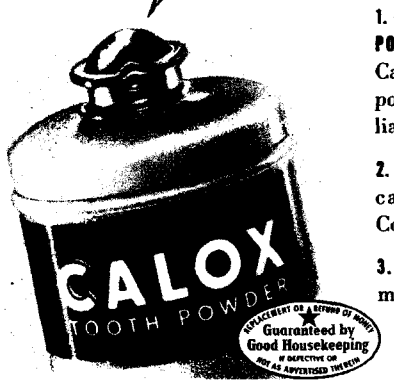

1. CALOX CONTAINS 5 CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS. That's why Calox is a real *beauty* tooth powder . . . it promotes a brilliant gloss!

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arms rolling down the trail, go into a huddle and decide what should be done. Some suggest that downhill racing belongs with the pleasures of the bullring and should be abolished entirely. Others, who don't mind a touch of blood within reason—think races shouldn't be held on icy trails any more than auto races are on icy tracks—and should be postponed to non-suicidal weather. Others feel that the races should be turned into giant slaloms—with control gates placed at definitely dangerous points of the course, and the racers thus made to check their speed with abrupt braking turns through these gates or lose the race.

Another suggestion is that amateurs be forbidden to race all out, just as college footballers are discouraged by rules from breaking their necks for Dear Old Whoozis; that if a man wants to race all out he should be a professional, well paid for the privilege. Then and then only should he be permitted to race in the Italian fashion—which is to enter a ten-man team, order them to race without brakes; the theory being that if nine are killed and wounded, the tenth will invariably win. Before the war Italy's Sertovelli won many a race this way.

The result of all this wrangling over the prone bodies of good fellows is a deadlock. While many racers, including Dick Durrance, are in favor of the giant slalom, even Hannes Schneider, the old maestro at North Conway, New Hampshire, thinks the weather alone and a few indispensable control gates should be considered before races. The gates should be installed only on bad blind curves.

You Take Your Chances

Others are hootingly disdainful of the Durrance or Schneider caution. Our patriarchal American speed-merchant, forty-five-year-old Alec Bright, Boston broker, holder of many records and proud possessor of two wound stripes for broken legs, sneers: "Man is a natural downhill racer. If you turn downhill into a giant slalom, you put petticoats on the sport. Even girls don't wear petticoats in skiing." Nor do the gals, who ski but a few seconds slower than the men, want controls.

"A girl has as much right to high speed as a man," says pretty Betty Woolsey, an Olympic skier who has beaten all but the fastest men. "And to broken legs," she might have added, for Betty has cracked hers up in the past.

Curiously, parents don't seem to mind the injuries any more than do the racers themselves. Lowell Thomas, Jr., who at fifteen was skiing with the best of them, broke a leg on a run in the White Mountains. Did Thomas, Sr., advise him to hang up his skis forever? Certainly not. He just said, "Ah, my lad, I see you've joined the Club. Nice going!" The "Club" is skidom's famous Broken Bone Club.

So while the controversy rages, the boys and girls will continue to zoom down the slippery paths leading to Broken Bone Gulch—all for a bit of precious metal or silverware that turns green by Easter, or just for the fun of it. The consensus is that if something must be done, the amateur should be put in a class by himself and checked just a trifle in his passion.

"But they mustn't make it too easy," warns Litchfield, "for that would take the kick out of racing."

For the racers all agree there's positive drunkenness in sweeping down a slope-like-the-side-of-a-wall, burning with ski fever and the wind, outwitting nature, moving faster than unmechanized man has ever moved before. The hangover, too, is supposedly terrific. "You're never happier than after finishing a race," says Litchfield; "and I have never seen such ecstacy as that of some lad who got a bronze medal for whooshing down Mt. Tremblant's Flying Mile in fifty-nine seconds! Maybe it's all caused by the fact that the racer has retained his legs, arms and life. In any event, they all admit the thrill, even if you spill, is worth it."

There are plenty of races in which nobody gets hurt, and funny things happen. Jacques Charmoz, French Olympic man, *La Vie Parisienne* artist and flier, once bopped his pretty curls so soundly against a tree he got a dash of amnesia and woke up at a Swiss railway station in his pajamas, thinking the team was on its way elsewhere. Another time one of his speeding teammates hit a hidden bump, went into a full somersault but caught his pants in the branches of an apple tree. There he hung during the entire race, unable to disengage himself. When they finally got him down he criticized his mates severely for their technique—from the point of view of the upside-down skier.

This year the Nationals will be held at Badger Pass, in the magnificent mountains of the Yosemite. Strangely, groans from the skiers are coming in. "Badger is a sissy run! Why not hold the race on a Kansas sand dune? It'd be as good a test of a champion!"

Possibly the racing tycoons will take heed and import a few redwoods from the near-by forests and a few giant boulders from Colorado, and set them among a lot of hidden tank traps all down the course.

If they do, it ought to make a great race. Some racer—maybe Dick Durrance again—or Toni Matt—will take one gigantic leap and clear the entire trail in one sneering hop. There's nothing in the rules against doing so. Who knows but that some day someone will introduce this type of downhill skiing—and 100-mile speed? Otherwise, what in heck is the meaning of Superman?

Any Week

Continued from page 4

farmers, politicians, bankers, preachers, stockbrokers and henpecked husbands. His father and grandfather built them "away back when William J. Bryan ran for President in 1896, when you couldn't tell whether it was a cyclone or Mr. Bryan." Mr. Potlatch adds that here and there on the Great Plains his family has built cyclone cellars "that didn't budge although the wind was so strong that it blew the owners and their friends right out through the south wall." And now Farmer Zeke Potlatch is prepared to build air-raid shelters—family size up to one-hundred-man-capacity "with," he adds mysteriously, "special conveniences for ladies." All the government has to do is call on Mr. Potlatch, the cyclone cellar wizard, and he will "blow in ready for all hell and gone." He is now perfecting a shelter which is not only bombproof but noiseproof. This latter improvement interests us, particularly as Mr. Potlatch is prepared to guarantee that "Once inside you can sit down and think." The New Patented And Approved Potlatch Air-Raid Shelter will be so quiet that you won't be able to hear anything "from a Washington rumor to that man LaGuardia unless, of course, you're fool enough to turn the specially built-in radio on.". . . W. D.

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Higher, Faster, Farther

Continued from page 17

means the extra weight is saved somewhere else in the ship. It may have fewer instruments, less armor, weaker fire power; it may carry smaller gas loads or fewer bombs.

Depending upon how its advantage is used, 100-octane gasoline means more power or lighter motors. If it goes into power, a ship that makes 350 miles an hour on 92-octane will, when redesigned, step up to better than 370. One of our standard bombers, converted to 100-octane, will use approximately 100 gallons less fuel on a 600-mile trip. The saving means an extra 600-pound bomb —or an increase in range of perhaps 20 per cent, an important item in fighting over the stretches of the Pacific. Or the benefits can be and usually are split between power and weight. Standard division of 100-octane blessings gives 10 per cent more power and from 5 to 10 per cent greater economy. No matter what changes are made, 100-octane ships work at higher altitudes. The antiknock gas burns much more evenly at great heights than its low-caste brother fuels, and planes using it are considerably more maneuverable. The British have said more or less officially that the extra nimbleness of their 100-octane ships is one of the chief reasons they have been able to shoot far more Luftwaffe planes out of the air than they have lost themselves.

The Figures Tell the Story

The table at the bottom of this page shows what Dr. Gustav Egloff, Director of Research for the Universal Oil Products laboratories at Chicago, reports on one ship—a Dutch Koolhoven Fk-59 two-seater reconnaissance bomber, when it was modernized for 100-octane.

The figures below show that the experimental plane went faster at higher altitudes; it climbed faster and farther. It reached an altitude of 19,000 feet four minutes sooner; its top ceiling was increased by almost 4,000 feet.

A motor built for 92-octane won't run appreciably better on 100-octane; but a motor designed for 100-octane will run circles around the older one. One experimental motor operating on 92-octane turned out about 1,000 horsepower. Redesigned for 100-octane, it was no heavier but it produced 1,200 horsepower. A 1,750-horsepower motor designed for 92-octane weighs about 3,500 pounds; a 1,750-horsepower motor made for 100-octane weighs 2,800 pounds. A bomber with four of these babies saves 2,800 pounds, precisely the weight of one motor.

Our development of the miracle gas traces back not only to our superior crude, but to the quality of the scientific brains in the oil industry's research laboratories. From crude comes a string of products ranging from poison gas through the higher-alcohol anesthetics to tar. It is done by "cracking," which means rejiggering the molecular patterns of the crude. First, gasoline was obtained by plain distilling. The gasoline was relatively inconsequential; back in the '90's we were a kerosene nation, getting from each 42-gallon barrel of crude a trivial five gallons of gas, most of which was thrown away, and 24 of coal oil.

The automobile made gasoline more useful, and the scientists promptly came up with a new and better method of refining called thermal cracking. It involved breaking up the crude by putting it under tremendous pressure and high temperatures. As demand for more and better gas became clamorous, the scientists produced their great triumph—catalytic cracking. Easier and more efficient, it was the chemists' solution for a gasoline market that last year squeezed 19 gallons of gas and only 2 gallons of kerosene from every barrel of crude.

Magnificent in its chemical complexity, catalytic cracking can be described simply and with moderate accuracy as a witchlike ceremony in which a white powder, often a secret formula, is sprinkled into the crude. The powder, as a catalyst, does drastic things. It breaks the crude into numerous components and shoves the molecules of these components around into new designs. These bruised components are cracked again, and the resulting subcomponents still again and again.

Acres and acres of wizardly machinery are necessary to produce 100-octane. Standard Oil of New Jersey has, for example, an immense refinery brimming with dramatic pipes, mighty towers, boilers and buildings, where it cracks out something called polymer bottoms. The bottoms are shipped to another tremendous plant in Louisiana and shot up with hydrogen, producing a blending agent of 97-octane. This hydrogenation business was developed, incidentally, by the Germans, who use it now to juice up their inferior gasoline to its 95-octane ceiling. The powerful 97-octane stuff is mixed with two other products of the cracking—a base stock of high-quality

	87-Octane	100-Octane
Maximum speed at 2,750 r.p.m.	236 m.p.h.	260 m.p.h.
Altitude for maximum speed	15,700 ft.	17,300 ft.
Cruising at 60% maximum power	192 m.p.h.	211 m.p.h.
At height of	15,700 ft.	17,300 ft.
Rate of climb in feet, per minute:		
At sea level	1,490	2,180
At 6,500 ft.	1,630	2,360
At 13,000 ft.	1,730	2,540
At 19,500 ft.	1,220	2,050
Time of climb:		
To 6,500 ft.	4.2 min.	2.9 min.
To 13,000 ft.	8.0 min.	5.6 min.
To 19,000 ft.	12.3 min.	8.3 min.
To 26,000 ft.	19.4 min.	12.2 min.
Service ceiling	31,800 ft.	35,700 ft.
Absolute ceiling	32,800 ft.	36,700 ft.
Engine		
Maximum output	830 h.p.	1,050 h.p.
Maximum power height	14,450 ft.	15,580 ft.

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BUFFALO
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CHICAGO
212 Palmer House
CINCINNATI
814 Schmidt Bldg.
CLEVELAND
9 Union Comm. Bldg. Arcade
COLUMBUS, O.
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DALLAS
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DENVER
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DES MOINES
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gas and something called "isopentane." The blend is then seasoned with tetraethyl lead, and there is 100-octane.

It is hard to make but easy to use. The 185,000 planes President Roosevelt says we will have next year will, if flown simultaneously at top power output, use from 27 to 46 million gallons of 100-octane in one hour. We would need between six and ten million barrels of crude to turn out that much. A B-19, the gargantuan experimental bomber built by Douglas, will soak up some 650 gallons an hour all by itself, which means about 150 barrels of crude.

Even so, we are in a fair way to have enough, thanks largely to Oil Co-ordinator Ickes' inspiring capacity for being mad at everybody at once. Last August he asked the oil industry to start doubling 100-octane production and recommended that the powerful blending agents used in premium gasolines for automobiles be reserved for military aviation uses. From there on, he nagged with what seemed characteristic unreasonableness. The harassed industry got its plans all drawn up for the expansion he demanded, was given priorities for twenty-five new plants, and was actually in the process of shooting the works when the Japs fell on Pearl Harbor.

Time for Some Short Cuts

Production has been simplified by development of something called "alkylation," which skips over the hydrogenation—and doubles the yield. Without this heavenly simplification, we probably would be utterly unable to stew up enough 100-octane to take care of the prodigious plane production program we have plowed into.

Ickes, as Oil Co-ordinator, has autocratic authority over the entire industry, which thus far he has shared with the industry in a startlingly efficient manner. He persuaded patent owners to cut royalties, sometimes by half, so that all refineries could afford to come into the program; he prevailed upon the Justice Department to allow pooling and exchanging of patents, processes, facilities and products, in spite of the antitrust laws. These and other gestures by the industry and Ickes mean booming production.

For the duration, our automobile gasoline will probably be weaker. Certainly the high-test fuels will lose some of their zip, because the antiknock ingredients will be sidetracked to aviation gas. But when the war ends, the quantities of 100-octane dripping from new refineries all over the country will shake our daily lives clean down to the sockets. It will make private planes faster, lighter and roomier than ever before; savings in weight may result in the first practical, inexpensive craft capable of taking the whole family. Commercial transports will handle more passengers more comfortably at greater speeds higher up. Air freight systems will carry bigger pay loads at lower rates.

Our private automobile will be reborn a new animal. Premium gasolines are now about 81-octane, regular grades about 75-octane, and third grades about 69-octane. The fastest, most powerful cars today are designed for 82-octane. The best of the postwar cars may well be built for 100-octane. An increase of 20 octane numbers in the gasoline would allow the compression ratios of the engines to be hiked sufficiently to give approximately 12 per cent extra power, 18 per cent less gas consumption when the old boat is wide open, and 26 per cent less when it's at part throttle. Your light car would get 25 miles on a gallon.

The chemical brains which evolved 100-octane are now working on still better fuels. The first batch of a new and intriguing chemical fuel which may permit 50 per cent more power than 100-octane has been produced at a cost of something like $3,600 a gallon. A recent supply cost $35 a gallon, still too much for Sunday driving. But 100-octane once would have set you back more than $500 a gallon; which tempts the experts to predict that some day somebody will find a way of turning out this new fuel for 35 cents a gallon.

Beyond that are still more breath-taking possibilities. Egloff foresees the perfect motor fuel running planes as big as ocean liners, carrying a thousand passengers at tremendous speeds. It all depends on how skillfully the molecules are handled.

BUTCH — **By Larry Reynolds**

"All right, Butch, now you know what an electrically heated blanket is like, let's run along"

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No Bases in Eire

Continued from page 18

artillery, no air force. When, last summer, a German bomber dropped a single stick of bombs on North Dublin more than seventy houses were demolished and thirty persons killed.

In such circumstances, De Valera argues, Eire's entry into the war, involved in surrender of the bases, would mean wholesale massacre of unprotected civilians in cities like Dublin, Limerick, Cork. On top of that there would come, almost of a certainty, a split in the Eire cabinet and Dail, plus trouble with the I.R.A. (Irish Republican Army) and all the disunity and chaos and confusion which Hitler seeks to create among people he is fighting. Whether in the event of such things the ports (which are mostly anchorages) and air bases (which would have to be built) could be used within a year, is doubtful.

Whether De Valera may agree at some later stage to hand over his ports and air bases, I could not learn. What I did learn is that it will be a mistake for Americans to assume that he will do so, or be more inclined to do so, now that the United States is in the war. The visits to Dublin of Mr. Wendell Willkie and of Col. William ("Wild Bill") Donovan were not helpful. The reception given De Valera's Defense Minister Aiken in the United States was even less helpful.

Also, unless I misread Dublin opinion, Irish leaders in Eire today are not much moved by those Irish-Americans who keep shouting advice across the Atlantic, and who seem to imagine that the mark of love for Ireland is hatred of the English. The men I met in Dublin have not much in common with "Come Back to Erin" sentimentalists and ink-pot revolutionaries in New York and Boston.

These Irishmen know in their hearts that a Hitler victory would be a loss for Ireland. They know that even if Hitler were to leave Ireland alone and content himself with destruction of the power and wealth of England, there would be desolation for Ireland just the same. They remember that ninety per cent of all their exports go to England; that a vast part of their savings is invested in British securities; that a collapse of England's banks would bring collapse of Eire's banks; that if the British pound crashes, the Irish pound crashes too. Eire knows, in fact—De Valera is too intelligent not to know—that economically she is tied up with England's life.

No Bases for Germany, Either

De Valera, whatever he may refuse London and Washington (or even Ottawa), will never permit his ports and bases to be used for German attack on England. He gave that understanding when the Chamberlain government surrendered the ports to him in 1938; he has repeated it many times since. I am convinced he will keep his word. Keep it, at any rate, as far as the resistance of Eire's army will permit him to keep it. If German troops attempt to land in Ireland they will be fought. Whether they could be fought successfully by the existing Irish army is another matter.

It is no state secret in Dublin, probably no state secret in London and Washington, that De Valera has tried to get arms from the British and Americans—arms to defend Ireland from invasion. It is equally no state secret that while many of the military leaders of both Britain and the United States were agreeable to giving De Valera what he wanted, the political leaders refused. Churchill and Roosevelt and Beaverbrook probably had their own reasons.

De Valera, I am persuaded, would never use British or American arms against the British. What he wants are arms to meet a feared invasion by the Germans; an invasion that would bring in the British and make a battleground of Eire. And De Valera, I am persuaded further, would not merely meet a German invasion of Eire; he would fight as well if Hitler landed in the North. When last spring the Germans bombed Belfast, De Valera telephoned his Defense Minister at 2 A. M. to clear the highways; that the Dublin fire brigade was going to Belfast. Reminded by his War Minister that this might have some bearing on Eire's neutrality, he said: "Clear the roads; the fire brigade is going." Two hours later the Dublin brigade was in Belfast, saving it from destruction. To De Valera, Ireland is Ireland, north and south, every acre of it.

De Valera, concluding his talk with me, did not ask me to take his word for everything. "I am but the leader of a democracy," he said, "and must be guided by the will of my people. Go out and check the facts for yourself."

Some Stories That Aren't True

I went out and did some checking—checked through British sources in Dublin; talked to Anglo-Irish and Celtic Irish, to Protestants and Catholics, to businessmen and beggars. This is what I found:

It isn't true that the German minister in Dublin has a large staff in his legation and thousands of agents scattered throughout Eire; that he is using them to make Ireland a "back door" through which Hitler can invade England. The German minister—Hempel—has four employees in his Dublin office. He could not have agents throughout Ireland (there is, incidentally, no German population in Ireland) without knowledge of the Irish police. He cannot communicate with Berlin by wireless, mail or cable without his messages passing through British or American channels.

It isn't true that at the demand of the German minister De Valera stopped Irish women knitting for British soldiers, or for Irish soldiers in the British army. There was no such demand; the knitting goes on—and will go on.

It isn't true that the German minister told De Valera that if he sent the Dublin fire brigade to help Belfast again Germany would bomb Dublin. If Belfast is bombed again and needs Dublin's help, Dublin will send help.

It isn't true that German submarines have used, or are now using, remote Irish harbors and inlets to refuel. This story was investigated by the British government (on the invitation of Mr. De Valera) and found to be groundless. Actually, Eire has no oil except what she imports; cannot import enough for herself.

What else did I find? This: That since the beginning of the war 150,000 young Irishmen from Eire have crossed over to England or North Ireland to join the British army. As the population of Eire is about two and one half per cent of the population of the United States, that is the equivalent of an American volunteer army of roughly 6,000,000 men. That De Valera didn't stop enlistments, and isn't yet stopping them, is significant, to say the least. Actually, there is hardly a family in Eire that hasn't a relative with the British armed forces or at work in munitions factories in England.

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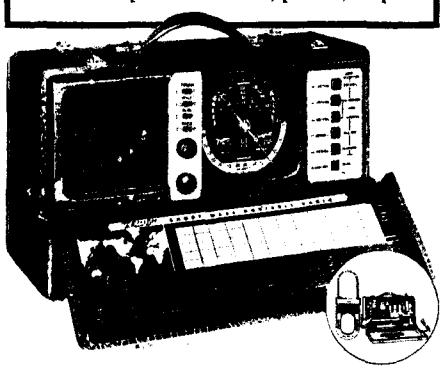

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Munsters and Dublins and Connaught Rangers that once were so much a part of the British military story, smile at the suggestion that Eire's official neutrality is born of cowardice. They point to Garland, the first V.C. of the R.A.F. in this war, a Celtic Irish boy from Dublin; point to Captain Fogarty Fegan of the Jervis Bay; point to one of the current heroes of the R.A.F., Flight Lieutenant "Paddy" Finucane of Eire.

And Eire, her support of De Valera notwithstanding, knows that war shadows stretch nearer to her, knows as well that the Battle of the Atlantic already means much to her. Her tea, coffee, gasoline and tobacco are severely rationed. She lives today on black bread. Her people, without coal, are forced to burn peat, or (as in Dublin) wood at $15 a ton. She knows that Irishmen are cold this winter; that there is hardship in Dublin and Cork and Galway and in her villages and glens.

Eire still has a favorable trade balance. But that balance is being steadily whittled down. Industries can't import raw materials; there is a consequent scarcity of goods to sell and export; and a further consequence of unemployment, and, on top of all, a growing cost of living.

Feels Effects of the War

Dublin, its traditional gaiety in dejection notwithstanding, feels the hand of war. On famed O'Connell Street, down past the monuments to Parnell and O'Connell and Goldsmith and other Irish heroes, sandbags are piled against public buildings, and there are signs to air-raid shelters and posted instructions about air-raid precautions. In the courtyard of Trinity College, students drill through most of the day, and at the National University there are officers' training classes, and green-clad soldiers of Eire stand guard on Dublin's quays and at government offices and the Parliament buildings and before the Bank of Ireland on renowned College Green.

At night, too, Dublin is partially blacked out; partly because there is a scarcity of power, but partly also because a lighted Dublin provides direction for German fliers in bombing raids on England. Coal is so scarce that homes and hotels no longer burn it, and Eire's railways (still owned by British capital) no longer run on time because they must burn the slack from British mines, all that is now available to them. There is still plenty of basic food, black bread and butter and cream and cheese and meat, but a sharp scarcity of tea and coffee and cigarettes and matches and of all luxuries. Dublin women, like the women of Britain, have gone back to cotton and woolen stockings, and the shops of Grafton Street, which is Dublin's Regent Street, present forlorn, empty windows.

At night Dubliners still crowd their theaters, and queues still stand before the Gate and the Abbey, homes of the drama which still outdraw the cinema. But they are far from prosperous-looking crowds; and in the outskirts of the city one meets more than ever those beshawled, furtive old women who tell of Dublin's misery.

Thus the Battle of the Atlantic—neutrality or no neutrality—is Eire's battle, too. They don't talk much about it in Dublin; don't mention, for example, that when the first of Eire's four cargo ships sailed to the United States for wheat it sailed in a British convoy. One reason for the lack of talk is the censorship of the press and radio and cinema.

At the same time, it isn't true that Irish newspapers are compelled to put Berlin's High Command communiqués before British official statements. In Dublin the Irish Times (an Anglo-Irish newspaper that supports De Valera's neutrality policy) and the Independent and Irish Press (the last the government organ) carry war news pretty much as United States newspapers carry it. Two of them carry Reuter's news service, which is hardly anti-British.

What of the I.R.A.? The I.R.A. is a far cry from the old Sinn Fein force that numbered among its leaders intrepid fighters like Michael Collins and Arthur Griffiths and "Dick" Mulcahy and De Valera. It has no outstanding chiefs (most of them, with about 800 of their followers, have been interned) and for the most part is made up of young men barely known outside their own circle. That the I.R.A. would cause trouble for De Valera in the event of neutrality being abandoned can hardly be doubted. To suggest that it represents any wide section of the people of Eire is to suggest nonsense.

There remains Northeast Ulster; the old eternal question of the North and South. In Orange Belfast, in most of the six Ulster counties still under the British flag, the Battle of the Boyne is much more real than the Battle of the Somme; just as in the South, Irishmen still talk of Cromwell and Castlereagh as though they were Mr. Churchill's colleagues. Yet these long memories, a seeming inability of Irishmen to forget, are not the only source of the North-South difficulty. There are economics: the fear of Scotch-Irish Ulstermen that in an Irish Parliament, without partition to protect them, their industries would be swamped.

Socially, apart from politics, the North and South get on famously. The Dublin football club goes up to Belfast and plays before great crowds, and the Belfast team comes down to Dublin and plays before greater crowds. And one night in Dublin I watched the men and women of Belfast, up for the Curragh races, mingle gaily with their southern neighbors in the rotunda of the Shelburne. Yet — politically — nothing happens. Partition remains.

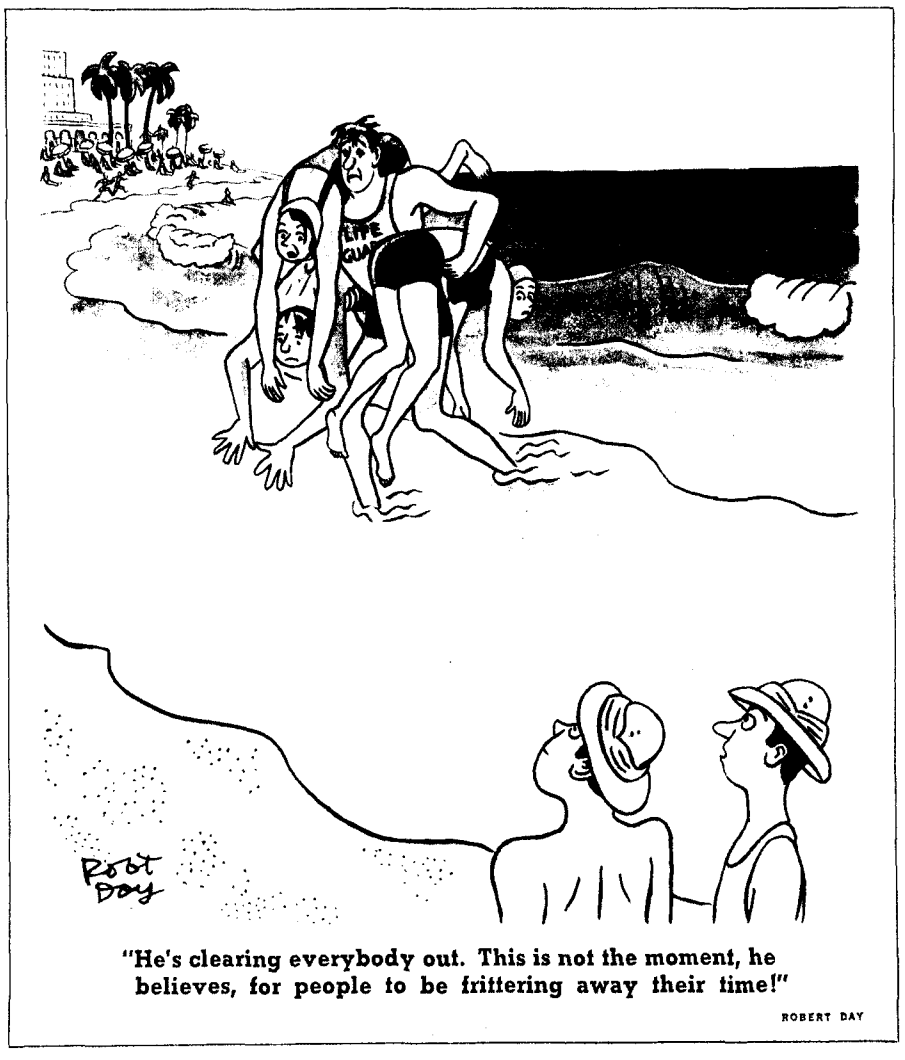
De Valera talked to me at length on this North and South problem. He does not admit that the Northeast Ulster government is an Irish government; points to British control over its customs, income tax and post office as proof that it is a British government—a bit of England still in Ireland. To De Valera this British foothold in Ulster is the chief source of continued difficulty between Ireland and England. He will not admit there is a religious problem, nor that there could be one in a united Ireland.

Union Without Coercion

To support his claim, De Valera points to the fact that Catholic Eire has a Protestant president (Dr. Douglas Hyde); that of five members of Eire's supreme court, two are Protestants; that Protestants are appointed to the Senate, elected to the Dail and promoted in the civil service out of all proportion to their numbers. In a united Ireland Parliament, he argues, Northern Protestants could continue to control their own education and would have ample protection for their legislative interests under proportional representation. But De Valera, for all his passionate feeling that Northeast Ulster should be a part of Eire, will never try to coerce the six counties into union. Union, he says, will come in time.

Perhaps he is right. Whether he is right or wrong, one thing is sure. It is that the end of the English-Irish grudge will not be hastened by interference from outsiders. Americans and Canadians don't understand Ireland or the Irish. They don't understand the people who, while remembering Cromwell and "Bloody Balfour" and jealous of their independence from England, still keep a great monument to Queen Victoria in the rotunda of their Parliament.

As I stepped into the Dublin plane that was to take me back to England I carried with me four convictions: Eamon De Valera will not give up Eire's bases. He will fight Hitler if Hitler attempts to invade Ireland. He will never fight the English. He will give up his bases least of all at the behest of Washington.



"He's clearing everybody out. This is not the moment, he believes, for people to be frittering away their time!"

ROBERT DAY

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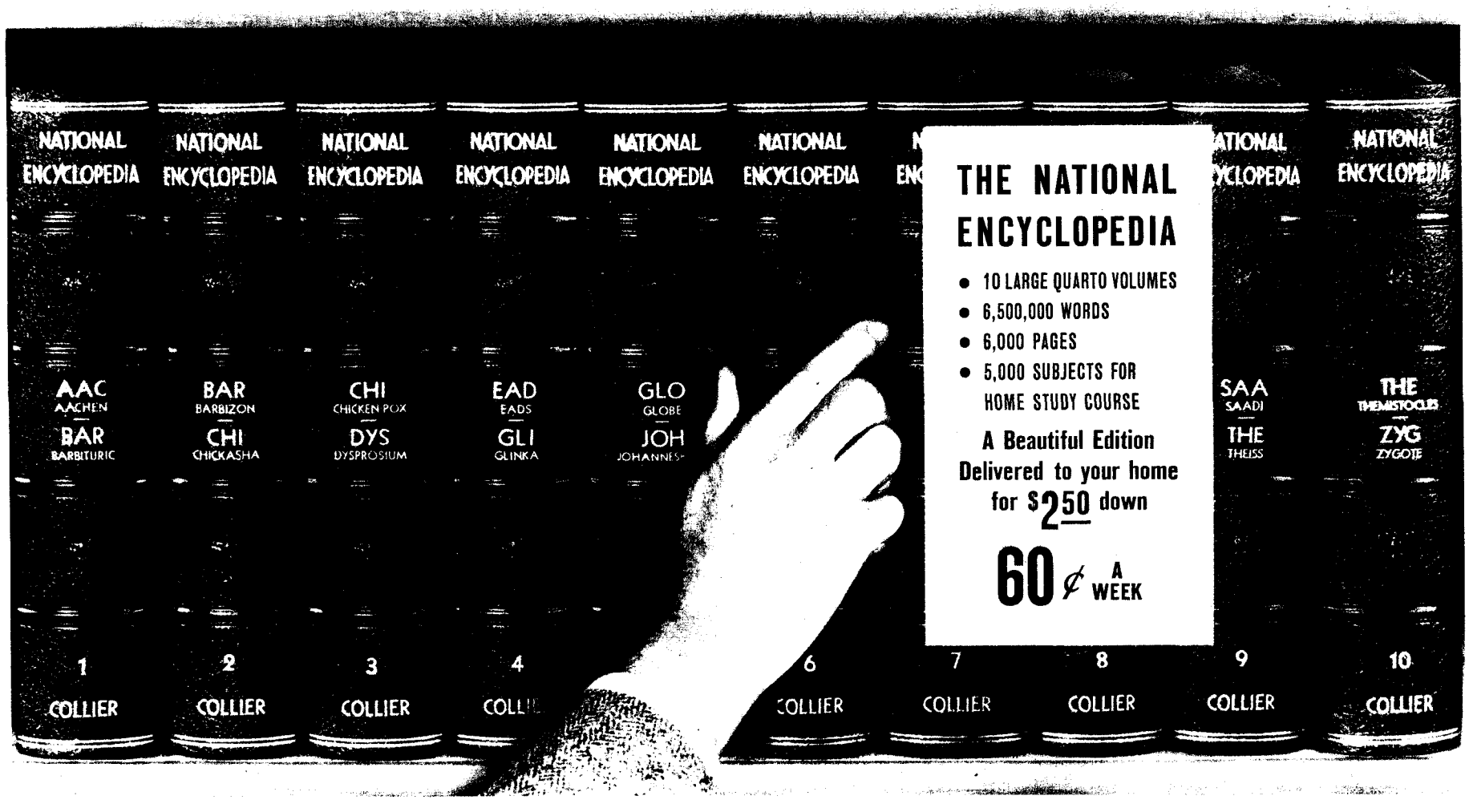

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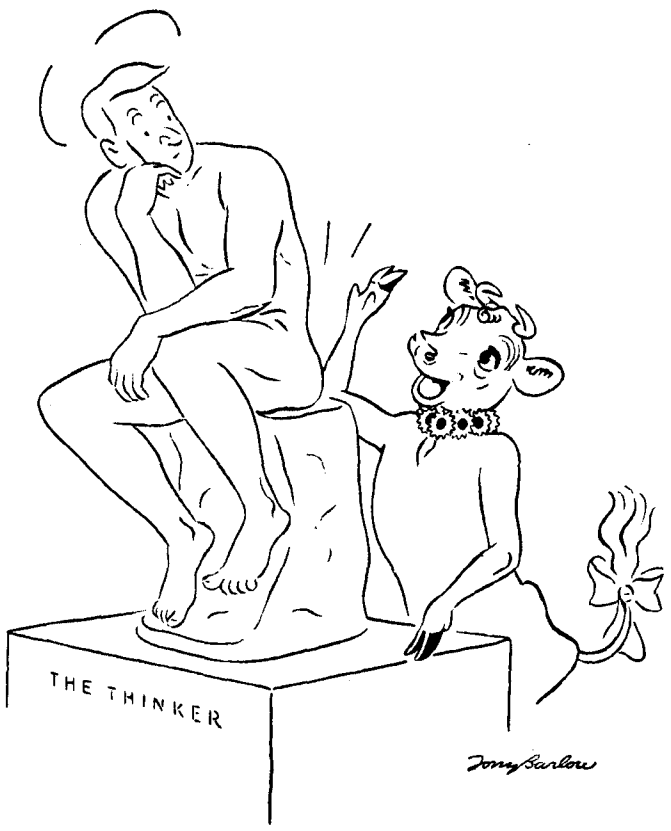

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Western Rampart

Continued from page 13

Let's have a look at Pacific Coast defenses—as far as we can without giving away anything. In the early days of the struggle people thought of an invasion in terms of Jap bombers flying in from the ocean over the Olympic Peninsula, the Columbia River bar, the Golden Gate Bridge or Santa Barbara Channel. Then they began to realize what Army and Navy already knew—that troops might conceivably be landed at hundreds of places, not only on the American shore, but on Canadian, Alaskan or Mexican shores, too.

The Pacific Coast defense line didn't start at the Strait of Juan de Fuca and run south to Tijuana. It started out at Attu, far north and westward in the bitter cold and fog of the Aleutians, and ran thousands of miles down to steaming jungle-crowded beaches south of Panama. It was the longest defense line on earth.

Defending this line wasn't just our job; it had to be a co-operative proposition, with Canada and Mexico and some of the Central American republics helping. There were 5,000 hidden inlets along the coast where a submarine fleet might sneak in and set up small air bases. Suicidal, in the long run, of course, but maybe worth the cost.

Stories That Couldn't Be Told

As a few grim facts of life became apparent to West Coasters there was some grumbling. The Coast thought it was being badly neglected. This thought cropped up in editorials. A typical one, in the San Francisco Examiner, was headed: "California Must Defend Herself." It said: "Certainly, protection of the Pacific Coast is not going to receive any very great attention from the East." This merely said in print what people from Seattle to San Diego were saying in homes and on the streets.

It bothered the Army and Navy a lot, because they were really building up a strong, effective defense, yet couldn't make people believe it. People asked: "Well, okay—what have you got, and where is it?" Of course, nobody could answer without giving away vital information.

Traveling up and down you could see, if you knew where to look, how the defense system was building up. You knew there were guns and searchlights on the hilltops. Out on the gray ocean you could see the patrol boats pitching through the great seas driven by a howling sou'wester. Truckloads of grinning, gun-toting soldiers rolled along—and they made you feel better. They were your own boys and for all their informality and lack of that precision so dear to dictators, you knew they were the world's best and ready to lick their weight in wildcats.

Overhead the patrol planes droned and the big flying cruisers drove through the mists out to sea. You soon learned the silhouettes of our planes, and didn't duck when one came over—and a spouting whale, plowing majestically past Cypress Point, didn't fool you. That wasn't a periscope.

You could see other things, too—the great plane plants, pushing out planes as once Detroit pushed out cars; the trainloads of guns and ammunition rolling down over the passes; the busy airfields, with the trainers circling above. From hills above harbors at night you could see the convoys put to sea, dark shapes against darkness, and you knew we bossed the sea lanes.

Camps, forts and fields filled with troops and were suddenly emptied. Bridges were guarded by soldiers, often whiling away the time with portable radios, the funny papers and girl friends. Armories and halls in cities became barracks. Hilltops were barred by bayonets borne by boys who said: "Sorry, folks y'can't come up—sorry!"

So the Coast, seeing and listening, slowly realized that somebody was doing something; that a great many somebodies were doing a great deal.

Three men—a lieutenant general and two rear admirals—now operate the defense of the Far West. The Navy operates two coastal frontier commands: the Northern, including Alaska, Washington and Oregon; the Southern, which is California. Northern GHQ is in Seattle; Southern in San Francisco. The Army's frontier zone runs from Dutch Harbor to the Mexican border and its headquarters are in San Francisco. All this is public property.

The defense zone starts with a line from Dutch Harbor, through Hawaii and down to Panama. This line is patrolled constantly. Back of it comes the long strip of Pacific, two or three hundred miles wide, bounded on the east by the Coast itself. It would take a hundred destroyers to watch this, but the job is being done by Army and Navy planes, by converted yachts and fishing craft and by a growing fleet of ninety-knot blimps from Lakehurst, New Jersey. Equipped with depth bombs and heavy machine guns, a blimp can spot and deal with a hostile sub like nobody's business.

That pretty well sums up the ocean defense, and it's just a starter. Back of it there is a well-running Army and civilian organization known as the Interceptor Command.

There is little secret about the workings of the interceptor service. It is a combination of civilian and military watchers and listeners, linked by telephone to central stations and airfields. Every oncoming plane is reported, almost instantly, and identified. If it can't be identified, warnings go out and defending planes take to the air; guns and searchlights are manned; first-aid squads get ready, fire fighters stand by.

Where most of the central stations are is no secret on the Coast, but they are all safeguarded and the Japs couldn't get them in a month of bomb-days. Dual phone circuits and message paths have all been set up, and chances for putting the system out of gear are very small.

Some Help from the Folks

One swell angle to the defense plan is the way all sorts of people are working. Take the little fishing town on Santa Cruz, on the north side of Monterey Bay in California. . . . Gentle Sister Madeleine, Mother Superior of the Sisters of Charity, was in France when the Nazis swept through. For a year she has been preaching to people—Catholics, Jews, Protestants—on civilian defense. She has told thousands that, if invasion comes, people must not jam the highways, must not be stampeded by fake broadcasts to flee eastward. The Germans stampeded French civilians in that way, choked the roads with refugees, and so prevented men and guns from moving up. Army and Navy heads on the Coast say Sister Madeleine is worth a battalion of soldiers.

Or take Malio Stagnaro, the dark, laughing Genovasian, who is known as the Admiral of Monterey Bay. Malio's boats, unarmed, have been going out on naval missions into sub-infested waters,

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with Malio paying all expenses. Now he's got Tommy guns on his boats and his fishermen are just aching to use them. They've been fighting sharks for years—and a sub is just a big shark, isn't it?

The much-discussed *Nisei*—American-born Japanese—have committees working through the FBI and Army and Navy intelligence services, trying to ferret out spies and would-be saboteurs.

Army and Navy opinion, expressed privately, about what might happen on the Pacific slope ranged from nothing up to a full-scale invasion and possible capture of the Coast. "Token raids"—nobody quite knows what a token raid might be, but it's a nice mysterious term—were expected, and prepared for. But the fighting forces figured, very soundly, that it was best to prepare for the worst, on the theory that if you are prepared, the worst seldom happens.

This preparation for the possible worst naturally became known to the public and caused some apprehension. Army and Navy would have liked to explain what was being done—how thorough the defense plans were—but they couldn't. Their public relations departments just had to clam up. This, in turn, nettled newspapermen and the situation was none too happy.

Some newspapers started kidding the censorship. It snowed in Tucson, Arizona, early in the year, a fact officially banned from publication for a time. One Tucson paper, however, announced that a "heavy blanket of (censored) mantled Tucson," and ran a long snow story in which every mention of snow was printed as (censored). This sort of thing didn't help relations between the Navy and the papers and, through the papers, the public.

Mountain States papers, incidentally, noting an eastward flow of travel, jeered that the Sunshine State's new slogan was: California, here I go! California papers retorted that the faint hearts would be returning soon with red faces and apologies—and maybe frosted noses. It was just like old times, and newspapers in the cow country in Arizona, Nevada and Wyoming let go with all the swear words they could think of to describe the Japanese.

The Boys with All the Answers

While the states themselves were strengthening their home-guard units—with the usual political palaver—war strategy was being planned in every barroom and cocktail party. Some of the most cockeyed thinking went on, as usual, in Los Angeles' Pershing Square, which is the Hyde Park and Columbus Circle of the Coast. The square is infested from dawn to dark with a cross-section of the Southland's lunatic fringe—and what a fringe! At one side of the park speakers sold Victory Bonds, with the aid of Negro choirs, Mexican orchestras, movie stars and assorted comedians—one of whom told the crowd: "This time the Japs took Manila—but next time the flavor will be razzberries."

Elsewhere in the square little knots gathered around speakers, including peerless thinkers denouncing Henry Ford and the International Bankers in the same breath, reeling off Karl Marx, announcing that all Americans are carnal and move only in the physical, and insisting that the Army do this and the Navy do that right off. Soldiers and sailors wandered around among the speakers, a little bewildered but seemingly willing to leave the grand strategy to General Wavell and Admiral Hart.

Although streetcars and buildings up and down the Coast were plastered with placards admonishing war workers and fighters to "Serve in Silence," human nature spread around a great deal of information—and misinformation. Any intelligent spy might have pieced together a reasonably accurate picture of the Pacific Fleet by keeping his eyes and ears open, but the order evacuating enemy aliens from certain Coast areas soon put a stop to that sort of thing. Code breakers in the Army and Navy intelligence were onto most of the secret communication stuff anyway and very little got by.

Trouble with the average Coaster, and what caused his misgivings, was that he saw only a tiny section of the defense picture. The whole picture eluded him, mainly because it was designed to elude the Japs, which it did very successfully.

The Civilian Air-Raid Watchers Service, for example, was even more secret than the Army. Groundwork for the service was laid two years ago, by men and women of high mentality, technical ability and—above all—close mouths. In Coast cities today many men complain their wives and daughters won't even tell them where they're going to watching duty. All their prying questions get are cold wouldn't-you-like-to-know? looks. Most such husbands never will believe again that a woman can't keep a secret.

Weeks Instead of Years

Truth about Coast defense in the West is that Americans, in the Army, the Navy, in defense services and individually, did in two months what it would have taken any other nation a year to accomplish. On December 7th, last year, 10,000 miles of coastline were almost wide open to invasion. The invasion wouldn't have been permanent, but it was possible.

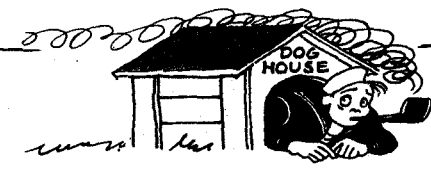
It was no small job to build up the whole vast, intricate system of Coast defense from very little to a very great deal, in a few weeks. It took brains and energy and men and materials, but it got results. Naturally, there was trouble here and there. The worst thing, as we have seen, was the inability of the fighting forces to reassure people that things were being done, and consequent wonderment on the public's part concerning whether *anything* was being done. Nobody, newspapermen included, quite understood why, if a submarine torpedoed a freighter off Point Lobos, you couldn't say so, when reporters on Bill O'Donnell's Monterey Herald had seen it. Things like that.

What really happened on the Pacific Coast was a major disturbance in the lives of ten million Americans, plus Canadians, Mexicans and Latin Americans. From a feeling of safety and solidity suddenly they all felt unsafe, uncertain of the immediate future. The cunning and ability of this thing that had disturbed the pattern of lives were overrated, as the mysterious always is.

Because it wasn't possible for the Army to come out and say we have ten 5½-inch antiaircraft guns here and we can snake them around at fifty miles an hour and blast hell out of a Jap air attack; or for the Navy to say we have so many ships patrolling and so much stuff here and so much there—because it wasn't possible to tell the public how it was being guarded the public suffered.

Today people feel better because, secrecy or no, they know there is a vast amount of war material on the Coast; because there are men to operate it; and because back of these there is a trained civilian force and out in front there is naval strength adequate to handle what may turn up. . . . When you have said these things, you have said all you may.

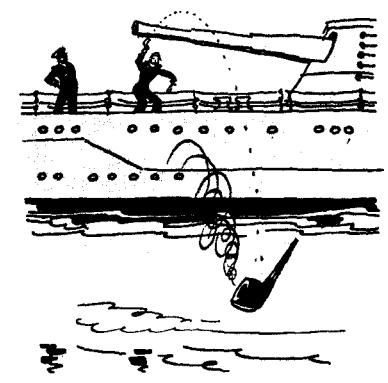
Meanwhile, as long as an Oakland garbage boat can ram and sink a submarine—who's worrying?



SAILOR SMEDLEY'S PIPE WAS DEADLY

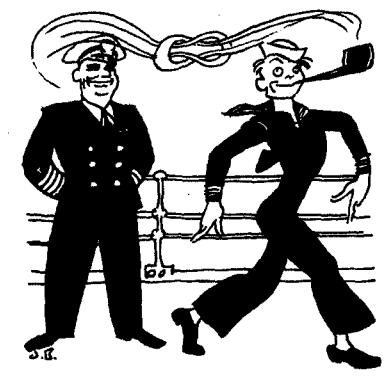
—but he's out of the dog house now!

"SUFFERIN' CATFISH!" roared the Captain. "Haven't anchored next to such a smell since we grappled a dead whale off Nova Scotia. Heave that dang-blasted pipe overboard!"

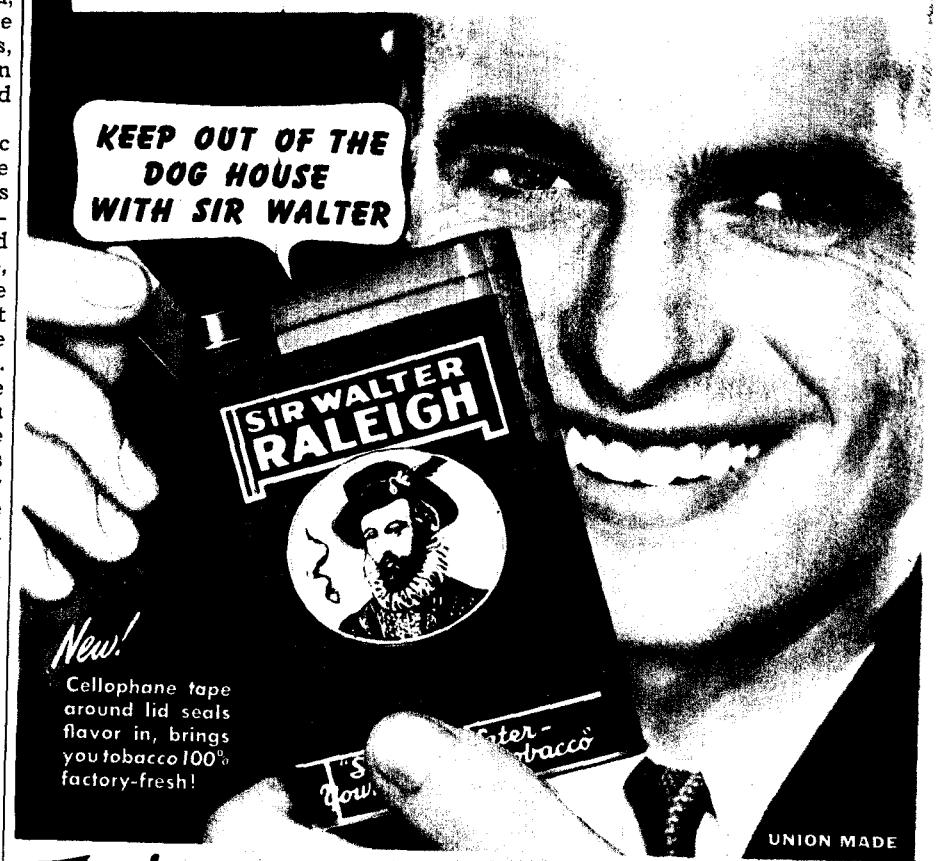


"GOOD RIDDANCE," barked the Old Boy. "An able-bodied seaman like you ought to realize that a *popular* pipe not only tastes right to you, but also *smells* right to the *next* man."

SCUTTLEBUTT GOSSIP soon spread the story of Smedley's set-to with the Skipper. One and all agreed he better switch without delay to that Navy favorite—Sir Walter Raleigh.



NO, SMEDLEY DIDN'T get to be an Admiral, but he won a grin of approval from the Captain next day. Ever tried this mild blend of fine burleys? It's mellow. It's fragrant.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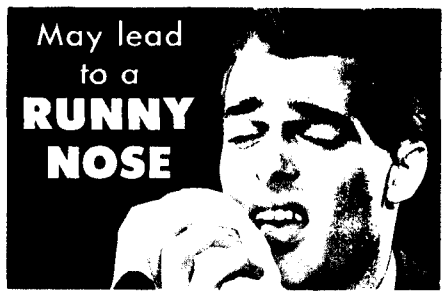

Plowing through snow and slush with cold, wet feet lowers temperature. Such a disturbance of your body's heat-regulating mechanism *reduces* the blood supply of your mucous membranes—*increases* their mucous secretions. Your nose first feels dry, then runs copiously.

You can fight this symptom of a cold by helping nature normalize your foot temperature quickly. Rub your cold, wet feet briskly with Absorbine Jr. This active linimentation stimulates your circulation more quickly than rubbing alone. And, as a fresh supply of warm blood flows through your feet, that cold, clammy feeling disappears.

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HEINZ MUSTARD
2 KINDS—BROWN AND YELLOW

MAKES GOOD MEATS TASTE BETTER

Paris Model

Continued from page 21

tower. She will find that tower and ascend it to the very top."

Louis Roussel, the blond and bald papa, took this lightly enough and must still be wondering about it. When he repeated the prophecy to Michele when she was eight and in a better position to recognize a silver tower, he said:

"Ha, ha! An amusing thing happened to you once, Simone, when you were a little girl . . . A fortuneteller . . ."

It got no laugh out of little Simone, the future Michele; and if you want to retain her friendship, you will do well not to speak lightly of the affair even at this late date. She believes in it. Admittedly, it has changed her life. No matter what others may think of such things, she believes in them and follows them.

When she was fifteen she took direct action in seeking the silver tower. She left Dieppe, where the family was spending the summer, and ran off to Paris to become an actress. By reason of some pressure, she shanghaied her brother Paul, aged thirteen, into the expedition. When they reached Paris, a trifle dazed, they thought of nothing better to do than go out and see their grandmother, who lived near Neuilly. Grandmère notified Papa, and Papa went up so high he knocked three valuable bits of glass off the chandelier.

"Send them back!" roared Papa, and they were on the next train. They were met by Papa, who took assorted whacks at them when he got them home, but that didn't cure Michele. She went on a hunger strike and almost drove the old folks mad, this being a serious reflection on the efficacy of conventional French rearing. After four days it was a matter of forcible feeding, death or surrender. Papa compromised.

No Trouble at All

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll let you go up and live with Grandmère and go to dramatic school in Paris. But don't ever get the idea that you forced us to do it."

She spent two years at the school of René Simon in Paris and studied posture, voice and attended classes in dancing of the Isadora Duncan type. She developed something of a lyric soprano but what mattered was that, for a tall girl, she could walk through a door without falling on her nose. That meant that somebody in the films was eventually going to see her because screen actresses were not easily to be found in that great metropolis.

Acting in France had previously been confined to the formal schools, with the Comédie Française exercising the greatest influence. A girl who went through that routine and stuck with it twenty years would eventually get the part of a maid in something by Moliere. Fifteen years more and she would be ripe for ingénue roles. By the time she was ninety she might easily be a star.

The French screen people realized they were never going to get anywhere against the American competition with a passionate biddy of Grandma's age acting as lure, so they were looking feverishly around. Respectable French families have their own ideas of cavorting females and while the young ladies aren't kept behind a grilled window, à la Valencia, they also weren't to be found down at the Village Bloat with their faces in a banana split.

"Come on," the producers said to M. Simon plaintively, "give us a look, won't you?"

Simon dragged out what few available samples he had on hand and it was a cinch for Mike Morgan. A look was enough; they didn't care how she acted.

During the next three years she did twelve pictures, most of them with the great Jean Gabin. The one best known here is the Port of Shadows, in which Gabin crunches bread and talks and crunches a bit more and talks and finally kills a guy who is bothering Michele. Between times there was an interlude in Germany where Miss Morgan did two pictures and was so popular that when she attempted to leave the country after the Hitler forces occupied Paris she was met at the border by a telegram saying that the Germans would be better pleased if she *didn't* leave. The border guards solved that in tactful fashion by failing to open the message until she was over the border into Spain. Mr. Gabin followed soon after.

"Miss Morgan has been linked with Mr. Gabin romantically," says the press gentleman at RKO, "albeit she is tight-lipped about the matter."

She is also cagey about her height, wanting to be known as five feet three, although the records insist on keeping her at five feet six. She weighs 105 and would like to gain about eight pounds. She is nuts about popular American songs and will, on occasion, burst forth with Some of These Days. She has fallen hard for the American hot dog.

Much of Michele's present uncertainty arises from her fear of saying or doing anything that might affect her family in France. The filming of Joan of Paris, which has to do with the modern Joan who saves her country from the investing forces, has caused great trouble for her. Not long ago a New York column printed the news that Michele's Paris agent, Madame Tual, had warned her that appearance in the film would result in action against her mother and other relatives. Michele said nothing but went ahead with the production headed by David Hempstead.

Miss Morgan is really something new in Hollywood personalities. What she will do after she is established and has finished her American education is a matter for conjecture. She has taken out her first papers; she was so thorough in preparing for her motor license that she learned how to tear down and put the car together again before taking the test.

Michele has a wide mouth and high cheekbones and looks very simple and naïve off-screen and the vampiest dame in the world in the flickers. She drinks no wine, likes to take long walks in the country and inaugurated her career in Hollywood by sitting in the grandstand at the Great Dictator première and asking for autographs of the celebrities.

A Promising Future

She doesn't smoke, swims very badly, hates stews (both culinary and personal), can't ride a horse and dislikes all sports. She thinks gambling is a bore and always gets sick on a boat. She is punctual, orderly, purposeful and earnest. She has no preconceived ideas about men; in fact, she doesn't seem to give a hoot about them.

Also, after that European experience, she can act. There are experts who swear that she will be the greatest of all the importations. If she sticks to her acting (and just try to pry her away from it) she is likely to amount to something.

Anybody could make up a corny joke about Hollywood and that silver tower the fortuneteller prophesied.

"Have you ever found that silver tower, Miss Morgan?" Mr. Interlocutor will ask.

Miss Morgan will point a trembling finger at a handsome edifice across the street.

"I—I think that is it, Mr. Bones," she will say, hopefully.

"No, Miss Morgan, I am sorry; but you are mistaken. That is not the silver tower; that is the Temple of Repast, specializing in barbecued ribs, nutburgers and shoes-half-soled-while-you-wait."

"It is heaven to me," Miss Morgan will say in a pure and muted voice, and Mr. Interlocutor will give a slight noise in his throat and fall into a decline and Joan of Paris will do even better at the box office. This is called Kismet.

"There goes the alert. As an air-raid warden I'll have to order you off the streets!" GENE STANLEY

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Masquerade in Miami

Continued from page 19

slacks and walked out on the lawn. He dropped into a steamer chair and relaxed. He meant to read, but the book lay unopened in his lap. Florida was that way: It sort of grew on you. You could go there tense and tight and jittery from overwork and overstrain; you'd spend a few days battling to make every moment count . . . and then you'd begin to relax: slowly at first, imperceptibly. But the persuasive warmth of the sunshine would get you, the air of indolence, the feeling that today was the same as yesterday and tomorrow . . . and you'd know that you finally had found the tranquillity you sought.

He didn't hear the approach of Sunny. Her voice sounded from above and he looked up into amused blue eyes. His thought at that moment was, "What an amazingly beautiful creature. . . ." As often as he saw her, and as intimately, she never failed to affect him that way. Hers was the type of physical perfection that a man likes to look at and to think about. "Ol' rockin' chair got you, hasn't it?" she said, and he answered, "It begins to look that way."

She pulled up a lawn chair and seated herself, but he retained the impression that she wasn't staying . . . that there were other things on her mind. She accepted a cigarette, lighted it and said, "I hear you caught yourself a sardine."

He spread his arms as far as they'd go. "Ten times that big," he lied. He eyed her with approval. "You look niftier than usual. What gives?"

"Shopping. Then lunch with that Foster girl."

Alan veiled his eyes quickly, and tried to make his question casual and impersonal. "With whom?"

"Gail Foster. You met her that night at the Cristobal Club. She's a reporter on a magazine."

"Oh . . . *that* one. Neat little trick."

"She's pretty as the devil." Sunny was invariably generous in her appraisal of other women. "I'd swap what I've got for what she has any day in the week."

He said deliberately, "You'd lose on it, wouldn't you?"

"Nope. She's pretty, but really class. What I mean: she'll have it when I've lost mine. And she's smarter than Information Please."

He arched his eyebrows. "You talk as though you'd been seeing a great deal of her."

"I have. Her and Marcia Saxon . . . the dancer." Sunny came through with a burst of characteristic frankness: "Marcia, I get. We're both show business, we talk the same language. But this Foster gal . . . darned if I can figure what she sees in me."

She glanced at a tiny jeweled wrist watch and jumped to her feet. "I'm late again. Be seein' you." She waved as she started off. "Be sweet to Chuck."

ALAN watched her until she reached the car which Lincoln had brought around from the garage. They drove through the gate, and Alan settled back in his chair.

He did not see the dilapidated old car which stopped just outside the gate. He did not notice the stranger who got out, glanced about uncertainly and then saw Alan sitting alone in the sunshine.

The man's uncertainty vanished. He walked across the lawn with swift, easy strides. While still a score of feet away he called cheerfully, "Hello, Mr. Hartley."

Alan's senses responded to the alert signal. He stared at a man whom he had never seen before. The stranger had a strong face which was definitely not good-looking. He was, perhaps, forty years of age. He had the hard, compact build of the trained athlete. His simple summer-weight woolen suit indicated a man in average financial circumstances. He wore no hat, and Alan saw that his sandy hair was getting thin in spots. He came forward more quickly. His big, calloused hand was extended. He said again, in his big, booming voice, "Hello, Mr. Hartley." Then he grinned and said, "Hiya, Lew—it's good to see you again."

Alan was on guard. Here was the sort of thing he'd been dreading. This man was a stranger to him. He had walked confidently into the grounds, which indicated that he felt he had a right to be there. He had addressed him twice as "Mr. Hartley" and then as "Lew." Obviously it was somebody Alan—as Lew Hartley—was supposed to know.

THE stranger stood off and eyed Alan critically. He was a warm, genial personality. Friendly as a pup. He said heartily, "You look good, Lew. Right in the pink."

"Here's a man Lew Hartley knows," thought Alan. "He must be an inferior because he started off calling me Mr. Hartley. But he's using the first name now. I can't bluff it out. If I talk to him, I'll be sunk; not a chance of getting away with it. I've got to keep my mouth shut. Maybe I'll make the wrong guy mad, but that's better than upsetting the applecart."

Alan rose from his chair and looked levelly at the stranger. Nice chap . . . sort of fellow you liked instinctively. And he seemed so glad to see the man he thought was Lew Hartley.

The visitor talked on cheerfully: "Never seen you look better. You sure musta been takin' swell care of yourself." He put his hand on Alan's arm, as though to feel his biceps.

Alan hesitated, but only for an instant. He did something which he loathed . . . but which was the only thing he could do under the circumstances.

He jerked his arm away. He snapped, "Take your hand off me."

The stranger dropped his hand. His cheeks flushed. Then he laughed—though there was more doubt than mirth in the laughter. He said, "Since when did you get to be a kidder, Mr. Hartley?"

Alan said, "I'm not kidding."

"But look . . ."

Alan kept his words harsh: "Who invited you in, anyway?"

The big man with the big shoulders shook his head. He was obviously bewildered. He said diffidently, "I figured you'd be glad to see me, Mr. Hartley."

"Well, I'm not. So get out."

A mantle of dignity settled over the stranger's shoulders. His voice came, slowly, carefully:

"You're sure you're not tryin' to put the rib on me, Mr. Hartley?"

"I said 'Get out!' On your way."

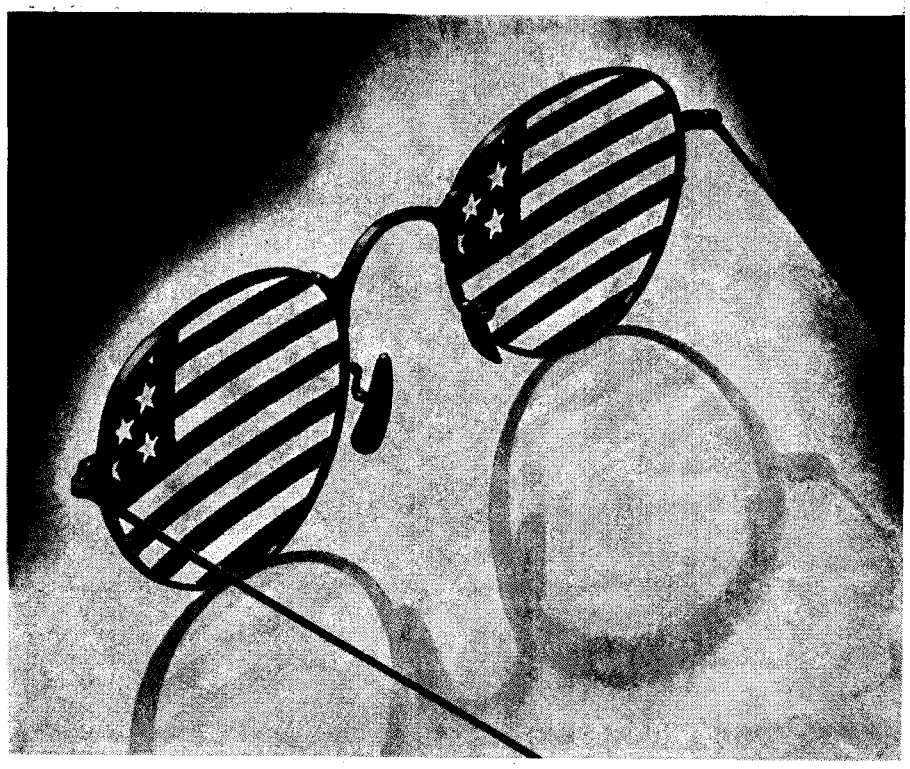
Now the stranger believed what he heard, and Alan saw anger begin to show in those level, honest eyes. He said, "I don't get it, Lew. I don't get it at all. And I don't like it."

"I don't care whether you like it or not."

The stranger said, "And I'm tellin' you one more thing. Another crack outa you and I'm goin' to spread you all over this pretty lawn."

This was the rotten part of playing Lew Hartley: acting like a heel when you weren't a heel at all, insulting peo-

Look through these glasses at everything you buy



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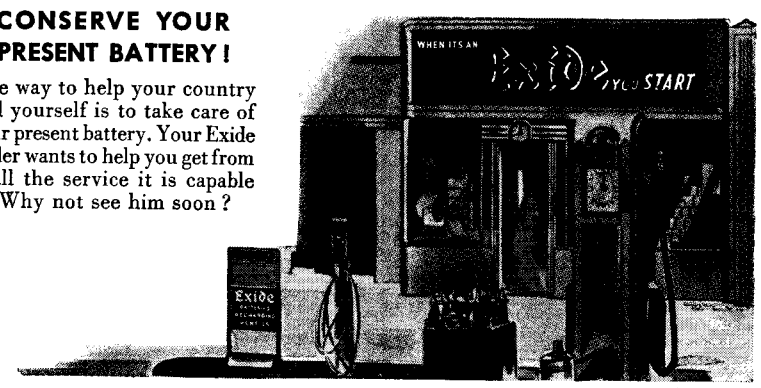

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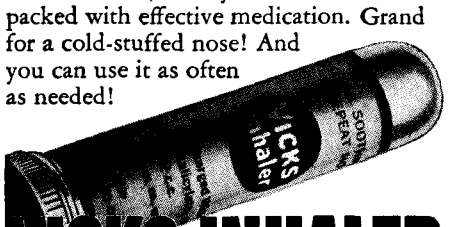

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ple who couldn't do anything about it. But this man . . . Alan felt like applauding. He had a definite dignity and his anger was justified. Alan hadn't the faintest desire to be punched in the nose, but he wouldn't blame this fellow if he turned one loose. "He'll likely take a swing at Lew Hartley," thought Alan sardonically, "and I'll feel the pain."

He glowered at the stranger. He reminded himself that he'd become a pretty good glowerer these past few weeks. It would have been funny if it hadn't been so embarrassing. Then he realized that he couldn't just stand there staring at the compact, broad-shouldered man who was getting madder by the minute. So Alan turned and started for the house.

The stranger followed. He said, "I don't savvy, Lew. And I don't like it, either."

Alan continued to walk away. Then he looked up and saw Chuck coming out of the front door. He breathed more easily because he realized that Chuck had caught enough to make him understand. He brushed by the dangerously quiet little bodyguard and said, "Get him away from me," and then he continued into the house.

Chuck walked toward the other man. He said, "Hello, Jimmy."

"'Lo." The big man was frowning and his fists were still clenched. He said, "What goes on here?"

Chuck took the other man's arm and turned him toward the gate. He said, "Lew's sore as a boil this morning. Let's scram."

The man called Jimmy fell into step beside the pale gray bodyguard. He was still furious, and he didn't care who knew it. He said, "I never seen Lew act like that."

"You wouldn't know him these days."

"I'll say I wouldn't. Look . . . what's the answer?"

"To what?"

"To him being like that. We was friends, wasn't we? Sure, I always knew he was sour . . . but that never went for me. I never seen him act like that . . ." There was the thought that seemed to stick. "I sure never did, Chuck. I never seen him act that way."

"He was all steamed up about something else."

"Yeah . . . ? So it still looks funny: Lew tellin' me to get outa here. It just doesn't fit."

Chuck made a gesture. "You never can tell about a guy like him, Jimmy. Nowadays he just goes around biting."

"But not me, Chuck. He ain't got no call biting me. It doesn't add up like Lew Hartley. I know Lew pretty good. That didn't seem like Lew at all."

THEY were at the gate now. Chuck propelled the man named Jimmy toward his battered jaloppy. He said, "Take it easy, Jimmy. Lew'll cool off." Chuck lighted a cigarette. "When did you roll in?"

"Yesterday. I figured Lew would be glad to see me. So I come over . . ."

"How long you gonna be around Miami?"

"Rest of the season, maybe. I'm staying at a little jernt in town . . ." He gave the name of a third-rate hotel. He climbed into his car and sat there shaking his head. "It wasn't like Lew at all," he said. "I got Lew doped out pretty good. That ain't the way he acts. . . ."

"Be yourself, Jimmy." Chuck was trying to shrug it off. "He got you all hopped up, that's all."

"Uh-huh . . ." Jimmy stepped on the starter and waved to Chuck. "Yeah . . . maybe . . . But I still say I never seen Lew act like that. . . ."

Chuck moved thoughtfully back toward the house. Alan was waiting for him inside. He said, "I feel lousy, Chuck. On the level, I do."

Chuck said, "You must have slapped it to him pretty hard."

"I had to. It was somebody I never heard of. I knew he was an acquaintance of Lew Hartley's . . . and that was bad. Who was he?"

Young Mr. Williams jerked his hand upward. "You acted okay," he said. "That was a guy used to work out private with Lew about four years ago. In New York. You know, come around and give him exercises and box with him and stuff like that."

"I see. . . . That was why he started off calling me Mr. Hartley and then shifted to Lew. . . ."

"Sure. A man's personal trainer . . . he's different from anybody else in the world. He used to shove Lew around a lot: bark at him and make him do things. Well, that made him different."

Alan said, "I hated it."

"Sure you did. But that's the way it had to be. And he won't bother you any more. He's mad enough that he won't come back, and that's plenty all right by us."

Alan shook his head as though to rid his mind of the thoroughly distasteful episode. He said, "What happens this morning, Chuck?"

"I'm driving over to meet Wayne Hamilton. Alone."

"That's clear enough. I'll stick around here."

"But close. Don't let no more guys sneak up on you."

"I'll try." Alan changed the subject: "How long will Mr. Hamilton be here?"

"Long enough."

"You mean you don't know—or you won't tell me?"

"You figure it. Anyway, he's here in time for lunch. He'll start calling the shots then."

CHUCK drove off a few minutes later in the sedan. He was doing a lot of thinking, and he was still thinking when Wayne Hamilton stepped off the train in Miami. They got in the car together and started off. Hamilton—trim, correct, distinguished-looking—commenced asking questions:

"How's our boy scout, Chuck?"

"Okay."

"Things running smoothly?"

"No."

Hamilton cast a quick glance at the impassive face beside him. "What does that mean?"

"It ain't as simple as you and Lew doped it out. Things keep turning up."

"What sort of things?"

"You remember Jimmy Conley?"

"Conley . . . ? I can't say that I do."

"Physical director. Ex-pug. He used to come around and give Lew workouts. Big guy . . . kinda nice."

"I remember."

"Well," stated Chuck, "he turned up this morning."

"Where?"

"At the house. Walked in the driveway. Douglas was there alone."

"Where were you?"

"Inside. And don't gimme that kind of a look. You can't be holding a guy's hand every minute."

"All right, Chuck. What happened?"

"Conley tries to be friendly. The kid don't know from nothing, so he plays smart. He nearly bites Jimmy's ear off. When I come out the house, Conley is about to slug him."

Wayne Hamilton smiled. "I'm glad to hear that Douglas came through all right."

"He didn't," stated Chuck flatly.

"What do you mean?"

"He played his part. It just wasn't good enough."

Wayne Hamilton waited.

"This Conley—he used to push Lew around. You get to know a guy pretty good that way. By the time I got him out of the grounds, he'd started thinking."

"Thinking what?"

"He was beginning to get ideas. Smart ideas. He was saying that he couldn't figure it; that Lew wasn't that sort of a tomato, that there was something funny about it."

"That's natural. When a man's been friendly and then suddenly starts biting your head off . . ."

"Take it that way if you want, Mr. Hamilton. But that ain't how it figures out. This here Conley ain't no dumb bunny."

"Meaning . . . ?"

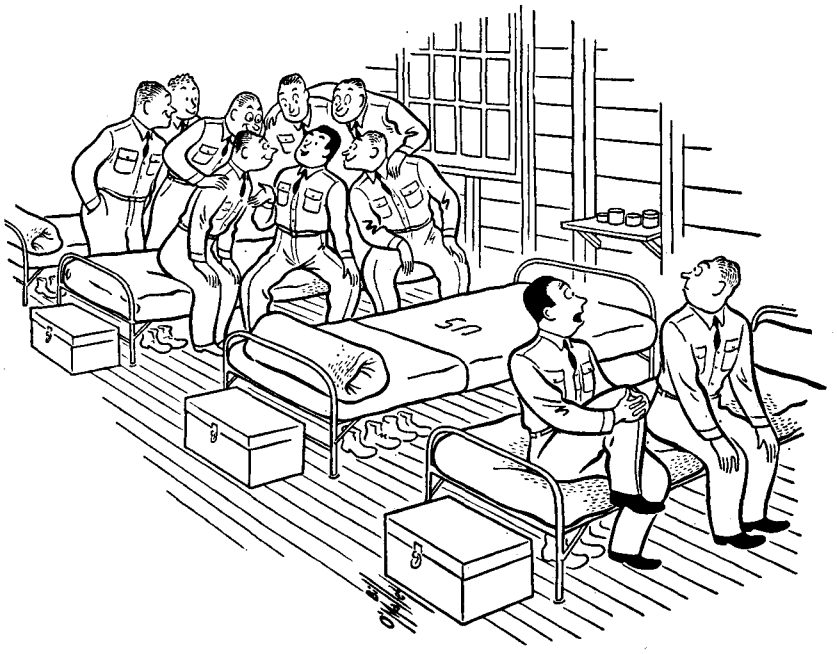
"Something didn't smell good to him. A bird like that starts thinking, you got to be careful."

"You mean he's likely to carry on from here?"

"Could be. Conley doesn't take that sort of stuff laying down." Chuck tapped the steering wheel with his strong, slender fingers. "We don't want nobody thinking too much about Lew, Mr. Hamilton."

"I suppose not."

"So I've told you. From now on, it's your headache."



"All they ever talk about day after day, week after week, month after month, is the same subject—parcheesi!"

BILL O'MALLEY

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"You think it's dangerous?"

"It ain't good. What's more, Conley's sticking here for the rest of the season. He ain't gonna leave things lay."

Wayne Hamilton was silent for a long time. Then he asked, "Do you know where Conley is living?"

"Yeah."

"Would he go out with you?"

"Sure."

"Could you make it look like an accident?"

"Easy."

Hamilton sighed. "I don't like it, Chuck. But that's how it seems to shape up. We can't take a chance."

"Tonight?" questioned Chuck impassively.

"The sooner the better. But be careful."

"I'm always careful."

They let it drop there. They rolled into the grounds of the Hartley estate and Lincoln Jones, the chauffeur, carried Hamilton's bag up to his room on the second floor.

THE afternoon was pleasant enough, and Alan actually enjoyed dining at home, thanks to the fact that Chuck Williams was absent. Sunny Ralston was in a gale of spirits, Wayne Hamilton was a charming, witty, sophisticated guest. They went out after dinner and dropped in at a couple of clubs which —as Hamilton explained—would have been the natural procedure had the real Lew Hartley been in Miami.

No serious topic intruded on their evening. It was apparent that if Hamilton intended to discuss things with Alan, he preferred to postpone their talk until the next day.

Alan slept well that night. He was awakened by a beaming young Negro bearing a heavily laden breakfast tray. Alan said, "You certainly look happy this morning, Sam."

"Yassuh . . ." Sam grinned from ear to ear. "Contentment is the one thing I ain't got nothin' else but."

"Something special?"

"No; 'tain't special ezackly, Mistuh Hartley. But it's mighty dawggone good. The white folks Zinnia works fo' . . . Zinnia's the gal Ise ma'ied with . . . well, they been askin' her would she like to go nawth with them when the Miami season was ended."

"And is she going?"

"She ain't said fo' shuah, Mistuh Hartley. But Ise gittin' myse'f a big supply of optimism. Me an' Annie bofe."

"I imagine she'd like to go north," Alan said.

"Yassuh, Mistuh Hartley. 'Cause it's like this . . ." Sam struggled to make his point. "A wife is a awful nuisance when a man is courtin' a gal."

Sam vanished. Alan picked up the morning paper which had been on his tray.

He read the war news and the news from Washington. He glanced at the sports pages. Twice he passed over a story on an inside page. His eyes didn't happen to catch it, and it wouldn't have meant anything anyway.

It was a simple, rather undramatic routine story of strictly local interest.

It told of the finding of a man's body by the side of a lonely road southwest of Miami late the previous night. The man, whose skull had been crushed, was identified by cards found in his wallet as James J. Conley of New York. He was described as about forty years of age and plainly dressed.

There being no evidence of robbery, it was presumed that the skull fracture might have been caused by a hit-and-run driver. The whole thing was regarded as an unexciting and unimportant accident, to be chronicled briefly and swiftly forgotten.

Alan did not even read the item. Even if he had, the name James J. Conley wouldn't have registered.

He couldn't possibly have connected the dead man with the person who had walked in on him the previous morning. There was no reason why he should.

And there was certainly no reason why he should suspect that Jimmy Conley had been murdered—or that Chuck Williams was the murderer.

ONE afternoon in mid-February a telegram was delivered to Mr. Joel Kent who lived in a trim little house on Lindbrook Drive, Westwood Village, California. The telegram was signed "Robert" and Mr. Kent recognized that as the code signature for Wayne Hamilton.

Mr. Kent, who looked not at all like Lew Hartley, drove all the way to Pasadena to send his answer. And that answer, signed "Charley"—which was also code—notified Wayne Hamilton that their meeting would be at a certain hotel in Atlanta, Georgia, three days hence.

So the man who had been Lew Hartley until he became Joel Kent, and who was—for the purposes of this trip—traveling under the alias of Charles B. Harrison, flew east, checked in at the luxurious Atlanta hotel and contacted his lawyer, who had preceded him. Lew went to Hamilton's room. Hamilton said, "It's still a miracle, Lew. You aren't you at all."

Lew nodded. "Greer did a good job."

"You look ten years younger and entirely different. Maybe it's the fact that the scar has disappeared and you've shaved the mustache. . . ."

"Greer says it's the nose."

"And," finished Hamilton, "perhaps it's also your manner. Has cordiality been very hard to learn?"

Lew Hartley looked down at the attorney who had calmly appropriated the more comfortable of the two easy chairs. He said, "Let's get something straight before we begin. For years you've been riding me. Personally I think it's a case of little dog barking at big dog. It has been your way of proving to yourself that you weren't afraid of me. I never liked it, but it did amuse me. Now it's not funny any more." His voice took on an edge. "So drop it!"

Wayne Hamilton started to say something, then changed his mind. He satisfied himself with, "I'll be nice, Lew—if that's what you want."

"That's what I want." Hartley lighted a cigar and inhaled deeply. "What's wrong in Miami?"

Hamilton said, "Plenty."

"Little Rollo gumming up the works?"

"No. We figured right on him. But there are other angles. Important ones."

HARTLEY waited. He'd tried to change himself since becoming Joel Kent, but he couldn't teach himself to waste words.

Hamilton spoke: "You remember Jimmy Conley?"

"Conley . . . ?" Hartley frowned, then his forehead cleared. "Oh, sure. Used to work out with me. Yeah, I remember."

"He showed up at the Beach the other day." Hamilton gave details of the visit. Lew Hartley listened impassively, his brain racing behind shrewd brown eyes. When the lawyer paused, he said, "Not so good."

"Very bad, Lew. It was one of those things that couldn't be foreseen. It happened once, and it could happen again."

"Where's Conley now?"

"Chuck took care of him. Neat job. The papers played it down. Said it looked like the work of a hit-and-run driver."

Lew nodded. "Chuck's smart."

"Yes. But I don't like the way things

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are going. There are bound to be other people like Conley . . . folks whom we couldn't possibly remember. And Chuck can't keep on killing them off."

"Right." Hartley eyed the other shrewdly. "What else?" he asked.

"Something. Maybe you won't like it. It's Sunny."

"So-o . . . ? "

"She's fallen for Douglas."

"Two-timing me?"

"Maybe."

Hartley smiled coldly. "What difference does it make? I've seen the last of her anyway. She doesn't know that—but it's true. She and Chuck are being adequately taken care of under my will. But they won't know where I am or what I look like. So if she wants to have her little fun . . ."

Hamilton said, "It's more than that, Lew."

"How much more?"

"I don't believe Sunny is fooling. I think she's really in love with Douglas," Hamilton said.

Lew Hartley shook his head. "You don't know Sunny. She'll never really love anybody except herself. She's no softie."

"I didn't say she was." Wayne Hamilton was talking crisply, as though it was very important for him to make his point. "In one way, Lew, she's tougher than you are. She didn't turn a hair when this scheme was cooked up. It was all right with her to be an accessory . . . provided she was being provided for and protected. But somewhere under the Florida sunshine our young lady has commenced to sprout a heart."

"What does it add up to?"

"More than you know, Lew. Did you ever suspect that Chuck Williams was in love with Sunny?"

"Chuck Williams? Why, no. I never thought of Chuck having any emotions." Hartley's cigar had gone out. He lighted it again with meticulous care. "Looks to me, Wayne, as though you've gone romantic all of a sudden. Sunny's in love with Alan Douglas. Chuck's in love with Sunny. Who are you in love with?"

Hamilton shrugged. "Play cute if you want, Lew. Maybe Greer lifted your brains as well as your face."

BUT Wayne Hamilton needn't have worried. Hartley was impressed and deeply concerned. There were many things about his lawyer that he didn't like personally, but he had implicit faith in the man's keenness. He said, "What's the slant on Chuck and Sunny?"

"Chuck," explained the attorney, "has apparently always been overboard about Sunny. But he never thought of trying to cut in so long as she belonged to you. It wasn't honor or ethics . . . Chuck wouldn't know what they meant. It was simply that it was a setup he understood and didn't try to barge in on.

"But from what I can gather, Lew—Douglas changed everything. Here was a guy who looked like you but wasn't you. Sunny fell for him. Chuck is sore about it."

Lew said, "What could he do? Get mad and rub Douglas out?"

"Yes."

"Where do we lose on that? They still identify the body as Lew Hartley."

"It isn't that simple."

"Why not?"

"We don't want Chuck mixed up in your killing. We don't dare to shift from our original idea that Chuck was to do the job, but in such a way that he wouldn't be connected with it. Not that we have any particular love for him, but because they'd make it tough on him if he was picked up. Maybe he'd talk and maybe he wouldn't: you never know what a man will do under the third degree, you never know how much real guts a lad like Chuck Williams has got. When they crack—they crack wide open. It's a chance we promised ourselves not to take."

"Sounds sensible," said Lew. "Keep on talking."

"Chuck's usually under control, but I'd lay twenty to one that when he loses control, he goes all out. Let him run into Douglas and Sunny at the wrong time, and he'd probably blast away and do his thinking in jail. You're an important man, Lew. The police would give your killer a stiff going-over." Hamilton drew a long breath. "But even that isn't as important as the Sunny setup."

"How do you figure that?"

"Sunny knows that Douglas's number is up. Being in love with him . . . it's logical that she doesn't like it."

"So . . . ?"

"The weakness in our plan, Lew—is that a single word to the police would crab everything. We know that, and Sunny knows it, too. If she's as crazy about Douglas as I think she is—she might say that word."

Lew lifted his long, muscular figure out of the chair and walked up and down the room. He said, "Things should

"I wish you would telephone when you're bringing guests for dinner!"

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be about ready in Miami anyway, shouldn't they?"

"Just about. You've been seen everywhere. There wouldn't be any question that if Alan Douglas were killed—the body would be identified as you."

"Then what are we waiting for?"

"The right time. The right circumstances."

"That would seem to be now. Tell Chuck to go ahead."

Hamilton shrugged. "I'm not taking the responsibility, Lew."

"What does that mean?"

"It was always important for this to happen right. Now it's twice as important. I'm willing to cook up the scheme with Chuck, but I want your okay on it."

"You've got something in mind?"

"Yes. I want you to come down to Miami."

LEW HARTLEY made no attempt to conceal his surprise. He said, "I don't get it."

"It's simple enough. You show up down there, take a suite in a hotel, register as Charles B. Harrison, and stay in your rooms. Nobody will see you, and even if they did—there isn't a chance that you'd be recognized. You'll be right where I can put my finger on you. You've got a clear brain on this sort of thing. I trust you more than I trust myself, and certainly more than I trust Chuck. I won't give Chuck the word until you've said the scheme is solid. I'm sticking my neck out far enough as it is."

"I see . . ." Lew knew that there was no use arguing. He summed things up. "It's got to be soon. If you've guessed wrong . . . we don't lose anything. If you've guessed right about Sunny . . . she still isn't a fool."

"Meaning . . . ?"

"Sunny might go a long way to keep Alan Douglas from being killed," stated Hartley. "But once he was dead—she'd keep her mouth shut." He stared at his lawyer. "You're sure this new face makes me safe?"

"I wouldn't take the chance if I didn't think so."

"Suppose Sunny saw me? Or Chuck?"

"It wouldn't mean a thing. Besides, you're not leaving your hotel. A man named Harrison checks in, stays a few days, and checks out. While he's there Lew Hartley meets with an accidental death. There isn't any legal red tape because everybody knows it is Hartley."

"Sounds safe enough."

"It is. And don't get me wrong, Lew. I'm laying this thing right back in your lap. All this stuff I've been telling you happened recently. Before we ever get back to Miami, a lot more might have happened. What we decide now might not fit by the time I got there. I can't keep telephoning you long distance about stuff like that. It's too dangerous. That's why you've got to be on the spot. When we get things doped out, I outline 'em to you. If the scheme has bugs in it, you'll be more likely to see them than I will."

Lew said thoughtfully, "The original idea we had is no good?"

"Maybe. I don't know. We never figured on a Chuck who might lose his head or a Sunny who might get hysterical. You dope it out, Lew. From now on, it's your party."

Hartley spoke. His voice was flat and emotionless: "I'm playing it your way."

"What's the program?"

"We go to Miami immediately. I'll register at the Palmtree as Harrison."

Hamilton said, "You're being smart, Lew."

"Maybe." Lew Hartley drew a deep breath. "I'm going down there for one reason. We've got to get Alan Douglas killed off in a hurry."

(To be continued next week)

The Road to Gettysburg

Continued from page 28

The words rang in Little Ax's ears: "A home wind and it's on our side." Jackson once had told him that a good soldier made allies of the elements. He leaned against a tree and stared at the sky. There was no moon and the south wind was herding little clouds into a big cloud and driving it north. The big cloud hid the moon and protected them. It was an omen to Little Ax. He was a farm boy and had all the superstitions of boys who lived close to the land.

His company was silent, broodingly silent. Then one of the soldiers said, almost in a whisper, "Cap'n, what are we doing here? What are we fighting for?"

"For Marse Robert," said Henry the Creole quickly.

"What's Marse Robert fighting for?"

"For Virginia, you loon."

"What's Virginia fighting for?"

"For Marse Robert."

"That's bat-brain talk," the questioner said. "I don't care nothing about Virginia. I'm from Alabama. Little Ax is from Mississippi. Our folks don't own no slaves. Don't but two men in my county own slaves and they're Whigs and compromisers. So what we fighting for?"

Little Ax said, "Because they jumped us."

"But we jumped them first."

The captain was stumped. He had never given the causes of the war any thought. He couldn't allow a question like that to go unanswered, but he had no answer. He thought for several minutes, then said slowly, "I don't know what we're fighting for, but we're fightin' for som'n. Bound to be. Take that south wind, now. We're fighting for it because it's our wind. . . ."

"But folks don't fight for wind. . . ."

"Our kind of folks do," Little Ax said.

That wind suddenly brought the sound of a bray from the south and then the echo of moving feet and clanking chains. The captain cocked his ear. "They're moving. The Yanks are going som'rs."

"Let's get out of here," Henry said.

"Stay where you are," Ax commanded. "They're leaving enough men to hold the roads and enough to watch for us."

A BRAY sounded to the south again, then another. "That's it," Ax said. "That's what I was listening at. Hear it? Them ain't Yanks."

"Course not," Henry said. "Them's mules. The Yanks must be moving some men and supplies on a little foray. That's all."

Little Ax snickered. "If the Yanks beat us it'll be because we figured them as fools. They've learned a heap about war in two years. That's a foray, all right, and Yanks never use mules on forays. You can't trust a mule in a raid. He'll bray and give you away."

"That's so," Henry said. "That's what Forrest said. Horses are the only things to use and them ain't horses."

The captain adjusted his sash and cocked his hat to a rakish angle. Even though his men couldn't see him, it gave him confidence. He moved quickly among his company, giving orders: "You, Carl. Take two men and scout to the south. Joe, scout to the north. If

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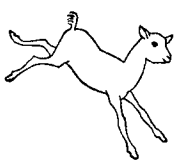

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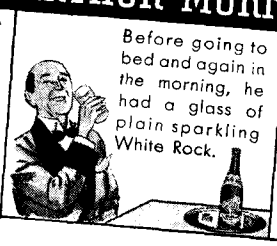

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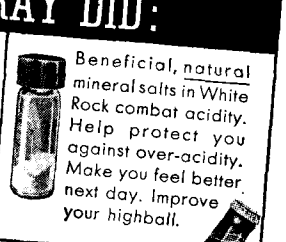

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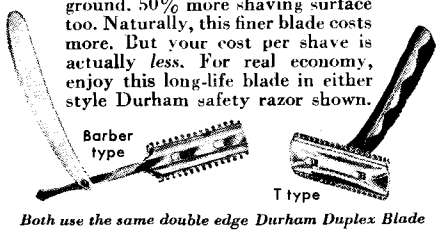

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you get lost, give us a catamount cry and we'll call you in. Take only knives and don't use 'em unless you have to."

When the scouts were gone, Ax walked away from his men. He wanted to be alone, to think. Henry approached him and whispered, "What are they if they ain't Yanks? Germans?"

"That's my idea," said Ax. "Maybe some of von Steinwehr's boys. Or Schimmelpfennig's. I hope so."

"Me, too," Henry said. "Then we can cut our way out. It'd be bad to get hung by Yanks, but I ain't going to let no German bounty soldiers hang me."

The Confeds didn't understand about the Germans in the Yankee Army, but they knew the 11th Corps was filled with them. One story had it that Germans had flocked to the North and had sold their services to slackers. They were a boastful lot and fought only for loot and bounties. The Rebs hated them with a blind, merciless fury.

The Cradle Company was with Jackson at Dowdall's Tavern during the Chancellorsville campaign when the Confeds, outnumbered three to one, routed Schimmelpfennig in a lightning thrust. The Germans complained that they were tricked, not defeated, and their commanders whined to Lincoln that Southerners were uncivilized butchers who fought an unorthodox lightning war, a blitzkrieg that wasn't in the book of rules. Lincoln told them to put it in the book that Americans played for keeps.

IT WAS after ten o'clock and all the company was sleeping except Ax and Henry. The cry of a catamount rolled up on the south wind and Ax whispered, "That's Carl." He answered the cry and directed his scouts to the rendezvous.

"Germans," Carl reported. "To the south and north."

"You are a German, huh?" Henry asked.

"I'm a Georgian," Carl snapped. "Brunswick, Georgia. My people came from Brunswick, Germany, but they came over before your folks came from France or Spain or wherever they came from."

Little Ax spoke sharply, "No fussing. What else, Carl?"

"These woods are in a valley, you know. They are blocking each end. There's a creek to the north and a bridge, but there must be a jillion soldiers there. No chance of slipping out."

Henry said, "Let's jump 'em. Let's don't give 'em a chance to jump us."

Little Ax said, "We ain't going to give 'em nothing except steel."

The south wind rustled the plume on his hat. The wind from home was blowing stronger.

He sent for Sam Weathersby, the youngest of the company. He was fifteen and half Chickasaw. The Chickasaws were the best woodsmen in the South. As they walked away, Ax said, "Sam, as I remember this valley by daylight there is a strip of oaks down the middle. Find it."

Sam was gone less than an hour and reported that the oaks ran to the north end of the cut and that the strip was about a hundred yards wide.

"What kind of dew will we have tonight?" Ax asked.

"There'll be a heavy dew and the morning will be cloudy."

The captain aroused his company and set them to digging wide, shallow trenches on both sides of the strip of oaks. It was obvious to every soldier that they were building fire breaks, a job the farm boys understood and did quickly and well.

Then on either side of the breaks they piled heaps of leaves and twigs at regular intervals until a row of piles crossed the valley, missing only the strip of oaks.

Gone was the familiarity between the boys and their captain. They were soldiers again, grumbling at hardships but obeying orders without question.

It was about four o'clock when Little Ax assembled his men. "Daybreak's a-coming," he said. "And I want to talk to you. I reckon every one of you hammerheads know how I aim to get out of here."

"Sure, Captain," said Henry. "You aim to burn your way out. It's as plain as the nose on your face."

"That's fine. That's what I want the other side to think. But we ain't going to do it. We're going to cut our way out." He gave his words time to sink in.

The boys shifted from one foot to the other, each too timid to speak at first, fearing his comrades would question his courage. It was Henry, the captain's best friend, who finally said, "If that's how it is, then that's how it is. But, Captain, them Yanks, I mean Germans, are thick as ants in a stump. It's all right for the folks back home to think one of us can whip ten of anybody else, but it don't work in a fracas."

Little Ax squared his shoulders and pulled himself up to all of his five feet five. "You'll have help. You'll have fire on your side, and a south wind, and me and my brains."

One of the boys mumbled, "Some day a grasshopper is going to kick his brains out."

Little Ax let his command grumble and fidget for several minutes then said, "I knew you'd be with me. Now, somebody's going to get hurt. If you get caught, you'll be hung higher than Haman. And Yankee young'uns will poke sticks at you. They'll laugh at you and say Southerners ain't nothing but yellow-bellied cowards."

They were country boys and they'd believe anything about Yanks. Their captain whipped their emotions into a froth, then spoke slowly, "We came north as a company to do something for Marse Robert, and we're going out as a company." Brave words and pretty words, and a lot of them, are dear to Southerners, and Little Ax knew it.

"If you get hurt going out, we can't stop to help you. If you get cut down, stay where you are and fight. If you lose your knife, bite 'em. If you lose your teeth, spit on 'em. Make 'em kill you. Don't let 'em hang you. They are worse than Yanks. They are Germans. They burned in Virginia and looted in Tennessee. Remember the story of Little Lily of Louisiana."

Little Lily, the story went, was assaulted by an enemy soldier and killed. There wasn't a word of truth in it, but thousands believed it.

The mere fact that no German corps participated in the invasion of Louisiana had nothing to do with it. Little Ax belonged to a new school of warriors, the American school of Forrest and Sherman. The school contended that war was neither honorable nor glorious, and that the humane thing to do was to win quickly by making use of every weapon available—fire and famine, propaganda and spies. Already, the war had produced weird weapons, ironclads and breech-loading guns, balloons and submarines, trenches and hand grenades.

Little Ax knew of those weapons and believed he had discovered another. A soldier's soldier, he always remembered one thing that most men forget—that every so often armies devise superior offensive weapons, but that the defense eventually will find a way to stop new tactics and weapons, if it can hold out long enough.

The captain waited until a streak of dirty gray inched up the eastern horizon. The wind was brisk and a heavy dew covered the tops of the little brush piles. He called three men to him, Henry the Creole, Carl the Brunswick Georgian, and Joe the Italian. Cautiously, he instructed them:

"Take fifteen men each and spread across the valley. When you hear me reciting combat orders, you take 'em up. I'll go through the manual in American, but you give orders in French, German and Italian. Speak loud enough for your voices to carry. I want the enemy to hear you. It'll mess 'em up. Confusion is the oldest strategy in the world. Joshua used it."

He gave his words time to register, then continued, "Fire as fast as you can to the *south*. Move around as you fire. After four volleys, light them brush piles. The wind from home will do the rest. Any questions?"

"Yes, sir," Henry said. "Our rapid fire might hold them fellows at the south for a bit, but when we light them fires them fellows from the north end will jump us."

Little Ax paced back and forth for a minute, pleased at the opportunity to strut. "You're forgetting one thing. Them fellows are Germans. They ain't learned how to live off the land yet. When they see them fires blowing toward 'em, they'll think of their supplies. That'll be our chance."

The soundness of the plan delighted Henry and he began pacing, imitating his captain. "It'll work," he said. "We'll hold the north end by fire, blast the south end, then cut through there."

Ax's tone was cold: "I'm making the plans. We ain't going through the south end. We're going *north*."

Henry, Carl and Joe, too dumfounded to speak, just gaped at Ax. His plan was madness. Even if they got through the north end, they'd still have Yankees between them and home. Ax saw the confidence go out of their eyes, so he said, "What's the one thing they'll reckon we won't do?"

"The damn'-fool thing you're talking about," said Henry bitterly and without regard for Ax's superior rank. "Hitting north when we want to go south."

"That's how come I aim to do it," Ax snapped. "And don't fret about getting back through the Yanks. Remember what Forrest said: 'If you can't get through, go 'round.' Now to your posts."

IN THE shadows of the dawn, the boys scattered to the trees and formed a thin line across the valley. They spoke only in whispers and about the things soldiers usually talk about before a battle. One boy grumbled about wet powder, another complained of a blister. And they all were hungry. Soldiers are always hungry.

Little Ax waited until the line was ready, then gave his first order: "Handle cartridge." His little band removed cartridges from pouches, puzzled as to why their captain was going through the manual at such a time. Carl and Henry and Joe took up the commands in their native tongues. The boys who didn't understand the languages knew the manual so well that they followed orders automatically.

"Tear cartridge," Ax barked. Each soldier tore off the paper with his teeth. "Charge cartridge." Each poured powder into the barrel of his gun, jerked the ball from its paper protection and inserted it in the muzzle. "Ram cartridge." They rammed the balls down the barrels. "Prime." They jerked the hammers to half-cock, put new caps on the nipples and were ready to fire.

"Fire low," Ax commanded and a sheet of yellow flame blazed through the woods as the volley ripped into the bounty soldiers. The Rebs moved two steps to the side and fired again, then two more steps and another volley.

The action dumfounded the immigrant soldiers. The fire was so rapid that they thought a battalion had attacked. They knew the Rebs didn't have a battalion north of them, therefore it must be their own men. And hadn't they heard orders in German? Then in French and Italian? Bounty soldiers! Only the North used bounty boys. Their

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comrades at the north end must be attacking the Cradle Company.

They hugged the ground and didn't return the fire. Then there was a lull and while the south-end soldiers awaited orders from their bewildered officers, fires suddenly broke out in the woods.

The Confeds darted through the forest, lighting the brush heaps. "Use powder to make 'em burn," Ax passed the word along. "Use all your powder. Then smash your guns. We'll use knives."

The damp leaves on top of the piles poured out a blinding, sticky smoke. The wind caught it and moved it up the valley. Quickly, but without confusion, Ax rallied his men under the oaks. Farm boys and familiar with forest fires, they knew what to do. They ripped strips from their shirts, wet them and tied them around their faces.

"Follow me," said Ax. "If you see a man bigger than you, knife him."

The wind from home was doing its chore. It enveloped the valley with smoke and fanned the flames toward the bridge. The strip of oaks was free of fire, however, but was hidden in smoke.

THE Rebs ran straight for the bridge. A handful of soldiers was guarding it. The Butcher Boys went for their bellies, then their throats, and the bounty soldiers died without a struggle or a scream. Moving like phantoms through the smoke, the Confeds slipped through the ranks, then turned west and dashed for a swamp that bordered the creek. The Germans, blinded by smoke and bewildered by the lightning thrust, organized as quickly as possible and began wheeling their supplies out of the path of the fire. The south wind, however, blew a shower of sparks into a powder wagon and the explosion blew a gap in the ranks. Utter confusion swept the German line and it fell back to get its breath and its sight. Ax led his men to the heart of the swamp. The fire couldn't reach there and only wisps of smoke hung over the morass.

Twelve of his men were missing. He was counting his company when Joe sloshed through the mud and reported: "Henry and Carl are back there. They captured 'em."

"Alive?" Ax demanded.

"Yes, sir. The smoke knocked 'em out. I saw the Yanks grab 'em. They'll hang 'em, sir."

Ax swallowed the lump that came to his throat and blinked his eyes quickly. His men might think smoke caused the tears, but he wasn't sure. He called Sam, the Indian half-breed. "Lead us out of here. We must go west. Around the flank, then south to Maryland."

Joe forgot himself and grabbed his captain's arm. "You ain't going to leave 'em back there? Let me go get 'em. If you won't go, I'm going."

Little Ax knocked the hand from his arm and fingered his pistol. "If you start back, I'll shoot you," he said coldly. He glanced around at his men and knew their thoughts. They didn't question his courage, only his humanity. But Ax was a soldier's soldier and his command came first. He knew his conscience never would allow him to forget that he had left two friends to be hanged. He must live with his conscience and it would plague him to his grave. His men were watching him.

"Single file," he said. "Five paces apart. Break step. We are going out Indian fashion. Follow me."

The column moved off through the swamp as silently as possible. Joe was sullen and the other boys were sad. Little Ax turned to Joe and said, "The South needs every man. To risk your life for a comrade is noble, but it's poor warfare."

Concealed in the swamp, then in a wilderness, they marched for hours before Ax halted them and Sam scouted. The half-breed whispered to his captain, and they moved on. At twilight, Sam scouted the country again and reported.

"We've flanked 'em," Ax said. "But we can't stop until we get to Maryland."

"We ain't et since last night," one boy grumbled. "We can't walk forever on empty bellies."

"You can walk until you drop," Ax said. "And if you drop you stay there."

His men hated him then but marched on. It was after midnight when they crossed into Maryland, and a detail raided a farm. Ax wouldn't let his company stop to eat, however, until they were safe among rocks on the side of a hill, and sentries were posted. Then they stuffed and slept.

The sun was over the hump at the world's end, the south wind had died away and a north wind was blowing up when Sam waked his captain, gripped his arm and whispered hoarsely, "Listen."

The earth was trembling. Little Ax scrambled to the top of a boulder and looked down the valley. A wave of gray was sweeping up from the south.

"Marse Robert," Ax said reverently. "The Army of Northern Virginia. She's on the march. She's aiming for Pennsylvania. Marse Robert is ready to jump 'em."

Joe shook his head slowly. "I don't like it, Ax. Look at that army. Some of 'em's straggling, and it ain't like *that* army to straggle."

The captain formed his company, ragged and filthy and armed only with knives. And they marched down the hill. Their comrades saw them coming and began singing, "Rock-a-bye-Baby." Little Ax spied General Lee on Traveler and was marching toward him when an orderly stopped him.

"Hold on, you bloody biddy," the orderly laughed. "You look like you been killing rabbits in a brier patch."

"I have," Ax said. "I'm Captain Alexander Xerxes Trowbridge of the 13th Mississippi, Barksdale's Brigade, McLaws' Division, Longstreet's Corps. I'm reporting to General Lee."

"Report to your immediate superior, you cub."

"But I must see Marse Robert. . . ."

The orderly said firmly, "You can't see Marse Robert. He ain't got time to listen to young'uns."

LITTLE AX hurried to Barksdale and when he saw his commander his emotions overwhelmed him and he began sobbing. After all, he was only eighteen. Barksdale understood the tears and let the boy weep, then congratulated him.

"Please," Little Ax said. "Please take me to Marse Robert."

"What's eating you, sonny?" Barksdale asked.

"I must see General Lee. He mustn't go this way. To the east, maybe, but not this way. There are roads for the Yanks to move on and hills to fight in."

Barksdale said, "The general makes his own plans."

"Yes, sir." Tears welled in Ax's eyes again. "But for God's sake tell him what I said. There's a fringe of hills just north a bit. And the village of Gettysburg. Even the bounty boys can defend them. Please tell him. . . ."

Barksdale scowled. Several officers had cautioned Lee. This boy was substantiating the opinion of many old soldiers. Yet, Lee couldn't be wrong. The idea was fantastic. So Barksdale smiled and told Ax, "Outfit your men as best you can and join your brigade. And don't fret about this army. Nothing can whip us now."

Little Ax said, "Yes, sir." It was almost a whisper. Then he turned away. A strange foreboding was gnawing at his heart.

To Every G-E Man in the Armed Services

REMEMBER what we told you when you left to join the Army, the Navy, or the Marines? How proud we were of you. How, while you were doing your part, we'd be doing ours by providing the weapons for you to fight with.

Well, that goes double today! For we've been remembering that promise—especially since that first Sunday in December. And we've been trying to do something about it.

If you ever think of us back at General Electric—and we hope you do—you'll probably remember us as we were when you left. Then we were all talking about "defense." We *thought* we were busy: new buildings were going up, departments were being changed over to "defense" production, we were proud of the growing percentage of G-E production that was going into "defense" materials. We still think we were doing a pretty good job—for then. But we wish you could see us now—now that we're building for WAR!

When we talk to you who are out at the front facing the real thing, we realize that anything we can do seems pitifully small. But we do want to tell you, in all humility, that we're in there trying. And the fact that we're producing weapons for you—you whom we've worked beside and know—is an extra incentive, if that's necessary.

There are more than 125,000 of us now in the General Electric family—a lot more than when most of you left. There will be more yet, even though an increasing number will be leaving to join you in the harder and more dangerous job.

We say *G-E men* and women. But we have a broader concept now—bigger than any one company or person or job. For you and we, all of us, are above all *Americans*, buckling down to the biggest job we or anybody else has ever tackled. That's the way we feel about it. And we wanted you to know. *General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.*

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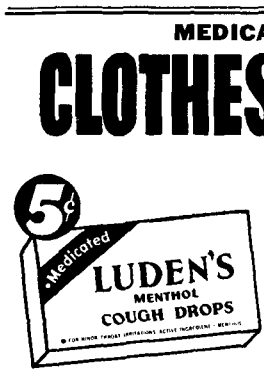

Cold make breathing difficult? Nose feel "clamped in a clothespin?" Put a Luden's in your mouth. As it dissolves it releases cool menthol vapor—which, with every breath, helps relieve clogged nasal passages, unclamp "clothespin nose!"

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The Civilian Defense Mess

"THE 5-day week is out," said F. H. LaGuardia recently, in his dual capacity as Mayor of New York and Co-ordinator of Civilian Defense; and so saying he ordered his city departments onto a 6-day-week basis. It proved to be a useful idea in a few of the offices. In the majority of them, the boys and girls took to sitting around Saturdays trying to look busy and boiling inwardly with resentment.

To us, the incident lighted up the whole mess into which civilian defense has fallen as this is written. LaGuardia, for eight years a fine Mayor of New York, has made a poor fist of his second, or federal job. Like the hysterical people whom H. G. Wells describes as godsakers, LaGuardia feels called on to force a lot of municipal workers to go through a lot of waste motions. That feeling infects the civilian defense setup from top to bottom—the feeling that everybody in it must be doing something all the time, and doing it with loud outcries and great displays of energy, useless though the performance may be and often is.

The trouble is that civilians by and large are not trained for defense. Civilians should be wardens, airplane spotters, first-aid workers, etc., etc., at a time like this; but they should be directed by military men. And the military men should have adequate authority to enforce discipline in the civilian defense organizations, and particularly to weed out fuss-budgets, flibbertigibbets, exhibitionists and social climbers.

These people now clutter up the defense groups badly, getting under the feet and into the hair of sensible members, and threatening to turn into a catastrophe any bona fide war emergency that may strike anywhere in this country. And, Congress to the contrary notwithstanding, these people will go on doing the same things to civilian defense until the military takes over.

Bring On that Sales Tax

WE'VE said this before, but it is pertinent to say it again: How about dropping the hypocrisy and adopting an out-and-out federal sales tax on all manufactured goods for the duration, with the possible exceptions of the plainer processed foods and the cheaper grades of clothing?

It is estimated that a 4% sales tax would produce $1,000,000,000 a year in revenues. Any fair way to raise such a sum ought to be utilized.

There is a contingent which feels that the sales tax is unfair; that it weighs more heavily on the poor than on the rich. This same delegation, however, can tolerate individual sales taxes with a smile—taxes on liquor, cosmetics, toothbrushes, fountain pens and myriad other specified articles —just so these taxes are called by some name other than their right name, which is sales taxes.

Cities and states for years past have had various sales taxes, and they have proved excellent revenue raisers, and there has yet to be a sales tax rebellion anywhere. The heavy thinkers' thoughts on the subject don't percolate to the people who pay the sales taxes, and who don't mind it when they know the money is being used legitimately.

We have no more important job in sight than to do our part in winning this war. And a big part of that job is to get up enough money during the war to keep inflation under some kind of control and to avert a postwar debt which will crush us all. A general sales tax is an important means to that end.

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY — Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH — Managing Editor
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A Generation of Scouting

A GENERATION is reckoned roughly as 30 years; and the Boy Scout movement in the United States is 32 years old this spring.

We well remember the circumstances of its birth—how radicals of the 1910's, '12's, '14's, used to roar that it was either a plot to militarize American youth or a plot to train up a lot of Anglophiles: how some parents liked the idea while others mistrusted it; how most boys wanted to join and some did; how Scouting grew gradually through the years.

The Boy Scouts of America is a big concern now—about 1,500,000 members—and, what is more to the point, it may be destined to play a large part in the war that is upon us.

Scouting in Great Britain came suddenly of age in this war. When the blitz hit the United Kingdom, it found the Scouts ready to perform a multitude of essential services—helping air raid wardens, doing auxiliary fire or police work, aiding in evacuation of children from congested city areas, running important errands in connection with the Dunkirk retreat, cleaning up debris after raids, etc., etc.

Congratulations to the Scout movement in the United States as it enters its second generation, and we hope it will surpass the superb record of its first.

Now You Know Us, Mr. C.

IT TURNS out that Prime Minister Winston Churchill amassed quite some collection of gifts on his recent visit to the United States.

Americans from the Golden Gate to the cedar woods of Maine sent Mr. Churchill, among other things, 5,000 cigars, an autographed picture of Jack Dempsey, some catnip for the Churchill cat, a field hat once worn by Prince Otto von Bismarck, a set of Indian arrowheads, a turkey wishbone shaped like the V in Victory, a portrait of President Roosevelt picked out on a typewriter, a copy of the Book of Mormon, a flock of corncob pipes, a copy of George Washington's will, a foot-long rubber thumb symbolic of "thumbs up," a book on the women pioneers of the United States, and a Canadian dime with Mr. Churchill's "blood, sweat and tears" speech engraved on it in microscopic letters.

Well, in case Mr. Churchill was slightly bewildered by all this, that's the way Americans do these things. When we like some distinguished visitor, we turn the national pocket inside out for him; and what comes out of that capacious orifice is nobody's business but our own. The results in the case of a really top-flight visitor are sometimes astounding to anybody who doesn't know Americans intimately.

If we hadn't liked Mr. Churchill immensely, from the moment he arrived here, none of us would have sent him anything. The size and variety of this shower of gifts are the best measure of the terrific hit he made with all kinds and conditions of Americans.

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...That his taste
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Whiskey for himself.

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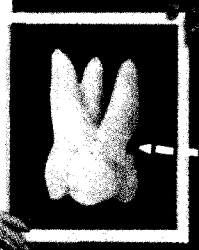
Millions Are Slowly Brushing Cavities Into The Exposed, Softer Parts of Teeth

Scientific research has proved that this damage to teeth is caused by regular brushing with dentifrices containing abrasives.

Recent clinical studies show that 8 out of 10 adults examined risk this tooth injury because the softer part of one or more teeth is left exposed with no hard enamel to protect it.* This exposure is usually due to shrinking gums—a condition which becomes more serious as time goes on. Every dentifrice tested containing an abrasive will gradually cut cavities in this softer part of your teeth. You can avoid this serious tooth trouble by changing to Teel Liquid Dentifrice because it contains absolutely no abrasives of any kind whatever.



Enlarged Photo of Actual Tooth

*AS REPORTED IN AN AUTHORITATIVE SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL

Save Your Precious Teeth From This Injury

Change at once to Liquid Dentifrice —it cleans teeth without abrasives

Yes, it's a scientific fact: Abrasives contained in dentifrices are causing millions of people to slowly injure their teeth.

These abrasives consist of tiny, hard particles so small you can't see or feel them. Yet as you brush them back and forth, they gradually wear away the softer part of your teeth wherever this part is exposed.

You can save your teeth from this appalling injury simply by changing to the new and revolutionary dentifrice for brushing teeth—Teel.

Teel is different than any tooth paste or powder you have ever used. It is a ruby-clear liquid containing absolutely no abrasives. Thus, it cannot injure your teeth. Yes, Teel works in a different way to cleanse and thereby thrillingly beautify your teeth.

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Teel uses a new-type, patented cleansing discovery that bursts into thousands of tiny, cleansing bubbles—actually multiplies over 30 times in the mouth. These bubbles instantly go to work to help remove the daily accumulation of decaying food particles and dulling surface film. Thus your teeth look so much whiter, more thrillingly beautiful.

Also, Teel's amazing action gives your whole mouth a glorious beauty bath—a refreshing clean "feel." It helps sweeten bad breath. A few drops of Teel in ½ glass of water makes a delightful mouth wash. Try it.

Start This Safe Liquid Way Today

Teel is easy to use and so economical. A bottle lasts and lasts. Get Teel today at any drug, department or 10¢ store and follow this safe, new-day way in tooth cleansing. If you feel that your teeth need an occasional abrasive scouring, follow special directions on the Teel carton. And visit your dentist regularly for his professional care. Procter & Gamble.

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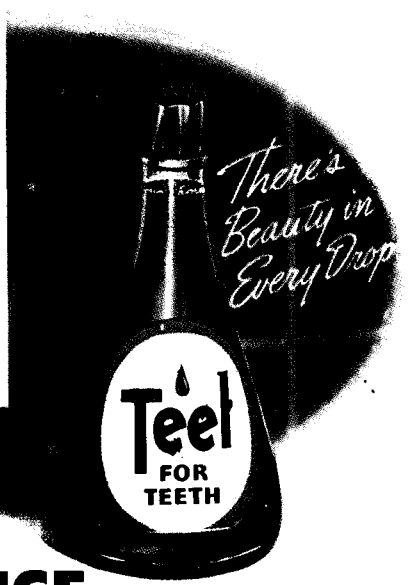
Tonight, put some of your regular dentifrice in a glass of water and stir thoroughly. Let it stand overnight. When you see a white sediment in the bottom of the glass, you know your dentifrice contains an abrasive. Teel, however, leaves no sediment, proving it contains no abrasives whatever. Thus Teel cannot injure exposed, softer parts of your teeth.



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